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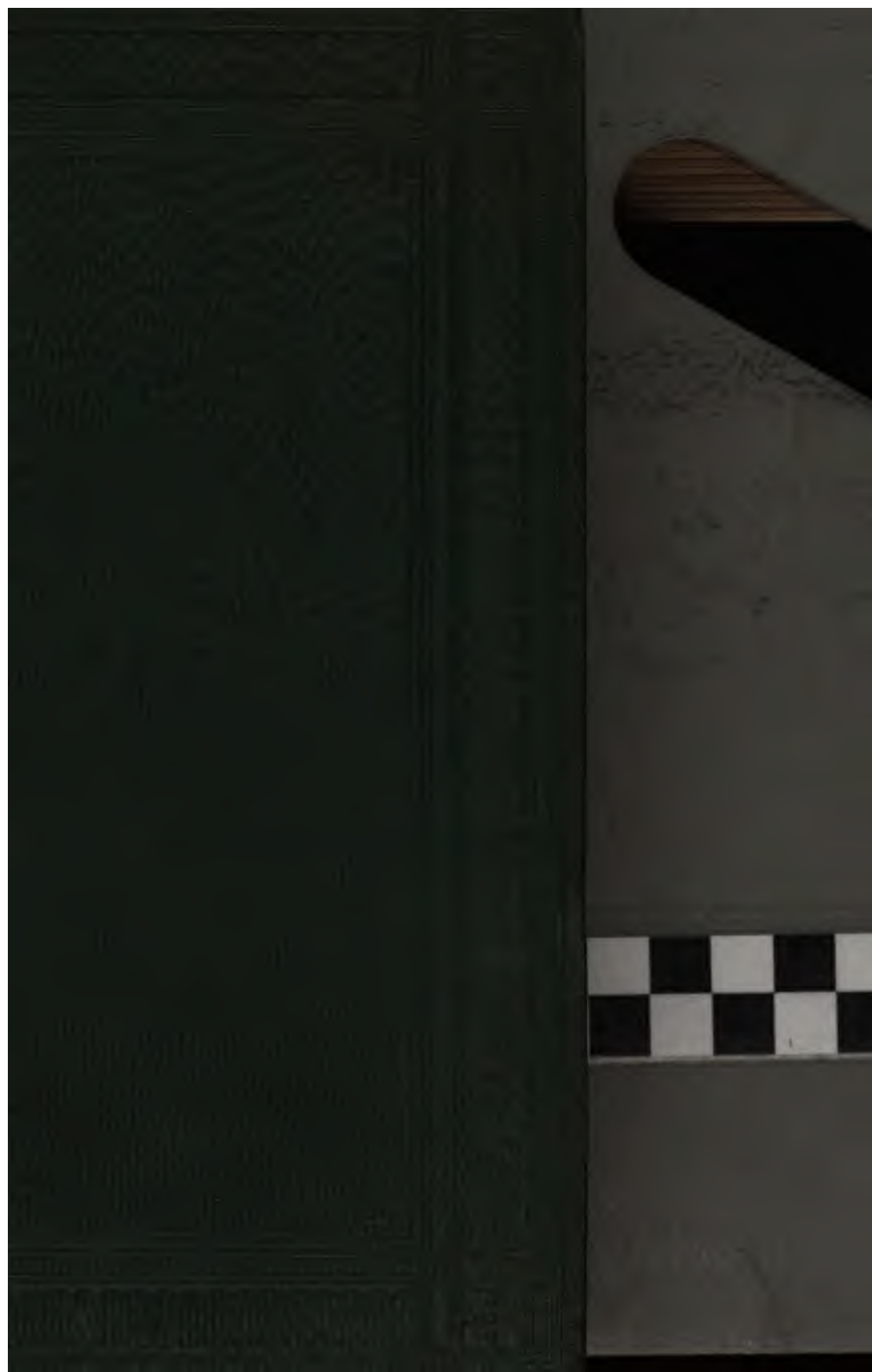
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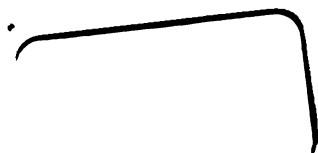
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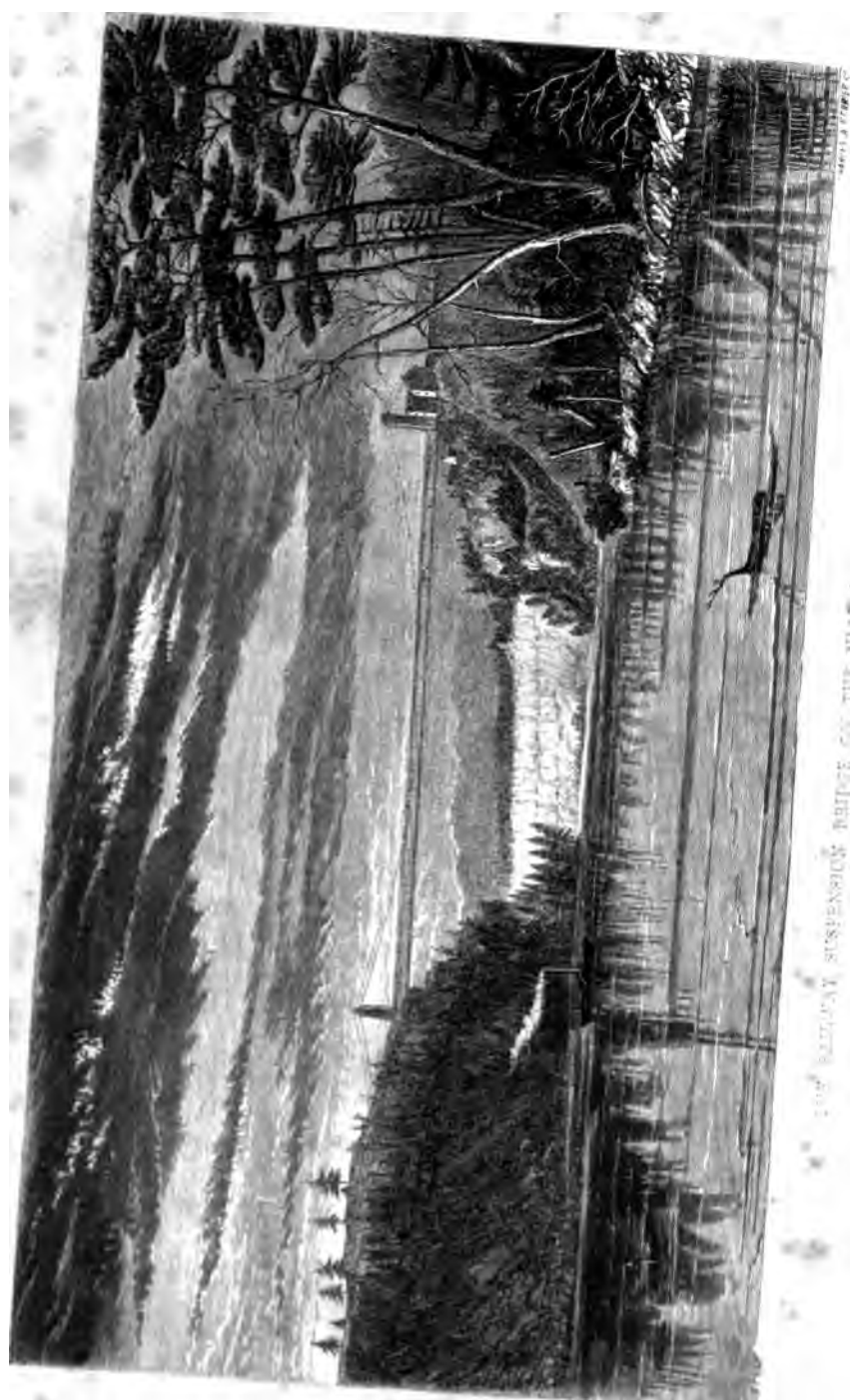
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VIEW OF THE MOUNTAINS NEAR THE RIVER





**AMERICA**  
**BY RIVER AND RAIL;**

**OR,**

**NOTES BY THE WAY**

**ON THE**

**NEW WORLD AND ITS PEOPLE.**

**BY**

**WILLIAM FERGUSON, F.L.S., &c.**



**LONDON :**  
**JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.**

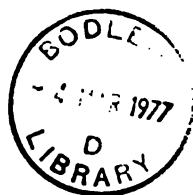
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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE following pages are what they profess to be, Notes by the Way. They were written for the most part on the dates they bear, or the following morning; and the only additions made afterwards are some of the statistical details, embodied from other notes and sources of information subsequently obtained. Many books have appeared recently, treating of the same general subject. Most of these I have read; and some may think I should have been deterred from adding to the already long list of such books. It seemed to me, however, that I had traversed routes different from those usually followed, and had become conversant, in a rapid sort of way, with matters not always put before the ordinary traveller. So I have ventured to print some of the memoranda made at the time, in the hope that they may fill up some unoccupied crevices in the mosaic of multitudinous contributions to our knowledge of America. I have attempted to collect and record facts and opinions, without permitting myself to enter into their discussion—and here is the result, *quod ruleat*.

I will only say further, that wherever I went, I experienced the utmost kindness and attention ; and I hope I have not repaid American hospitality by harsh judgments. I have wished not to do so. I have desired to present a faithful picture of what passed before me, to the best of my ability. I could not, however, tell all the story of my experience of the inner life of transatlantic homes, without trespassing on the sacredness of private life,—a procedure which would have been a poor return for the spontaneous generosity which treated us with the affection of tried friends. The recollection of this kindness is not the less endeared, that it is conserved for personal enjoyment.

The introduction to these homes, however, opened to me a new page in the book of American life ; for there, as here, there are two very distinct kinds of people. The noisiest, and those who appear most, are not always the best ; and one is apt to carry off an impression of the nation from her political stump-orators, and advertising, speculating adventurers. But there is another class altogether, who, while they amass wealth, consecrate it and themselves to a higher service than that of mammon ; and these are, and will continue to be, the conservators of their country. It was not till after I had been some time in the United States, and had already formed opinions not flattering to either its people or its institutions, that I was thrown into contact with this inner circle ; but from that period, my views of American society underwent a revolution. In the hotels and public places, one meets with men who impress you with the idea that they and their fellow-

countrymen are a frivolous, reckless, worldly set of rash speculators, money-worshippers and money-getters—while contact with the other class, in their Christian homes, supplies the corrective to the former misleading aberrations; and we learn with great delight that there are compensating elements in this great society—a balance-weight of moral influence, which, after all, is the real backbone of the social body, the solid foundation of the national building. Were the United States of America to summon such men as these to her councils, and press on, under their guidance, in the spirit of that righteousness which exalteth a nation, it almost seems as if there were no conceivable limits to the future greatness the Republic might reach.

There will be found, in the following pages, the evidences of a prosperous growth in population and industry, such as the history of no other nation presents. True of all the Free States, this is especially true of Illinois and others to the north-west. These States possess vast mineral riches, and soils adapted for the most successful agriculture. They are attracting a most industrious and enterprising class of settlers. Towns spring up in the course of a few weeks or months, not to speak of years; and extensive tracts of country which, till lately, were all but unexplored, yearly add to the industrial resources of the nation. More than this, as I have elsewhere remarked, the rapidity of the past progress of these regions\* is no criterion of the pace to which their future forward

\* The Illinois Central Railway, &c.

march will be accelerated. The development already exhibited, has quite confounded the most sanguine anticipations of those who ventured to calculate it beforehand ; and any reasonable estimate of further advancement is not likely to be disappointed by the reality.

I claim for those Notes only what they may be found worth. They are here, the fresh impressions of new scenes, full of interest in their actual enjoyment, and not less full of pleasure in retrospect. To the many kind friends, whose good offices and considerate concern tended so much to make my visit to their country one of almost unmixed gratification, I affectionately and gratefully dedicate them.

LONDON, *May* 1856.

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# AMERICA: BY RIVER AND RAIL.

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## CHAPTER I.

### LIVERPOOL TO BOSTON.

OUR voyage from Liverpool to Boston in the Cunard steamer *Canada* commenced on Saturday, February 17, 1855. The cold of that season was more severe than had been experienced for a long previous period, and an intense frost, of already some weeks' duration, had filled the river Mersey with great blocks of ice, rapidly freezing together, and very much impeding navigation, which, indeed, was shortly afterwards, through the increasing severity of the season, entirely stopped. The clear, cold, bracing weather, and the cloudless sky, betokened a quick and pleasant passage across the Atlantic.

There was little to interrupt the monotony of the daily progress. On Sunday, the 18th, we were skirting the south coast of Ireland, whose snow-covered hills and fields, seen from the sea, and contrasted with the dark colour of the water, had a peculiar effect. By the following day we had left land far out of sight. For the most part confined to my cabin, I got on deck one fine forenoon, and found we were going, with a fair wind, eleven or twelve



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knots an hour, through the blue Atlantic. Two or three gulls were circling slowly and gracefully around us, and the rise and fall of the waves, in long undulations, impressed one with a sense of great power quiescent.

A power not destined, however, to remain quiescent till the end of our voyage. On Wednesday and Thursday it began to get rough, and presently we experienced a gale of extreme severity, which lasted for twenty-four hours. It commenced with force about ten o'clock on the night of Friday the 23d, and was at its height the same night, lasting till the following evening. As usual, everybody said it was the worst they had ever seen. As it was, it was bad enough. Too ill to go on deck, I nevertheless, in my narrow berth, felt its power and terror. My companions described the waves as tremendous, and quite surpassing any notion which they had formed from description of what they could be. Everything in our cabin was knocked about. Jugs were broken, boxes went sliding over the floor, and the living cargo had to hold on wherever they could get anything to cling to. One very heavy sea struck the ship across the bows. The crash was terrible. The stout ship quivered for a moment under the shock, and there was a sensation as if she had shot down under the wave, and must sink. The water roared along the deck with a noise like thunder, throwing down the great bell on the fore-castle, and wrenching off more than one of the doors of the deck-houses. It did not reach the saloon, but filled the fore-cabin three feet deep. One man had his leg broken, and another was severely bruised. It was a moment of deep and solemn impression.

About midnight on Wednesday the 28th, we reached Halifax, and from thence to Boston we had beautiful weather. The sea, in the usually vexed Bay of Fundy, was perfectly smooth ; and, though it was cold, it was clear and sunny. On Friday morning we came in sight of land, the not unpicturesque shores of New England. We gazed on it with a double sort of interest :—the interest with which one approaches a new country, and which regards with delight every object presented where all is new ; the interest, too, with which one remembers that it was here that the struggle for independence first commenced,—a struggle which had its origin alike in the best virtues and worst defects of the parental stock.

The distance was too great to enable us to distinguish accurately the peculiar character of the shores. They are not marked by any bold feature, but present an undulating line of seemingly low cliffs, covered with wood. Nevertheless they are the forest-clad shores of the Western World, and this invests them with an interest, and gives them a beauty, which more familiar acquaintance might deny them. The bay between us and them was studded with fishing-boats, adding to the interest of the scene.

As we neared Boston, about two in the afternoon, the features of interest multiply. We can discern the white houses of the coast-towns, and presently we are sailing among the numerous islands of the magnificent harbour ; while fair before us lies the city, clustering over the gentle eminence on which it is built, and presided over by the imposing State-house, on the highest and central point. We landed at a suburb called East Boston, separated from the main town by an arm of the harbour, and found it a work of some tediousness

to get our baggage up to the examining-room, and of more annoyance to open all our packages, and allow the curious officials to look over our chattels. We were told the examination at Boston was a mere formality. It was indeed a farce, but for all that, it was much more strict than what I was afterwards subjected to at Liverpool, on my return. However, it was over at last, and we got our boxes and ourselves, with five more, eight in all, and an incredible quantity of baggage, stowed in and on a "stage,"—a sort of overgrown coach, holding nine inside, and hung on leather straps,—and so we trotted merrily away from the wharf. We mounted to the roof, and it was joyous to be moving through the clear air on shore, with every thing new and strange around. The arm of the harbour was crossed by a steam ferry-boat. Our great coach drove into the boat, which moved across, and we drove out again,—the round ends of the boat fitting into corresponding recesses in moveable piers, which rise and fall with the tide. So, through several streets, teeming with what to us were novelties, till we reached the great hotel of Boston, "The Revere."

## CHAPTER II.

### BOSTON.

AN American hotel, as all who have read any recent book of travels in the United States must know well, is a very different affair from an English one. We strode through a marble-paved hall to an office in one corner, and writing our names in a book which lay open for that purpose, the numbers 133, 134, and 135 are placed opposite them, and we are free of the house. Three or four porters, of whom there is always a supply waiting in the hall, laid hold of our baggage and carried it up-stairs to the rooms indicated by the numbers placed opposite our names. We are now possessed of a bedroom, of which we carry the key. It contains every convenience which a traveller requires, down to writing materials; whilst in some conspicuous place is put up a note of the hours at which meals are served, and other particulars useful to know. Henceforth we have no more trouble. Our bedroom is our private sitting-room; there are public parlours luxuriously fitted up—those for ladies especially so—and at the fixed hours there are sumptuous meals on the table in the eating-hall. There is no trouble in ordering dinner; you come and go just as you find it convenient. In addition to this, each room has a box assigned to it in the office, and numbered to cor-

respond, into which letters or cards which may be left for you are put. These boxes or pigeon-holes are arranged in a conspicuous place, so that you can at a glance tell, without requiring to ask, whether there is anything for you or not. You miss, too, the long rows of bells which disfigure an English hotel hall. The wires leading to each room sound one bell, and uncover at the same time a number arranged below it. The person waiting reads off the number to one of the attendants, who answers the call, and the cover of the number is replaced by touching a spring. Such are some of the more striking of the novel features of an American hotel; and when I add that the parlours were carpeted with Brussels, and the chairs and sofas covered with cut velvet, and that the eating-hall is a magnificent apartment, floored with black and white marble, and decorated with white and gold, so as to have a very cheerful look, I think I have said enough upon the subject of American hotels. It was exquisite luxury, after the confinement of our close state-rooms, to plunge into a warm bath, and afterwards complete one's toilette without having to catch at something to keep you from falling, or go heeling about the floor.

▷ This all accomplished, we had half an hour to spare before the hour of tea; and, with the impetuosity of curious strangers, we sallied forth to see something of Boston. In the course of our first walk, undertaken at random, we discovered the water-works, —a massive building of granite. It covers, as we afterwards learned, an area of 40,000 feet, and holds 3,000,000 gallons of water, which is brought from the Cochituate river. Continuing our walk, we came to the ridge of the hill behind the State-house, and had

before us a most magnificent sunset. The golden glory shone on the water, which sweeps round on that side of Boston, and bathed in its warm tint the buildings around. We might have thought that it was already summer ; but, turning into "The Common," a small sheet of water, still icebound and alive with little sleighs, reminded us that the winter was not yet gone, and that the glow around us was only coloured light.

The Common is a park containing about 49 acres, and ornamented with some well-grown trees. It slopes upwards to the State-house, which commands it. The walks are a favourite promenade. Here the militia companies have their reviews, and here, too, the citizens of Boston assemble for their open-air meetings and galas.

Later in the evening we went forth again, enjoying the excitement of walking up and down the streets of a place new to us. As we returned, we passed a fine building, the front of which was profusely decorated, and brilliantly lighted up with three rows of a dozen lamps each. It bore the name, "Boston Museum." Looking up from the outside, floor after floor seemed full of cases of stuffed birds, &c. : so, to make the most of our time, we determined to take this opportunity of examining the treasures of science and art which we expected to find collected here. We paid the fee of 25 cents or 1s. demanded at the door, and were ushered into a fine hall full of paintings, sculpture, specimens of natural history, and other things, but too dimly lighted for us to be able to examine anything satisfactorily. The museum was evidently not the attraction. A broad flight of steps ascended at the further end, and thence floated strains of music. Thither, too, the stream of visitors directed itself, and mixing with the crowd, we



found ourselves in another large hall, which was neither more nor less than a theatre. We afterwards learned that, until lately, Boston had no regular theatre ; that theatrical representations were gradually introduced under the name of "spectacles," in connexion with museums, until at last the mask was thrown aside entirely, and theatres are now built and used as such. The Boston museum was one of these intermediate theatres, and the piece which was acting when we entered was called "The Magic Mirror, or the Spirit of the Age,"—a "grand allegorical Japanese romance"—"a museum spectacle"—*not a PLAY!*

We saw a part of "The Magic Mirror." It was a strange attempt to mix the moral with the mirthful,—a compromise between instruction and amusement, in which, as might be expected, the former goes to the wall. Thus, scene first is entitled, "The Dark Clouds of Apathy"—the spirits of Independence, Education, Liberality, Peace, &c. discovered sleeping. Then the genius of Idolatry is introduced, and apostrophises the spirits—"Sleep on, in apathetic clouds, enwrapt, ye spirits! Idolatry's dread foes, sleep on!" The Spirit of the Age, however, makes its appearance. This, of course, is America, and there is reference in the whole to the recent expedition to Japan.

"Clouds of darkness! quick away!  
Behold the Spirit of the Age;  
Dark night shall turn to shining day,  
And change Japan's historic page."

The spirits engage to aid the enterprise, and the banner of freedom is unfurled—said banner being the stars and stripes. The piece drags on through twenty-one scenes, introducing a Yankee sailor and a Japanese sweetheart, together with a "regular Vermonter," who

speaks through his nose in the Sam Slick vernacular, and is tall enough to be characteristic of the big-boned "Yankee proper." It winds up with—

"A GRAND ALLEGORICAL PICTURE—THE GENIUS OF  
AMERICA.

"Songs of triumph, millions shout,  
In thy cause let all engage;  
Let no nation be without  
Thy spirit—Spirit of the Age.

"Burst all barriers, set all free,  
Traverse earth, and air, and sea;  
Shew all mankind 'tis thy decree  
To bless them all with Liberty."

A very modest assumption! but perhaps America has to learn a little more about freedom for herself before she is quite able to dispense it to "all the world," and especially to that poor miserable worn-out little island of Great Britain.

Is there not a great lesson connected with this feature of Boston morals? Public opinion stamped theatre-going as wrong, and theatres were abolished. It was deemed inconsistent with the profession of religion to witness a play, and plays were banished. But,

"Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis;"

a new generation hankered after the forbidden pleasure; and as supply almost invariably equals, if not exceeds, the demand, so now, "museum spectacles" have led the way to "theatres," and the rage for scenic representation is perhaps greater in Boston than in any other town of the United States, except New Orleans. It may be that equally the religious character of the Puritan capital has retrograded. Certain it is that Boston is now the stronghold of Socinianism.

## CHAPTER III.

### BOSTON.

SATURDAY, *March 3*.—We met at breakfast at half-past eight, and made the acquaintance of buckwheat cakes and molasses. Then to the monument on Bunker's Hill. We took a wrong bridge, and got to the Cambridge side, but easily found a road and bridge leading to Charleston, where Bunker's Hill is. This part of the town is quite intersected by railways. These cross the streets in all directions on the level, and are in most cases without any protection. A sign-board, stretched full in front across the whole breadth of the street, bears the legend, "Railway crossing.—Look out for the engine while the bell is ringing;" and, in addition to this, a gate is, in some instances, shut across the street while a train is passing. The onus of responsibility seems to be thrown as much as possible on the unlucky passenger. Should he get smashed after the above-mentioned admonition, he is supposed to be himself to blame.

The American engine and car are both very different from ours. The locomotives are much larger, and have three striking peculiarities. The chimney or smoke-stalk is in the shape of a great inverted cone, the object of the broad top being to hold an arrangement for preventing pieces of burning wood blowing out. This

huge chimney is balanced by a house at the opposite end for the drivers. Without such a protection they could not stand either the summer heat or the winter cold of this climate. The third peculiarity is in the arrangement of the wheels. The driving wheels, varying in number from two to four pairs, are placed together behind, while in front two pairs of small wheels support a swivel platform beneath the engine,—an arrangement introduced to give facility in turning. The carriages, or cars, as they are called, are similarly supported. Two pairs of low wheels support at each end of the car a swivel platform, and on these the car, usually a very long one, rests. The cars are entered from both ends. A longitudinal passage runs up the middle, and on each side of this the seats are arranged in pairs. The backs of these are moveable at pleasure, so that the occupant can sit with his face to the engine, or the reverse, as he pleases. Each car holds about sixty passengers. There is a narrow platform at the ends, and it is easy to step from one car to another. The conductor can pass through the whole train; and this enables him to collect fares and tickets whilst the train is in motion. A cord is passed along the roof of each carriage, and connected with a bell beside the engine, so that the conductor can signal to him to stop or go on by pulling the cord, in whatever part of the train he may be.

Charleston seems to be an independent city. It has a city government, town-hall, and other municipal matters of its own. It is a pretty suburb of Boston. The white houses, with their green Venetian window-blinds, look very clean and cheerful.

The hill on which the monument commemorative of the battle stands is a slight rising ground, not reaching

seemingly more than seventy or eighty feet above the level of the sea. It is open around the monument, which stands in an elevated square, reached by flights of granite steps. The monument itself is an obelisk of hewn granite, two hundred and twenty feet in height. There is a stair to the top. We ascended, carrying a lamp with us, for the way was all but dark. There are narrow windows on one side, and at these rain had entered, covering the steps with ice. When we reached the top, we were repaid for the labour of the ascent. There is no access to the exterior, but there are windows on each side. From one we looked down upon the Navy Yard, 100 acres in extent, and over to East Boston, and out upon the bay and its islands. Towards the south, the view comprises Boston itself, with the State-house capping the whole, and blue hills in the distance beyond. Northward and westward, it commands a panorama of suburban scenery which even now was pretty, and in summer must be beautiful.

In the open space at the top are fixed two small cannon, with inscriptions bearing that they were used in the war, and in a recess in the basement there is a pretty marble model of the original monument which stood on the hill. The present one seems to have been begun in 1823, and only finished in 1843.

After the transaction of some business, we proceeded, under the guidance of a friend, to the State-house, but being Saturday, the Legislature was not sitting. There is a good entrance-hall, containing a fine marble statue of Washington, by Chantrey. We ascended to the cupola, over the rotunda, and from thence we had a view around, even finer than that from the summit of the monument, though much of the same character. We saw both the chambers, which are comfortable

enough ; and then we went on to the City-hall to call on the Mayor. The council-chamber is a handsome room. The Mayor has a raised seat at the centre of one side, and the aldermen sit in a semicircle around, each having a comfortable arm-chair and desk. A semicircular rail behind them keeps out *οἱ πολλοί*.

The Mayor, who is a physician, was not at the City-hall ; but as he lives at the Tremont-house, we called upon him there, and found him in his consulting-room, or "office," as physicians' and surgeons' consulting-rooms are always called in the States. He received us most courteously, and said that if we would call upon him any morning between 8 A.M. and 1 P.M. at the City-hall, he would gladly give us permits to all the city institutions ; adding, that if there were others we wished to visit, and which were not under the control of the corporation, he would doubtless be able to find access for us to them too. This was only a foretaste of the invariable courtesy we met with everywhere.

We made our first acquaintance with an American *table-d'hôte* to-day. The dinner was not a large one, but was managed most quietly and well, and was very good. We drove afterwards to Harvard College and Mount Auburn. It was a beautiful afternoon, the horses went a fast trot, and we enjoyed the drive out through the pretty suburbs towards Cambridge very much. The route was north-west, crossing the estuary of the Charles river by a long bridge, then through a gently undulating country, for the most part covered with country houses in every variety of picturesque style.

## CHAPTER IV.

### CAMBRIDGE—HARVARD—MOUNT AUBURN.

CAMBRIDGE is an incorporated city, and dates from 1630. It is three and a half miles from Boston.

We found Harvard University to consist of a series of buildings scattered in a large park, containing some good trees, chiefly elms and maples. Most of the buildings are old, but about fourteen years ago the principal library was removed to a handsome Gothic structure of granite, just then finished. I like the *tout-ensemble* of the whole very much. With the exception of the new library, the buildings are very plain houses; but there was an air of quiet and retirement this spring evening over the place which was fascinating. Open stiles in the paling admitted us to the park. On the left is the Theological Library, and a hall containing some old portraits; beyond it stands one of the boarding-houses. On the right, opposite the Theological Library, is another boarding-house; and beyond it, the oldest building of all, the Law Library or Dane Hall. In front is a large building, containing the chapel, lecture-rooms, &c.; and beyond it, at some distance, is the new library, called Gore Hall.

We were fortunate in finding the library open, as it is not usually so on Saturday, and was so to-night for

some special purpose. Mr Sibley, the assistant librarian, was there, and was most kind in shewing us over it. It is admirably arranged. There is a lofty central-hall, along each side of which the books are placed in shelved recesses, like little chapels ; above these is a gallery, with smaller recesses for books. The hall contains some busts ; among them one of Everett, one of Roscoe of Liverpool, one of John Adams, the second president of the United States.

Among the literary curiosities shewn to us were *Walton's Polyglot*, the copy which belonged to Hyde, Lord Clarendon. A *Latin Bible*, given by J. Gardiner of Boston to the person who presented it to the college, and interesting because J. Gardiner's father received it from the hands of Charles I. himself. I think this is its history. I may mistake the name, and perhaps Gardiner was the Boston man who got it from the son of the royal donee. A *Foulis' Milton*, folio, splendid, given by a London Lord-Mayor to Phillis Wheatley, a negro poetess, whose slim volume of not unmelodious verses is also here. A beautiful *Greek MS. Play*, said to be worth £1500. A *Psalter*, with the autograph, "Francis Bacon's Booke."

This library contains about 65,000 vols. ; the Medical Library in Boston, 1,600 vols. ; the Law Library in Dane Hall, 14,000 vols. ; the Theological Library, 4,500 vols. ; the Students' Library, 13,000 vols. ; total, 98,100 volumes.

The entire annual fund for increasing it is only \$300. Harvard is the oldest university in America, and here the first printing-press established in the Western World was located.

As a memento of our visit we carried away, through Mr Sibley's kindness, a catalogue of the officers and



students for the present session, and also a complete list of all the degrees conferred by the college since its establishment in 1640.

The present president, Dr Walker, is a Unitarian. No difference is made as to religious tenets, either for professors or students.

Agassiz is here, professor of Zoology and Geology ; Asa Gray too is here, professor of Natural History. It is only lately that Longfellow resigned the professorship of French and Spanish Languages and Literature and Belles Lettres. A large-paper edition of his works ornaments the shelves.

In these classic buildings the republican soldiers were quartered previous to the battle of Bunker's Hill. The night before that fray, prayer was offered up in the midst of them at a neighbouring church, and at midnight they marched towards Boston. These and other incidents Mr Sibley narrated to us. Though such details may wound our national pride, they ought not to produce any disagreeable feelings ; for we, calmly judging at this distance of time, must admit it was a wrong war.

A little way from the college, in the middle of the road by Cambridge Common, is a very fine elm-tree, under which, it is said, Washington first drew his sword as commander of the republican troops.

Still further on is the house where he had his headquarters at the same time. It is called " Old Craigie House." We looked at it with double interest, as it is now the residence of Longfellow. It is a substantial-looking, square-built wooden house, with little storm-windows in the roof. A verandah runs along each side, and an addition more modern than the rest of the building has been made behind. There is a flat railed

space on the upper part of the roof. A large patch of ground surrounds the house, while in front a straight path of planks leads to the road. To the left there are some good trees, but the modern villas elbow Old Craigie House on both sides. The present is hardly the season of the year to judge of gardens, especially in such a climate as this; Longfellow's, at least so much of it as is seen from the road, looks bleak enough.

Mount Auburn Cemetery is about a mile beyond Harvard College. It was getting dusk when we reached it, nor had we any "permit" to *drive* in it, which it seems is necessary; but on our coachman mentioning to the warden that we were from England, he at once threw open the gates and permitted us to enter. We thanked him as we passed, and he politely touched his cap, which we returned. This struck us the more, as we have been remarking the total absence of civility in his rank. The cab-drivers, and people generally, are somewhat inclined to be rude in their independence.

The entrance is by an Egyptian gateway of dressed granite, and is fine of its kind. There is something in the repose of Theban architecture which speaks of the past, and therefore it is a not inappropriate style of building for the entrance to a city of the dead. The cemetery covers 110 acres. The ground is beautifully undulated. In some places there are deep glens, with dark pools sleeping in their hollows, and in others corresponding heights. It is well covered with wood, amidst which many of the monuments are scattered. In summer, when the leaves are fully out, the shade must be suitably sombre. Near the entrance there is a pretty little Gothic chapel of granite in progress of being rebuilt.

We drove for a considerable distance round the leading walks. There seemed to be, generally speaking, more "repose" in the style of the monuments, than in similar places in our own country, though there is still much room for improvement. A favourite mode of laying out the plots is to surround them with a neat railing, bearing, either wrought in the rods or engraved on a plate upon the gate, the family name. Then the resting-places within are indicated by simple tablets, bearing only the first name of the one who lies beneath. In some cases, instead of the name, the tablets bear the words—"Our Mother"—"My Husband"—"Our Brother."

One tomb bore the beautiful name "Emmeline." On another, two female figures ascending were sculptured in marble, and underneath them respectively the words "Not"—"Separated,"—an allusion, no doubt, to the undivided deaths of two sisters. "They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided."

But perhaps the most touching of all we saw was the marble effigy of a lamb reposing. It was covered with a glass shade, and bore the legend—

"Little Tommy at rest."

On a marble column we read the much less tasteful inscription—

"Staccato is Life.  
Presto is Death.  
Placido is the Grave."

The shades of evening were thickening around, as we issued again from under those portals whose very form is tomb-like, and remind one of the buried past. A smart drive brought us back to the Revere-

house by half-past six, leaving us time to reflect how much we have been gratified to-day, as well by the great kindness we have met with, as by the objects of interest we have seen.

The weather since yesterday has been quite like English June; and it was even oppressively hot walking in the streets this forenoon. Still, while we could not bear the lightest overcoat, the inhabitants were going about in thick fur-lined coats, and muffled up to the ears with furs. All agree that the warmth is very unseasonable, and sure to be succeeded by a return of cold. It shews the extreme variation of climate to which this latitude is subject.

## CHAPTER V.

### BOSTON.

SABBATH, *March 4.*—I had expressed a wish to see something of the Sabbath-schools of Boston, and early this morning a note was brought to me introducing me to the Rev. C. F. Barnard, the superintendent of Warren Street chapel Sunday-school. Arranging to meet my companions at Park Street church, Mr Stone's, an orthodox Congregationalist, I set out in search of Warren Street chapel.

It was at some distance, but I reached it about half-past nine, and found Mr Barnard. The chapel and services are entirely for children. It is a unique institution, and seems a most admirable one, well worthy of imitation. The building itself is one of the most commodious and suitable I have ever seen. It consists of four floors. In the basement, which is eleven feet from floor to ceiling, and therefore spacious and airy enough, there are three excellent apartments, capable of accommodating 150 pupils in the evening schools, and 300 on Sabbath ; and this, besides rooms for other purposes.

The next floor contains four large school-rooms, besides smaller rooms, with ample accommodation for libraries and cabinets. In both these floors, most of the doors are double, and fold back, and are so arranged that each suite of rooms may be converted into a single hall.

The floor above contains the chapel, which is entirely arranged for the children's services. It is decorated with some paintings, engravings, and statuary, for Mr Barnard thinks that objects of taste aid his efforts. The seats are cushioned and the floor carpeted. At one end there is an organ and seats for a choir, and in front of the organ, on a raised platform, is a handsome mahogany reading-desk. The room was festooned with wreaths of evergreens and everlastings. It is capable of holding about 800 children.

Above the chapel, the attic floor forms a single spacious and light apartment. Its sides are divided into recesses by the roof timbers, the spaces between which are filled with book-presses. There are six or eight of these recesses on each side. The sewing-school on Saturdays, and the boys' division of the Sabbath-school, meet here. It will thus be seen there is ample accommodation for conducting a large school with great advantage. In the yard there are a garden and conservatories.

When I went there this morning at half-past nine, a general lesson was going on in one of the class-rooms down-stairs, with an attendance of about a hundred boys and girls. They adjourn from this to the chapel, when Mr Barnard preaches to them. At half-past one they assemble again for Sabbath-school, and at half-past two there is a second service in the chapel. When I had seen all these arrangements, I left to go to church, but not till I had received a pressing invitation to come back in the afternoon and see the whole in full operation.

I reached Mr Stone's church about ten, and went in. By this time only one or two people had arrived, and they were warming themselves at the stoves

inside the church, with their hats on, in the most free-and-easy way, while the choir were practising with the organ the music for the day. My friends joined me shortly, and the sexton placed us in the front seat before the pulpit. The pulpit, as in most American churches, is a simple platform, with a table, a sofa, and two chairs. It was of rosewood. The church altogether is very large and handsome, and being painted white has a cheerful appearance. The service did not begin till half-past ten, by which time a large and well-dressed congregation had assembled.

Presently a middle-aged man, dressed in black, with patent-leather boots, and a black neckerchief with shirt collar turned down over it, walked up the aisle, hat in hand. This he deposited on the communion-table, and stepping up-stairs, sat down upon the sofa, and the service began.

An anthem was performed by the choir, after which Mr Stone rose, and saying, "Let us invoke the blessing of God on this day's services," offered a short prayer. He then read John xi. 1-27, which was followed by a hymn. After this, he rose and said, "Parents desiring to have their children consecrated in baptism, will now present them." Two couples came forward with children, and stood beside the communion-table, on one corner of which a vessel with water had been carelessly placed by the sexton. After prayer, Mr Stone came down from the platform, and, taking the children one after the other into his own arms, baptised them in the usual form, after which he prayed again. A hymn followed. Then he announced his text, Job xiv. 14, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

He said, some might deem it strange that he should address them on the immortality of the soul. They

all believed in that. Their presence there that day shewed they did. But what would to-morrow indicate? Would not their conduct in their drawing-rooms, in their shops, in their counting-houses, shew them under the dominion of utter worldliness? Therefore, it was fitting he should strive to impress them with the important truth of the life beyond the tomb. There were four sources of light on this subject to which Job's question might be addressed. First, To Creation. Did God make all this wondrous world for the mere children of a day? It had been lavish profusion of goodness and bounty to waste such a world upon a creature, unless that creature was undying. Second, To the Soul. It was not bounded by the material. It ever strove to burst the bonds of clay that held it in, and soar to the empyrean. Must it be bound always? No! It would yet be free, and rise to undying life. Third, Events. These reply, God's providence is not complete. Justice demands a future state, a period of compensation. Fourth, God himself. His reply is not doubtful. "I am the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob: God is not the God of the *dead* but of the *living*." Then the soul *is* immortal. And if its future unending state is to be fixed for joy or sorrow *now*, is not this, the preacher asked, a consideration of weighty import? Therefore he besought them to let it have full force, and to attend to the things belonging to their peace before they were for ever hidden from their eyes.

A prayer followed. Then a hymn and the benediction. The sermon was a highly intellectual one, characterised by great fervidity of imagination, and read with rather the extreme of declamation. There was, to my mind, a want of reverence in the whole ser-



vice, as if the Americans seemed to feel it to be necessary to assert their independence by displaying it recklessly even in God's temple.

Dinner did not take place in the hotel till half-past one, the hour at which I wished to be at Warren Street chapel. I hurried, and got there soon after two. The classes were breaking up preparatory to going into chapel ; however, Mr Barnard led me round them all, and a goodly sight it was. The last report informs me that the numbers are as follows :—

The Infant School of Boys and Girls under			
eight years of age, . . . .	187	with 2 Teachers.	
Boys from 8 to 16 in the Attic, . . . .	130	" 13	"
Two rooms of Girls, . . . .	195	" 21	"
Bible class of young Men, . . . .	14	" 1	"
Bible class of young Women, . . . .	33	" 1	"
Total, . . . .	559	" 38	"

I was pleased with the quietness and order, but not so well pleased with the *bearing* of many of the children. We would call it *supercilious* in England. I suppose they term it *independent* in America. The *quiety* of the girls' dresses, and the *fastness* of the youths' costumes, we would consider out of place also. But our rules of judgment do not hold good on the other side of the Atlantic.

The Bible class of young women pleased me most. They have already had teachers from their own ranks, and here are a fresh supply preparing. The folding-doors being all thrown open, a hymn, led on a piano, was sung, and immediately after the classes assembled in the chapel, where probably 500 were present. Mr Barnard accommodated me with a chair under the pulpit, so that I had a full view of the youthful congregation, and an interesting sight it was. Most of

the teachers sat with their classes, the boys on the one side, and the girls on the other. As might have been expected in such a numerous assembly of children, many were inattentive, and some were sleeping, but many also seemed deeply interested in what was going on.

I need not detail minutely the service. A collection was taken up for a mission among the Red Indians, about which Mr Tanner, himself a Red Indian, had told them the previous Sabbath. A voluntary was played the while, and the collection seemed to be very generally responded to. Part of the service consisted of the *intonation* of the Lord's prayer by the choir. The sermon was a very simple address from the words, "Ask and it shall be given you. Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, shall be like a house built upon a rock." The sermon was more characterised by moral advice than doctrinal teaching : and though, to my mind, less calculated to impress, than the simple story of the love of God to men, as shewn in the mission of his Son, still the Saviour was recognised. A short prayer was followed by the evening hymn and the benediction.

Such are the Sunday services at the children's chapel. During the week, evening schools, and other branches of philanthropic effort, are carried on. The whole effort is one of an intensely interesting nature, and, I suppose, unique. The idea of chapel service for children is an addition to our ordinary Sabbath-school system of no little value. "Perhaps few congregations of any age," says Mr Barnard, in his report for 1854, "have a better relish for, or carry more away from their feast of good things, than the hearers with whom we are favoured. Certainly we hear every-

day from their parents' lips reports which make us feel that we should never enter this outer court of the Lord's house without heartfelt thankfulness to God."

I have said that the Saviour was recognised in the services. Yet Mr Barnard belongs to the Unitarians, and these schools were originally under their charge. But Unitarianism in Boston has many phases, and there is a portion of its followers distinguished by the prefix "Orthodox." These seem to hold the broad Calvinistic views of Christ and his work, that he is divine, and by his vicarious death made an atonement accepted by God, but they stumble on the Saviour's claim to equality with the Father. It is to this more evangelical class that Mr Barnard belongs. Unitarians generally do not approve of such extended religious labours among the young as Mr Barnard delights in, and were inclined to interfere with him in carrying them on, so as to curtail their usefulness. This led to the institution being disconnected from the Unitarian body as such, and it is carried on as an independent effort, under the management of a committee, with Mr Barnard as superintendent. As his self-denying labours have led him to see the advantage of this step, let us hope that further experience in the trying scenes by the beds of sickness and the couch of death, into which he is almost daily brought, may lead him at last, and that ere long, to desist and embrace a Saviour who is very God, as well as truly man, and, in so doing, discover a completeness and perfection in the redemptory plan, which he cannot hitherto have recognised in it.

From the reports and papers connected with this chapel, we learn that 1854 was the seventeenth year of the association's existence; and it was in the course of

it that the chapel reached its present completeness, and the work developed to its present extent. The annual cost, independent of building, is about \$3000, or £600. The alterations last year cost \$5133, or rather more than £1000.

Mr Barnard introduced me to their treasurer, Mr John L. Emmons. I found him a most benevolent, kind-hearted, intelligent person. He has erected, close by the chapel, two large model lodging-houses, and after the sermon he took me to see them. Each contains twenty houses of three rooms each, besides closets, and the whole arrangements are strikingly good. The cost is \$42,000, or £8400; and each house lets at from \$2.25 (9s.) to \$2.50 (10s.) per week. Averaging the rent at \$2.37½ per week, gives as annual rent of each house \$123½, or about £24, 15s.; and the whole yields about \$4940, or ten per cent. on the cost. Taxes, water, light on the stairs, and general superintendence of the property, has to come off this. Still the investment is a good one, at the same time that good and cheap dwellings are provided for those who cannot pay high rents. The houses are exquisitely clean, and some of those that we were in are fitted up in a style of home comfort which is seldom met with in houses inhabited by people of the same rank in our country—small tradesmen and handicraftsmen. Mr Emmons is quite enthusiastic about them. They are five storeys high, and he had me out on the flat roofs of both, which are fitted up for drying clothes.

I did not find it prudent to go out in the evening, else I might have had an opportunity to hear some of the preachers for whom Boston is famous. One of the most notable of these is Theodore Parker. Although I did not

hear him, the following notice may not be uninteresting:—"We went a little before ten o'clock to the Music-hall to hear Theodore Parker. The hall will seat 2500 persons. By half-past ten we suppose there were from 700 to 1000 persons present. They came in as persons ordinarily would go into a concert-room. Not a few had secular newspapers, which they sat and read till the services commenced. There were bows of recognition across the hall, and everybody seemed quite at ease. The sexton set a vase of beautiful fresh flowers on the speaker's desk. The organist came in and threw open the doors of an instrument of tremendous power. Presently a grave, serious-looking man of medium size, slightly bald, and sprinkled with gray hairs, came in, ascended the platform, laid his manuscript on the desk, and took the hymn-book or psalm-book, or book of some sort. It was Theodore Parker. He read a psalm of thanksgiving. It was sung by a choir with the organ to an appropriate tune. The deep bass notes of the organ shook the great hall like mighty thunder.

"After the psalm was ended, Mr Parker offered a deeply impressive and eloquent prayer to the great God, in which there was not the slightest reference to a Mediator. He called God 'our Father and our Mother;' and the strain of thanksgiving for mercies temporal was unsurpassed by anything we have ever heard. His discourse was an Independence discourse. He announced no text. His theme was, 'America and her opportunities.' It was marked by great originality; and many passages in that discourse would compare most favourably with the finest things in the annals of oratory. There was nothing flippant—no attempt at display; but his whole manner was marked

by the greatest solemnity, gravity, and earnestness. His feelings were frequently excited—tears came to his eyes—and he trembled with deep, unaffected emotion. But who ever heard such ideas? He thanked God that in Boston all religions, and creeds, and sects were tolerated. He thanked God that a club of atheists could assemble and enjoy the rights of conscience, and none dare to molest them. He thanked God that there was a Mormon temple in Boston. Theodore Parker is a polished Pantheist. He sees God in everything—in the flowers, blushing at their own images, reflected from flowing streams; in the trees, and in the stars, ‘the geometry of the Divine mind.’”

Strange that this cold faith should be dominant in Boston!

## CHAPTER VI.

### BOSTON.

MONDAY, *March 5*.—The greater part of the forenoon being devoted to business, I had but little time to give to other objects of interest, and I wished to take advantage of all that was left, by seeing as much of the public-school system as possible, in the limited space now at my disposal. To facilitate this, Dr Smith, the mayor, introduced me at once to Mr Nathan Bishop, the superintendent of the schools, who kindly took me round to see several of them. I found him a most intelligent and obliging cicerone, and I am indebted to him for a copy of the report of the annual examination of the schools for 1854.

We first visited the Normal school. This school had been established a little more than two years, and trains young women to be teachers. From the return of 1854, there were 140 girls in attendance, under one male and four female teachers. The classes were in recess during our visit, so we only saw the general arrangements of the room, which are admirable. Each pupil is provided with a separate desk. These are of mahogany, supported on graceful cast-iron legs, and the seats have backs and partial arms, and move round on fixed pillars, so that while all is solidly fixed there is comfort in sitting, and the most perfect

freedom in rising and moving about. Each desk is placed a little apart from its neighbour, and thus there is no crowding. The rooms are large, lofty, and well ventilated. The class of young women under training were of most prepossessing appearance. The position of teacher is much sought after by the daughters of the less wealthy in America. It is considered an honourable mode of occupation for a class to which there are few other ways of self-support open: and this has produced the desirable result of an ample, yet not too abundant, supply of candidates suited for the important office of training youth.

"Many of the pupils have been engaged as substitutes in the grammar schools, for teachers temporarily absent, and more than twenty pupils have received appointments to permanent places as teachers." This was at the close of the second year of the existence of the school. "The studies include algebra, geometry, physical geography, rhetoric, moral and intellectual philosophy, English literature, with a critical analysis of classical writers, and French. The methods of pursuing these studies have been carefully adapted to the chief objects of a normal school, and much effort has been made to enable the pupil to acquire so thorough and complete a knowledge of the subjects studied, as to qualify her to teach and explain them clearly to others." Attached to the school there is a model school, containing 103 boys.

We went next to the Winthrop school, the most recently erected building, only opened a few days ago. It is situated in Tremont Street, is four storeys high, and contains fourteen class-rooms and one large hall. The doors all open outwards,—a plan adopted to prevent the risk of accident from crowding in cases of alarm—



a precaution rendered necessary from sad experience. The lobbies extend from side to side of the building, with staircases at each end, and two rooms on each side. The heating is effected by four large furnaces below. Cold air is conveyed into a great dome over an anthracite fire : after it is heated thus, it rises through pipes led all over the building. Small jets of water are thrown into the heating dome to supply moisture to the air as it ascends. In this model building two schools have been united. It is entirely for girls, and contains at present between 700 and 800, under one male and thirteen female teachers. Whilst we were there, the master was engaged in examining candidates from the lower or primary schools, and owing to the recent opening the classes were not well filled up, or in active order.

The cost of this building, not including the ground, was from \$37,000 to \$38,000, or £7400 to £7600. It is calculated to hold 930 pupils, which gives as nearly as possible \$40 or £8 per pupil for house and fittings. The yearly cost for instruction in the higher schools is \$15 or £3 per pupil ; and the average of the whole for one year is \$10 or £2 for each pupil. The entire yearly cost of the Boston schools is \$350,000 or £70,000. They are divided into "Public" and "Primary" schools, and are managed by separate committees. The former consist of one Latin school, one English high-school, one normal school, and eighteen grammar schools, some of which are for boys only, some for girls only, and some combine both. There are 198 primary schools ; and the total number of children attending all is about 23,000, or nearly one-sixth of the population.

From the Winthrop school we went to the Latin

school, which, along with the English high-school, is located in a handsome granite building in Bedford Street. The arrangements of all the schools are similar. There is a head-master in the Latin school, with four assistants. The number of pupils by the July return was one hundred and seventy-one. They possess a fine set of classical maps of German authorship, and the walls were hung with large photograph pictures of the famous statues of antiquity, and other classical remains. A class was called up to recite before us. The lesson was two passages from Cicero's "Orations," taken at random. In the translation, grammar, derivations, the proficiency shewn was very great. Boys are fitted in this school for college, and generally those who go thither from it stand well. It was established in 1635, two hundred and twenty years ago.

We closed our tour by visiting the English high-school. It is conducted by a master and four assistants, and has about one hundred and fifty pupils. They were engaged on a French lesson during our visit.

In the boys' school I was struck, and that rather unpleasantly, by the "free-and-easy" behaviour of the pupils. The master remarked that they were quite republican in their manners, but added that they got on pretty well notwithstanding. To my English notion it looked very like "contempt of authority." Here it is simply "manly (or *would-be* manly) independence."

One has difficulty, too, in recognising that all this costly education is *free* to the recipient. Perhaps the knowledge of this has its effect on their carriage. It has been stated that it makes the pupils careless of regular attendance, which cannot be enforced even by

parents on their free and independent offspring. Still the system is understood to work well.

The Primary schools give the elements of education. From these, pupils pass to the grammar schools and so on to the English high-school, and lastly to the Latin school. Many, however, do not go through this course, but pass from each school to the real business of life. The education given is of a good practical kind.

The returns of July 1854, of the Boston Public schools, give the following figures :—22 schools ; 5177 boys ; 5027 girls ; 10,204 total ; 9727 average attendance in six months ; 11,327 seats ; 9529 pupils between five and fifteen ; 675 over fifteen ; 26 masters ; 14 sub-masters ; 14 ushers ; 165 female assistants ; 219 total number of teachers ; 150,000 estimated population in 1853 ; 138,788 actual population in 1850, by the census returns.

## CHAPTER VII.

### BOSTON.

TUESDAY, *March* 6.—We intended leaving for New York early this morning, but one of our party not having returned from Andover, whether he went yesterday, we postponed our departure till the afternoon. I had thus an opportunity of making use of a letter of introduction to a gentleman of high scientific acquirements, Dr Silas Durkee, who received us very kindly, and gladly offered to shew us what of a scientific kind there was to be seen in Boston. His own favourite pursuit is microscopy. Some injected preparations of minute blood-vessels, which he shewed us, were extremely beautiful. On my saying that I had observed his name as curator of the Ichthyological department of the Natural History Society of Boston, he proposed that we should walk thither, to which we cheerfully agreed. On the way, he pointed out to us the house of Dr Jackson, the discoverer of Ether, and the houses of Abbot Laurence, the projector of American manufactures, and of the Warrens, father and son; the former an eminent surgeon, and the proprietor of the finest known specimen of the Mastodon—the latter a surgeon also, and treading in his father's footsteps. I like to see even the houses where famous men live.

We passed the building in which the city public

library is temporarily located, and went in to see it. This collection was only commenced in 1832, and it contained at the end of 1854, 16,221 volumes, besides several thousands of tracts. It combines a reference with a circulating library, and at present 300 to 400 books are lent out every day, while the reading-room is also well frequented. The use of both branches is free. It has received large donations in books and money, and is increasing at a very rapid rate. A building for its especial accommodation is about to be erected.

In the library of the Natural History Society we met several ardent naturalists. The house is small, and the museum only forming. The building was formerly the Medical college, and neither it nor the locality are very suitable. The library is a plain moderately-sized room, with a small but valuable collection of scientific works for reference ; and in it the meetings of the society are held on the evenings of the first and third Wednesday of each month. The average attendance at these is about twenty-five, out of a membership of nearly two hundred. The museum is a lofty room with three galleries. The most interesting things I noticed are the slabs with footprints described by Sir Charles Lyell. There are several of them. One is exceedingly fine. The slab is from ten to twelve feet long, by four to six feet broad, and is covered with the footprints in tracks. As the money-value of a thing is always an important point of interest in America, we were informed this slab cost \$250 or £50. They have a set of the casts of the *Sevalik* Fossils, of the East Indian Company's collection, presented by it.

There is a good collection of birds. The object of the Boston naturalists in this museum is to perfect, as

far as possible, a local collection, rather than to form a large general one. Although still far from complete as a collection of native birds, it contains many interesting specimens. Dr Bryant informed us that, a few years ago, there were a number of younger members attached to the society, who worked very hard and kept their several departments in excellent order. These had left the city or got busy in their professions, many of them having become famous as naturalists. Since then there had not been a fresh supply, and the museum had suffered for want of attention, those who are the curators now being most of them too much occupied otherwise to devote the necessary time to it. From this cause, the collection of fishes, insects, and other classes of perishable specimens had suffered sadly. The society prints a volume of "transactions" every year.

After leaving the Natural History Society, we had time to look in for a little at the House of Representatives, and the Senate; but saw nothing interesting, as both houses were engaged in passing private bills. The clerk read over, in a rapid and almost inaudible voice, the titles and preambles, after which the speaker or president rose and said, still more rapidly—"Those who wish that this bill do pass, say aye." "Aye." "Those who wish that this bill do not pass, say no. The 'ayes' have it. The bill is passed." The representatives in both houses are a mixed-looking set, and some of them are "queer" senators. We had no one to point out the notables to us, and so we did not stay long, content with our impression of the appearance of the Massachusetts Legislature,—an impression not very favourable, so far as respects the dignity and decorum one looks for in a country's legislators.

The population in Boston in 1850 was 138,788, and in 1853 it was calculated to have reached 150,000. The real estate within the city the same year was valued at \$127,730,200, and the personal estate at \$99,283,000; together \$227,013,200, and this amount of property paid \$2,135,222.44 in taxes. The trade of Boston is flourishing, and rapidly increasing. It is the chief centre of the fishery trade, and the great point for the disposal of "Lowell manufactures." From a table of statistics of Lowell, the following notes are taken :—

Lowell contains twelve corporations, owning fifty-one mills, with an aggregate capital of \$13,900,000. Persons employed — females, 8473 ; males, 4507 ; total, 12,980. Spindles, 349,998 ; looms, 10,915. Weekly product — 2,100,000 yards cottons, 27,000 yards woollens, 25,000 yards carpets, 50 yards rugs. Raw material consumed weekly—706,000 lb of cotton, 99,000 lb of wool. Population—1828, 3532 ; 1840, 20,796 ; 1850, 33,383.

The Merrimack Manufacturing Company, with five mills and print-works, makes prints and sheetings.

The Hamilton Manufacturing Company, with four mills and print-works, makes prints, flannels, ticks, and sheetings.

The Appleton Company, with three mills, makes sheetings and shirtings.

The Lowell Manufacturing Company, with one spinning, one carpet, and one cotton mill, makes carpets, rugs, cotton cloth, and pantaloon stuffs.

The Middlesex Company, with four mills and three dye-houses, makes broad cloth and doeskins.

The Suffolk Manufacturing Company, with three mills, makes American drills.

The Tremont Mills (two mills) turn out sheetings and shirtings.

The Laurence Manufacturing Company, with five mills, makes printing cloths, sheetings, and shirtings.

The Lowell Bleachery, with bleaching and dye-works, dye 15,000,000 yards per annum, and bleach 5,000,000 lb per annum.

The Boott Cotton Mills, five in number, make drills, sheetings, shirtings, jean, and printing cloths.

The Massachusetts Cotton Mills (six) make sheetings, shirtings, and drills.

The Lowell Machine Shops, consisting of four shops, a smithy and foundry, make cotton machinery, locomotives, machinists' tools, and mill-work.

Besides the manufactures of Massachusetts, those of various towns in New Hampshire and Maine are estimated at \$17,000,000, of which about \$15,000,000 in value is sold in Boston.

The ice-trade of Boston affords employment for more tonnage than any other portion of its trade. In 1854 it reached 145,000 tons, carried in 492 vessels, while the consumption in the city itself and neighbourhood was nearly 60,000 tons.

A large and increasing trade, both in imports and exports, now exists betwixt Boston and Canada, as may be gathered from the following tables of merchandise sent to Canada, and produce brought thence under bond :—

1850, Sept. 30, Exports, \$108,969	1850, Dec. 31, Imports, \$62,811
1851, " " " 532,700	1851, " " " 119,551
1852, " " " 1,709,953	1852, " " " 365,149
1853, " " " 4,338,548	1853, " " " 604,035
1854, " " " 5,304,220	1854, 1st, 2d, & 3d qrs. 618,227

Since the new arrangement under recent treaties



have come into play, still greater facilities exist for Canadian supplies going *via* Boston.

There are no want of churches belonging to various religious denominations in Boston, as the following list will shew. I observed with regret, both here and elsewhere in the States, that the church accommodation provided was by no means generally taken advantage of ; and that, although there were no lack of churches, there was but too often a general failing to attend them.

Boston contains thirteen Baptist churches ; one Congregational ; thirteen Congregational Orthodox ; twenty Congregational Unitarian ; fourteen Episcopal ; ten Methodist ; three Presbyterian ; eleven Roman Catholic ; six Universalist ; one Quaker ; one Christian ; one Swedenborgian ; one Lutheran ; one German Protestant ; one Second Advent ; one Free Will ; one Jewish ; one Union Evangelical,—one hundred churches, belonging to eighteen sects, some of which are still further subdivided.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### BOSTON TO NEW YORK—NEW YORK.

WE left Boston at half-past two, by what is called the Boston and New York Express line,—an arrangement between four railways for running certain trains rapidly over their roads direct from Boston to New York. In taking this route, we pass forty-four miles westward over the Boston and Worcester railway, to the town of Worcester; thence fifty-six miles, still westward, over a portion of the Western railway of Massachusetts to Springfield, on the Connecticut river. From Springfield, the direction changes to south for sixty-two miles, by the Hartford and Newhaven railway, till we reach Newhaven, on the north shore of Long Island Sound; and the remaining seventy-four miles is by the New York and Newhaven railway, along the coast till New York is reached. The whole distance is two hundred and thirty-six miles, which was accomplished in nine hours, and the fare was \$5, or £1 sterling,—a little over one penny per mile. We became acquainted on this journey with some arrangements which afterwards were made very familiar, and add much to the convenience of travelling in America. Thus, on arriving at the station of departure, tickets, with a number and our destination, were attached to each piece of luggage, and a duplicate

number given to us. The baggage was then put into a van ; and the traveller gives himself no more trouble about it. As the end of the journey is approached, a duly authorised baggage-agent comes into the cars and receives your check ticket, for which he gives his receipt. You tell him your destination, and he sees your traps safely delivered ; so on arrival, you have no trouble in looking after your baggage, but are free to betake yourself at once to your abode, and soon after you get there your trunks follow you.

The route from Boston to Springfield is through a very rough, wild country, hilly and barren, and very stony. The railway, throughout nearly its whole distance, winds along the sides of the hills by means of heavy cuttings in the granite and trap-rocks, interspersed with embankments and long bridges. We saw little cultivation. The woods were new and interesting—hemlock pines, and an underwood of sumac, with its bunches of red fruit. There is not much forest on the immediate line of the road, and no finely developed wood, the trees being tall and taper, from growing close together. There were many small towns and villages on the route, and many small lakes interspersed among the rocky hills. The afternoon was such a fresh, clear, frosty day as is hardly known in England ; and this, with the constant succession of new objects claiming attention, gave to this, our first journey in America, an interest and excitement beyond what the country passed through would have of itself inspired. At Springfield the broad waters of the Connecticut river are spanned by a long bridge, from which we anticipated having a fine view,—a hope doomed on this occasion, and very often afterwards, to disappointment ; for this bridge, as well as most others in America, is roofed and encased

in wooden walls. Usually these bridges are formed of wood ; and the roofing and covering in is considered by the majority of engineers a protection against the weather. Others, with whom I conversed on the subject, hold equally strong views on the other side, and think that timber well painted stands better exposed. One thing is very certain, these covered bridges are very ugly features in the landscape, and sources of continual annoyance to the tourist, who, just as he is straining to catch a glance up or down some pretty stream, or over some lake-like river, finds himself whirled through a musty, close-smelling, dusty box ; and ere he has recovered his equanimity, on issuing from it, the picturesque spot he wished to gaze upon is far behind.

The train stopped twenty minutes at Springfield for an early supper. Bodily refreshment is never lost sight of in the arrangements of American travelling. Almost immediately after leaving, night fell, with little or no twilight, but with a fine sunset. We were running along the eastern bank of the Connecticut river, which at Springfield is of considerable breadth. The opposite bank is wooded. Beyond, the hills rise, but not to any great height, and they also are clothed with wood. Behind the indefinite outline of the leafless trees, was the glow of a sun-setting, lighting up all the sky with a rich saffron, and tinging the clouds with a deep red.

The scenery becomes very interesting when the shores of the Sound are reached, but long before then it was quite dark. The seats in the cars of this line are the least disagreeable I met with in America ; the backs are sufficiently high to form an easy rest for the head, and the footboard adjusts itself to give your legs repose ; and the result of all this, especially after supper, and in the dark, which is only partially dispelled by the

carriage-lamps, is, that most people fall asleep. So the last part of the journey was quiet enough.

In the outskirts of New York, the locomotives leave us. The rails are laid in the middle of Fourth Avenue, and Bowery to Canal Street, and locomotives are not permitted to pass through these. So at an outer station the train was broken up, and each car drawn into town by horses with bells on their harness. Those who knew the city, got down in the street at the point nearest their destination. We, who did not know the localities, were carried on to the station in Canal Street, and found afterwards that we had passed the door of the hotel at which we ultimately put up, and had gone, I suppose, two miles further than we need have done.

Our baggage having gone on, we were unencumbered, and preferred walking. A few steps brought us into Broadway. But can this be Broadway? we asked each other. It was a street of ordinary width, and rather mean-looking houses, and did not at all come up to my ideas of what the great street of New York should have been, as I had pictured it to myself from some of Willis's descriptions. There was the name, however, on the corner, so there could be no mistake. Before we got housed for the night, we altered our opinion of Broadway,—and continued to alter it day by day afterwards. The St Nicholas hotel, said to accommodate 1000 people, was full, and it had the appearance of it, as we walked up the marble-paved hall, thronged with crowds of people, and lumbered with piles of baggage. Rooms we could not have. They would "put us in" with somebody. This we declined; and walked off to the Metropolitan, another large hotel. Here, however, we fared no better, for this

house was full too. We then made for the Clarendon, a house "up town." To reach it, we passed along the upper part of Broadway, and through Union Square, and that walk effectually removed the impression of insignificance which our first sight of Broadway had left. The upper part of the street is lined with trees, between the pavement and the roadway. It is broad, with fine houses. Before reaching Union Square, it makes a slight bend, and in the angle stands Grace Church, a very beautiful ecclesiastical structure. The parsonage house is beside the church, a little back from the street,—Gothic, as is the church, and they are connected by a cloister. The whole scene—the deserted and now quiet street, the calm-looking church and parsonage, as seen by moonlight in this clear atmosphere, was rendered more striking by its occurring in the middle of the busiest street of busy New York.

It was past midnight before we got fairly settled at the Clarendon; still, late as it was, we met with a friend who had just been making a round of the hotels to see if we had come, and found us at last in the one where he is staying. So even our late arrival was not without a hearty welcome,—a foretaste of what awaited us at all times, and everywhere, throughout the States.

## CHAPTER IX.

### NEW YORK.

WEDNESDAY, *March 7.*—It is impossible to describe the interest with which one draws up the window-blind on the first morning after a late arrival in a new place. Long before I began to think of dressing, I had been staring out on the sea of roofs which spread out below the window of the loftiest floor of our hotel,—wondering what spire this was and what dome was that. Though I then enjoyed intensely the novelty of a new city, I shall say very little of New York, both because it has been so often described, and because during my stay my time was so occupied by business, that I had only scanty opportunities of noting matters of general interest. The Clarendon is in Fourth Avenue, the continuation of Broadway. In the newer part of New York, the streets running north and south are called avenues, and are numbered first, second, and third, &c., beginning from the east. The city occupies a long narrow slip of land—Manhattan Island—between Long Island Sound on the Atlantic side, called East river, and the Hudson or North river, so that the longitudinal streets are few. The streets, crossing at right angles, are numbered 1st street, 2d street, up to 350th street, on the maps, but they are not built so far. In the older part of the town, the streets are designated by names, not numbers, and there they are irregular

enough. Broadway, from Union Square to the water at the Battery, is about two miles and a-half long. The Battery is a semi-circular open space, on the extreme point of Manhattan Island, and looking out on the bay. Trees grow there, and there are walks. Time was when the houses round were sought after by the *élite*, and when the walks of the Battery were crowded with the youth and beauty of the city. But the fashionable days of the Battery are numbered. Its tall dwellings are turned into huge warehouses or "stores," and its walks are all but deserted. As we stood looking out on the beautiful bay and towards the New Jersey shore, the *Baltic* passed, bound for Liverpool. The vessels of the Collins' line, from having no bowsprit and no figure-head, look at a little distance disproportionately short, and consequently clumsy, but they are in reality of a handsome build.

The course of this day's peregrinations took me through Wall Street, the Lombard Street of New York. The *locale* of the chief banking-houses, I anticipated seeing a quiet set of offices. Instead of this, it is one of the dirtiest and most bustling streets in New York. From the custom of business-firms having large sign-boards, the fronts of the houses are disfigured with those ugly shop-looking announcements. The buildings are of the most incongruous character. Here, a fine massive granite Exchange; there, nearly opposite, a marble reproduction of the classical Greek temple accommodates the Custom-house. Gray granite, white marble, and red sandstone, chequer the colour as well as the character of the architecture, while noisy groups occupy the side-walks, or excited speculators jostle you rudely as you pass. There are a few idle loungers, but the majority are in a hurry. Trinity, the finest church



in New York, stands on the opposite side of Broadway, facing Wall Street. It is but a few steps from the spot where the lust for gold is the reigning passion to the stillness of its dimly-lighted aisles ; and keen sarcasms have been uttered on what has been called the incongruous proximity.

A little way up Broadway is the Park. It is a large square, filled with trees. In the centre stands the City-hall, a handsome building of marble, but the trees are planted so thickly all around, that in spring and summer they quite hide the buildings. On the opposite side of Broadway, facing the Park, is the Astor-house. The front towards the street is of dressed granite, and the effect is imposing. Some of the warehouses in Broadway are built of marble. Most prominent of these is Stewart's. Generally, however, the houses are irregular, and confusedly huddled together, a fine house and a hovel beside each other.

*Thursday, March 8.*—Much amused this morning at the breakfast-table with a specimen of Young America. A little boy of six or seven came in alone, and sat gravely down, ordered, with the greatest self-possession, beef-steaks and potatoes, and awaited their coming with the utmost dignity. We saw this repeated often elsewhere. There are no children, in our sense of the term, in America—only little men and women. They seem born with all the responsibility of citizenship, and wear it with great gravity. The merest boy will give his opinion upon the subject of conversation among his seniors ; and he expects to be listened to, and is. The habit gives self-possession, and a fluency and ease of expression, but leads to an undue sense of self-importance among the young.

At the Clarendon, the tables are waited by girls. They are dressed in uniform frocks, either pink or blue, with short white frocks over, and they look excessively smart. They wear rings, and walk about with great dignity and *empressement*—a great deal too much for your comfort, for they don't hurry themselves though one-half your food is cooling and spoiling, while they are not particularly active in getting the remainder. Indeed, we used to think they were engaged in some private business of their own in the kitchen, while ostensibly looking after our breakfasts. They took time enough before they brought them to do a "smart bit" of flirtation with the cooks. Some of them who are good-looking seem to know it right well, and stand in attitudes often very graceful and pretty. One threw a corn-cake at another the other morning, so there is a good deal of the free-and-easy with them.

I made a little escapade this forenoon, to Taylor's, to eat ices. The ice-saloons of New York are one of its features. Taylor's "Store" is a restaurant on a gigantic scale. In the centre of the saloon, a flight of steps leads down to the basement, in which is another large apartment fitted up with tables for dinners and suppers. The hall above, with its marble floor, white and gilded walls, lit by a range of ten windows, has a light and elegant appearance, and can accommodate a great many guests. Thomson's is a rival establishment, on an equal scale of magnificence. I counted seventy-six tables in one room, and there was another up-stairs. To one or other of these—for we never could make up our mind which was best, and patronised them about equally—we were almost daily visitors *in the forenoon* during our stay in New York.

The luxury of eating ice, even in winter, is not appreciated in the humid climate of England.

I visited Putnam's book-establishment. But the largest book-shop, and certainly the finest I have seen anywhere (except one in Cincinnati), is Appleton's. It is in Broadway. The building was erected first for a library, but bought by Mr Appleton. The firm occupies the street floor, and their shop is a very fine hall, lined with books. They are very extensive publishers and importers ; but though I got De Tocqueville's work on America, I could not find Mackay's here or elsewhere. Appleton's was a most tempting lounge. We could see on the tables almost all the recent books published in England, and at prices which would have been irresistible, had it not been the impossibility of openly bringing them home.

In the evening, we visited some American friends whom we had known in London. They, like many other of the New York merchants, had their own house two hours off by railway, and merely boarded in town in winter. This is a very prevalent custom. The Clarendon is full of families spending the winter in this way in New York. To our English notions of home comfort, the hotel-life of many American families appears very disagreeable and dissipating. Later still, about ten, a friend called upon us. He told us that from seven till nine is the proper time for gentlemen to make calls in New York, and that it is quite customary to go in your walking-dress, unless you know that there is likely to be a reception where you are going, in which case you put on evening-dress. This seems a sensible sort of plan for a business community. It would not suit so well in England, where our families like to have their evenings at home free from constant

interruption, and to secure which, custom has fixed the period of calls previous to sun-down. I seldom observed books or work in the drawing-rooms in New York, even in private houses. These rooms are not in general use, but kept for show. Work is done in the basement or bed-rooms. Houses have usually two front doors—one admitting to the basement floor, embracing what are called the family rooms, where the ladies sit and work; the other door is reached by a flight of steps, and leads into the “parlours” or drawing-rooms, which are only used to receive visitors. There is great want of comfort in all this. There are, of course, many who have a better appreciation of the value of a good house, and take the use of it, who leave the basement to the servants, and enjoy daily their suites of drawing, sitting, library, and dining-rooms. In such houses, you find the concomitant marks of educated taste—books, pictures, not for show, but use. I remember with pleasure more than one such true “home.”

At the publishing-office of the newspapers, there are boards on which the telegraph of the steamer, and other important news, is placarded. On one of these, to-day, I saw the announcement, “Bill Poole died at five o’clock this morning.” On inquiry, I learned that Bill Poole was a pugilist in the American interest; and having incurred the enmity of some fellow-ruffians on the Irish side, they set upon him in a drinking-house, and stabbed and shot him, whereof he died. On the faith of this, he has been raised to the rank of a martyr for his country. Of him, more anon.

*Friday, March 9.*—Disliking the carelessness and slowness of the Clarendon, we removed to-day to the St Nicholas. Everything here is on a most extended

scale. There is always a crowd of people in the hall; and in the corridors and lobbies up-stairs, well-dressed ladies and gentlemen are ever walking to and fro. There are two dining-halls and two tea-rooms. We dined to-day in one of the smaller halls, with about 170 others. The large hall was nearly full also. There were crowds of waiters, Irishmen, and they are very expert and attentive. An idea of the dinner may be gathered from the fact, that we had our choice of two soups, two kinds of fish, ten boiled dishes, nine roast dishes, six relishes, seventeen entrées, three cold dishes, five varieties of game, thirteen varieties of vegetables, seven kinds of pastry, and seven fruits, with ice-cream and coffee. The wines numbered eight brands of Madeira, seventeen of sherry, eighteen of champagne, six of port, four of Burgundy, twenty of hock, sixteen of claret, six sauternes, nine varieties of brandy, three liqueurs, and Scotch ale, India pale-ale, and London porter, the latter three at eighteen pence a pint each. The price of one hock was \$10 or £2 per bottle. The favourite wine was champagne, a native variety of which, called catawba, is very good.

One connects with New York the idea of Barnum's Museum, and I went this evening to see it. It is at the corner of the Park, and Broadway, opposite the Astor-house. There is a very extensive collection of "things"—a live boa-constrictor, twenty-five feet long, and a live giraffe; a great many horrible-looking portraits; wax-figures, which give the natives most erroneous ideas of Wellington, Nelson, Napoleon, and the host of other notables they pretend to represent; coins, antiquities, curiosities, real and manufactured, the veritable axe (there are at least sixteen other

veritable axes) that killed Captain Cook, specimens in natural history, &c. &c. But the chief attraction in this museum, as in the Boston one, seemed to be scenic representations. To-night, it was Mrs Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." There was a heavy hit at England, in the shape of a reference to our manufacturing population, who were represented as being kept by the upper classes in a state of involuntary ignorance and depression. This is put into St Clair's mouth in an apochryphal conversation with a Vermonter on the Mississippi steamer, and he is made to use it as an argument in favour of slavery, to shew that the "domestic institution" is practically not worse than the condition of the lower classes in Britain. This, of course, is a sophism, and no argument ; for if it were true as to fact, still two blacks do not make one white." It seemed, however, to accord with a somewhat anti-British feeling in the audience (one of the "baser sort"), for they applauded vehemently.

## CHAPTER X.

### NEW YORK.

SABBATH, *March* 11.—The hotel did not present, when we went down this morning, much of the appearance of its being Sabbath. The bustle is much the same as usual, and the sale of newspapers going on as on other days. The frequenters of the hall are somewhat better dressed than ordinarily they are, and at the entrance to the smoking-room hangs a notice, "The bar is closed." This is by the enforcement of a law which has been much in abeyance hitherto, but which the present mayor is vigorously putting in force. It was soon apparent, however, that its observance was more nominal than real, and extended to little more than the hanging up of the notice just mentioned.

We went over to Brooklyn to hear Mr Henry Ward Beecher, a brother of Mrs Stowe's. Great crowds crossed in the ferry-boat which conveyed us from the foot of Fulton Street to the opposite shore of Long Island. Mr Beecher's church, which is a large one, was full. We were accommodated very comfortably with chairs in one of the aisles. We had little more than taken our seats when the organ began to play, and Mr Beecher came in. His pulpit is a reading-desk on an open platform. He has a great arm-chair, and a small table placed beside it. He brought his sermon-

notes in his hand, and placed them on this table. Then he began to open and read a little pile of notes which were lying there ; and as he had not read them all when the voluntary was finished, he went on doing so, during which time there was silence. All this while, and even during the reading of the Bible, he kept on his greatcoat.

After the anthem came the invocation, and then he read Acts xxv. 13-27, and xxvi. At the 27th verse of the 25th chapter, he stopped to remind his hearers that this was done under the Romans ; that if Festus had been a Christian, he would have released Paul, when he found that, as there was no crime against him, he had a right to be free—adding, “ For there were no modern doctors in those days to preach other doctrine,”—a hit at the fugitive-slave law.

There were several baptisms, in the administration of which the usual prayers were replaced by the choir chanting, “ Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,” and several other passages, ending with, “ Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.” Unfortunately for the choir, the children were lively, and the music of nature rather spoiled the scientific strains.

At this point, Mr Beecher made a great many intimations ; among others, one to the effect, that the managers offered \$10 reward to any one who would give such information as would lead to the detection of those who defaced or otherwise destroyed the walls of the hall or church ; that this had been done, and the managers were determined to put a stop to it. This intimation, Mr Beecher followed up in the strongest terms ; addressing the parents, and telling them



very plainly that they were to blame very much for the misconduct of their children. He said the walls of the building, and especially of the hall between the church and the lecture-room, had been converted into "the devil's own damnable exhibition-room;" and that he had never seen or heard of anywhere any thing equal to the "devilish obscenity" which he had seen on those walls, put there, he supposed, by young men—no, they were not men, they were wretched *sunken*, and more to the same effect. I never heard such strong expressions. It looked awfully like swearing, and would have been termed so had the words been used in ordinary conversation. It did not prepare me favourably for deriving good from the sermon.

After another hymn, he gave out his text, Acts xxvi. 28, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." The discourse was a masterly exhibition of the various classes of "almost Christians." Boldly he wrenched away the veil which hides such characters from the world and from themselves; and he pointed out, in no set phrase, how such were going down to hell with a lie in their right hand. There were those who were Christians in name only, and never troubled themselves about the thing. There were those whose religion was mere sensibility, and so on. His sermon was characterised by great power of language and closeness of thought; but to my mind there was an utter want of refinement, and too much declamation. It was essentially vulgar. He walked about on his platform, and *acted*. He also used a great many slang expressions, as well as spoke through his nose at times, when he wanted to point an Americanism. I cannot think that this is effective pulpit eloquence, although it draws crowds of a certain sort. The dignity of the

pastor's office, as an ambassador of Heaven, requires no histrionic art to set it off. The gospel spoken *as if the speaker believed it*, will always be effective, and will then, when it owes least to the preacher, be most likely to manifest itself as the power of God unto salvation.

The singing in Mr Beecher's church is confined to the choir, which is very objectionable. The children of the Sabbath classes came in, with copies of the *Child's Newspaper*, and their reading-books, and read these papers, or conned their lessons, all through the service. It was most offensive to my ideas of propriety; but their parents did not check it. Indeed, there was a levity about the whole service, and the bearing of the congregation generally, very inconsistent with our English ideas of sanctuary worship.

William Poole, the pugilist, who was murdered by the Irish the other day, was publicly buried to-day. The people were collecting to the funeral as we returned from Brooklyn, so that it was disagreeable and tedious to get up Broadway. I hurried on to join the family dinner of a friend at half-past one, and the funeral was not till an hour later; so I did not see it. It is said there never before was such a funeral in America. It was headed by a body of police. There were two bands of music, and four or more flags. Probably one or two hundred thousand people followed or formed it—members of the United American Society, and others, and members of a society called "The William Poole Association." This is a new society, political, of course, formed on the circumstance of this murder. The whole affair to-day is considered a Know-nothing, or anti-foreign demonstration. Bill Poole was an American, a New Jersey man; and the men who caused his death were Irish. It was the climax of a long feud between

the Irish and American pugilist factions, kept up for election times. There were pointed out, walking together, the greatest gambler, the most noted bruiser, and a notorious thief,—a fitting trio to honour such a demonstration.

Hoping to hear Dr Taylor, I went in the afternoon to Grace Church, where a pew had been kindly placed at our service. This is the beautiful Gothic church at the angle of Broadway ; and the interior corresponds with the external effect. It is the most fashionable church in New York ; but there were few present. The singing is very fine, entirely confined to the band ; and, indeed, a good deal of it is solo. The bright little daughter of my friend with whom I dined told me that one day a person was singing in the congregation, when the sexton, a fat pompous man, went up to him and stopped him, saying, " We do all the singing here ourselves, sir ! " The Episcopal service in the States is a little different from the English Episcopal service, and is judiciously shortened. I was disappointed in my expectation of hearing Dr Taylor, as, although present, and taking part in the service, he did not preach.

Returning after sermon to my friend's, I went in the evening with him to St Thomas' Episcopal Church, where we heard a most excellent sermon from Dr Neville on the suitability of Jesus as a Saviour, from Luke xv. 4-6, the parable of the man who went to seek and find the lost sheep.

American friendliness and hospitality are proverbial. I am delighted with those I have been with to-day. They were so kind, and made me so much at home, I soon felt as if I had known them all my life. These glimpses into family circles, and precious tastes of the pleasures of *home*, are doubly delightful amid the isola-

tion of travelling and the solitude of a crowd, which is the characteristic of hotel life.

Nieces and nephews of my friend's are teachers in the Sabbath-schools. They tell me that they find it very difficult to keep their classes in order. If they speak to them about misbehaviour, they go away. As one said, they are born free, and take their own way from infancy. These juvenile democrats rather ruffle the equanimity of one accustomed to old-country order and discipline.

There appears to be a great deal more open Sabbath desecration here than with us. For instance, this procession to-day, with flags, drums, and music. Both Thomson's and Taylor's, the two immense restaurants in Broadway, were open and crowded, as were also the oyster-saloons at night. In the hotel, there was no sensible difference from any other day, except that there did not seem to be so many arriving and departing.

## CHAPTER XI.

### NEW YORK.

MONDAY, *March* 12.—The newspapers, this morning, are full of accounts of Bill Poole's funeral, and articles on its political bearing. It appears that, of late years, emigrants from various nations, instead of mixing and becoming amalgamated with the great mass of Americans, have been banding together for political purposes; and as they speedily acquire the rights of citizenship, they use these rights favourably for their old, and unfavourably for their new, country. It is to oppose this foreign feeling that the Know-nothings contend; and Bill Poole, the representative champion of American Rowdyism, having met his death at the hands of the Irish brigade, his public funeral yesterday was intended as a great demonstration in favour of the American principle. Some idea of the extent of the procession may be formed from the statement, that it took forty minutes to pass the St Nicholas hotel. Most men of sense were sadly grieved at this display of honour done to a wretched bully, buried with a publicity and a pomp which America has never accorded to any of her heroes.

Wet and snowy all day. New York streets are the perfection of discomfort in such weather. There is no

attempt to clean them. The snow, shovelled off the foot-walks, accumulates in the street. In some of the side streets, its surface was several feet higher than the paths. The constant traffic on Broadway cut it up and prevented it accumulating there to such an extent, but the slush from the melting snow made it almost impossible to cross the street dry-shod. In violent contrast to the out-of-door cold and discomfort are the heated rooms. The transition from the one to the other must be very trying for the health.

We dined at the St Nicholas. Every dinner there is a source of fresh wonder and interest. In the evening, we went to the Academy of Music to hear Madame Maretzek in "Lucia di Lammermuir." It is a very beautiful house, painted from roof to floor with the universal white zinc paint, and gilded. The seats have iron frames, and are roomy and comfortable. There was a good audience, but we were not much impressed with the assemblage of beauty. The performance was fair. It was over by the early hour of half-past ten, and we sat for half an hour after supper in one of the drawing-rooms, planning our future route, watching the coming and going in the rooms and corridors, and marvelling very much at hotel-life in America.

*Tuesday, March 13.*—To-day, notwithstanding that it snowed and hailed, and so made walking very disagreeable, we strolled round by the East river wharves. These are busy spots. Piers run out into the river, and vessels lie alongside them, as well as along the shore. Every spot is made available. We saw many fine vessels and clipper ships. One needs to come down to the river quays to see the greatness of New York.

We went out to make calls from eight to ten. Apart from railways, on which Americans are always ready to speak, the war and slavery are our chief topics. We had some discussion on this last subject to-night. Without upholding slavery, one friend believes the slaves are happier in their present condition than they would be if they were free. The United States will not tolerate a black republic as a neighbour ; and as there is a strong belief that whites and blacks will not live together as citizens, the only way to preserve the country from a civil war, and probably to avoid the ultimate extermination of the blacks, is to keep them as they are. This gentleman also put the question thus :—The WORLD cannot do without cotton. Cotton cannot be raised without slave-labour. Therefore, it is a less evil and a less misery that the blacks, who are accustomed to nothing else, should be slaves, than that the world should starve for want of cotton garments. Probably both my friend's major and minor propositions are incorrect. Perhaps the world *could* do without cotton, and perhaps cotton *could* be raised without slave-labour ; but whether or no, that does not alter the broad principle, that all men are equal in God's sight, and that freedom, by right, belongs to the black as well as to the white. Every one tells us that when we go to the south, we shall see the blacks so contented and happy that we shall alter our opinions of slavery altogether.

*Wednesday, March 14.*—One of many new acquaintances made to-day, invited us to his house this evening, and handed a card inscribed :—

## AT HOME

WEDNESDAY EVENINGS DURING MARCH,

*From 8 till 11.**00 E. 00 St.*

This is a most excellent plan, to confine the reception to stated nights and stated hours.

Donning the proper costume, we got into a carriage, and about half-past nine reached "00 E. 00 St." The servant who admitted us pronounced the words, "Second storey, back room," which we were at a loss to comprehend at first; but presuming we were to go there, we went, and found it was a parlour where we might deposit our cloaks and hats, the ladies finding similar accommodation in "second storey, front room." Having once more descended, we were met at the door of the reception-room by our friend, and presented to the hostess. Having paid our respects to her, we passed on. The rooms were three in number *en suite*, and they were full. In the furthest were refreshments. By far the majority of guests were ladies, and some of them were very pretty, and all well dressed. Our friend said there was one very clever lady there, to whom he must introduce us, and presently we were in the midst of a lively conversation with the versatile and agreeable Miss Lynch. She, in turn, introduced us to others, with whom this casual acquaintance ripened into a valued friendship.

Our new friends know Miss Warner, the Elizabeth



Wetheral of "Queechy" and "The Wide, Wide World" fame. As any particulars of favourite authors are welcome, may I not mention that Miss Warner is not young? She is tall and thin, and very peculiar-looking—very good, which you can see in her face. They have known adversity. "Dollars and Cents," "My Brother's Keeper," are by a younger sister.

The room is thinning, for there is a wedding to-night, to which a number of the guests are going. It is customary, it seems, to marry in the evening, at six or eight o'clock, and then to receive half the night after. We could not find out if the bride and bridegroom staid out the reception.

We were glad to have had this opportunity of seeing something of New York fashionable life. There were no books or drawings in the rooms that I could see, with the exception of one large portfolio on a stand, which I did not get an opportunity of examining. The chief amusement was looking at and talking to people. A gentleman played seemingly very well upon the piano, but the hum of voices drowned the music; which want of appreciation of his endeavours must have been the reverse of gratifying to the performer.

*Thursday, March 15.*—Raining hard all morning and most of the day, so that it was very unpleasant walking about. Inquiring about the products of the Southern States, I find them to be pretty much these:—Maryland, chiefly tobacco; Virginia, the same; Kentucky, tobacco, grain, horses, and stock; Tennessee, hemp and tobacco, and a little cotton; North Carolina, rice, turpentine; South Carolina, rice and cotton; Georgia, cotton; Alabama, cotton; Mississippi, cotton; Florida, sugar and a little cotton; Louisiana,

sugar and cotton ; Arkansas, cotton ; Texas, sugar and cotton.

At dinner, in Fifth Avenue, to-day, the war, the Emperor's death, music, American artists, spiritualism, formed subjects for lively and sustained conversation. Our host had resided long in the East, and he had "been in Spain and Italy." Our hostess, too, had visited the continent of Europe and England. It was no wonder the hours flew fast.

*Friday, March 16.*—The exhibition of the American Academy of Fine Arts is in a temporary gallery nearly opposite our hotel. We saw it under the disadvantage of bad light, nevertheless were much pleased with the *tout-ensemble*. Although told that landscape is the forte of American artists, there is in this exhibition, as in our own, a great preponderance of portraits, few of which, however, struck me as fine. Of figure pieces or historical subjects there are few. Three landscapes by Church particularly pleased us. Two of them belonged to friends of ours, and we had afterwards opportunities of seeing them again, when restored to their places on the private walls. They were all of tropical scenes. One called "La Magdalena," represented a broad piece of river, with the rich tangled vegetation of the tropics hanging over its banks ; hills of peculiar long straight mound-like outline occupied the middle distance, while lofty peaked mountains shut in the back-ground. The colour—rich tropical hues, full of sun, and heat, and light ; the smooth dark water in the fore-ground broken up by the ridgy back of a crocodile just appearing above the surface. The other two subjects are similar. The scenery represents

the character of that of central America. There are a few more good landscapes, some exhibiting the glories of the far-famed Indian summer.

Exploring up and down the North river, or Hudson, we found the scene bustling and interesting in the extreme. All down the shore on this river, as on the East river or Sound, piers are run out into the water, by the sides of which lie steamers for all ports on and up the Hudson. They might be counted, I suppose, by hundreds. They bring hay, corn, flour, and all sorts of country produce. Down on the river side the stir and bustle is much greater than it is up in the town. The wholesale grocery and provision stores are situated in this locality, and seem to do an immense business. It is when one sees those parts of a town that a correct idea is obtained of the extent and variety of its sources of wealth.

The scene on the river is very exciting. There are steamers arriving from and departing for Jersey city every two or three minutes. To-day the atmosphere was clear, and we saw across to the other side without interruption. There are houses on the New Jersey shore, down at the water side, but the ground rises immediately, and forms a sort of cliff or bluff, which is covered with wood. Along the edge of this high ground, and overlooking the water, are some pretty houses. Far up the river, the high hills known as the Palisades seem like a curtain drawn across the landscape. They are broken by a narrow gorge, through which the waters of the river find their way from "the Highlands of the Hudson."

At these quays, horse-power is employed to load and unload the boats. A triangle is erected, and ropes

passed over a pulley at the top, and another at the bottom, and a horse harnessed to one end. When the bales are fastened to the other end, the horse walks off, and the weight is speedily raised. This seems to be a rapid and effective mode of getting on with the unloading, where there are no steam or hydraulic cranes.

Went to Wood, Tomlinson, & Co.'s to see some American-built carriages and light waggon. The latter are remarkably handsome vehicles. A four-wheeled one to carry two, worth \$175, or £35, was so light that I could lift it with ease, and push it along with one hand. The wheels are made of hickory, which is a heavy wood, but so tough that they can be made very light; about one-fourth, if not less than that, of our English wheels.

In the room in which we dined to-day I counted upwards of forty waiters. There would probably be as many in the other dining-room, besides those in the tea-room. The crowds of visitors who arrive and depart every day is perfectly astounding. It soon sickens one, this sort of life.

*Saturday, March 17.*—The barber's shop is an indispensable adjunct to every American hotel. Indeed, the delight the natives seem to take in being in the barber's hands, appears to be a characteristic of our transatlantic brethren. I determined to indulge in the whole process in all its luxury, and resigned myself into the hands of one of the assistants in "Phalon's Hair-dressing Saloon." Some twenty persons can be attended to here at once, and the room is fitted up in the most gorgeous style. The floor is a mosaic of black and white marble. The walls are lined with mirrors, the divisions of the glass and frame being gilded. The

apparatus is of silver. The chairs are most luxurious—great arm-chairs, with a rest for the head and another for the feet, at an angle, the ease of which is perfect. Placed in one of these chairs, I went through the pleasing process of hair-cutting, and was then transferred to a seat opposite a fountain, edged round with porcelain basins. Then, from a bottle, the operator poured upon my head some stuff which was more cooling than odorous. This he worked up into a great lather, and then directed on my pate a jet first of hot water and next of cold, the contrast of which tingled to my very toes. Having dried my hair with numerous towels, he returned me to my first most easy seat, and finished me up with grease, scent, and *pale rum*, concluding the luxurious operation with a demand for half a dollar. Many a time after, when we arrived wearied and begrimed with dust and smoke from a long journey, did a hot-bath and the barber refit us, and put us in condition to make more use of our time, than but for their aid an exhausted *physique* would have permitted.

It is St Patrick's day, and an Irish procession was expected. Lest there should be an *emeute*, the National Guard was out. Some soldiers of the 7th and 12th regiments were in the hall of St Nicholas, and we saw them in small parties at the corners of most of the streets. Their uniform is a small peaked glazed cap, and a long light-blue greatcoat ; what was under we could not see. Each had a bayonet, but they did not seem to have guns. There has, I believe, been no procession,—at least we have heard nothing of it. The weather has been unpropitious. It snowed during the night, and this morning there were from four to six

inches of snow on the ground. It has rained all day, and the slush and water is ankle-deep. Such streets!

The corridor of the St Nicholas is a magnificent lounge, and to-night it is cool, which is rare and refreshing, for usually the halls and rooms are heated to a high temperature by steam. The drawing-room doors open into this corridor, and as usually they are not closed, it is very amusing to watch the groups within, as well as those one meets in the promenade.

## CHAPTER XII.

### NEW YORK.

SABBATH, *March* 18.—To-day I heard Dr J. W. Alexander of the Presbyterian Church in Fifth Avenue. This is more like one of our newer Scottish churches than most I have been in in America as yet. It is a handsome Gothic structure, with open roof; and being entirely carpeted and cushioned alike, it has a comfortable appearance. Dr Alexander enters the pulpit, a grave and reverend-looking man, the first clergyman not of the Episcopal Church I have seen here with a white neckcloth. After the usual services and psalms (the psalms and hymns used are a version and collection issued, under the authority of the Synod, by the Presbyterian Board of Publications, Philadelphia), the text was announced (Job xiii. 26)—“Thou hast made me to remember the sins of my youth.” The preacher began by illustrating the proposition, That the season of youth has its sins. The term “innocent youth” is not a true one. He then went on to shew that these sins of youth are not obliterated as to their consequences by the lapse of any length of time. We may forget them; but God does not. He pointed out, next, that the sins of youth have consequences in after life. The proverb is true, “The sins of youth are the smart of age.” These consequences are temporal. They affect

the health—"Thy bones shall be full of the sins of thy youth;" or the reputation: a sin done in youth may blast the character of a lifetime. They are spiritual also. One sin leads on to another, till the whole being is utterly degraded. He cited the example of Nero, in youth so tender-hearted, that when given a sentence of death to sign, he exclaimed that he wished he had never learned to write—"Utinam nescire literas!"—and yet becoming afterwards a monster of cruelty. Restraint once removed, we go on sinning in the midst of light. The resulting consequences are steps in the descent—impenitency, hardness of heart, forsaking the sanctuary. The fall is gradual; the extremity of crime is not reached all at once. You see, he said (referring to the murder of Poole), some wretched man shot down in the midst of his drunken revellings and ruffian companions, in the haunts of vice. He has not reached that point at one step, but by degrees. *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. Then comes remorse; and there is no suffering equal to the pangs of conscience. The iniquities of youth are written as bitter things against us in the record of God; and they reappear in the pangs of remorse. For an example of this he referred to Augustine. (See "Confessions," book ii., chapter 4.) They come back especially in the times of affliction. It becomes all to pray with the Psalmist, "Remember not against me the sins of my youth." All this, he argued, in pursuing the subject, should make us acquiesce in trials when they come upon us. "Why should a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?" Strictly speaking, trials are not punishment. They are not penal. The penalty has been borne by Jesus. Yet they savour of penalty. They shew us what our sins deserve. They are like



scars of wounds, healed, but breaking out now and again to remind us they are there. They are the chastenings of a Father's hand, to purify—to sanctify; and their effect should be to bring us to the foot of the cross—to the blood of Jesus—to abominate and to forsake the sins of youth, lest they become also the sins of maturity and of old age. He concluded with the impressive remark—"We, as in Christ, claiming to be washed and saved by his blood, and recollecting what we were, 'the hole of the pit whence we were dug,' should rejoice with trembling, fearing lest we fall. To this feeling of watchfulness, we should also join thankfulness, rejoicing with the apostle, when, in the fulness of gratitude and thankfulness he wrote, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.'"

At the close of the services Dr Alexander intimated that he would catechise the children of the congregation to-day at two o'clock. He preaches at half-past three; lectures on Tuesday evenings on the history in the Acts, and holds a congregational prayer-meeting on Thursday evening. He seems a hard-working man.

I walked back to the hotel by Fifth Avenue and Washington Square. The houses are very fine, quite palatial. They all have basement floors with entrance from the street for family use, besides the grand entrance. The New York University is a very fine building, on the east side of Washington Square.

At two o'clock went, under the guidance of Mr Cushman, to visit the Five Points schools. Turning to the left off Broadway, pretty far down, near the Park, we passed along one side of the city prison,—a great granite building in the Egyptian style, appro-

privately enough named "The Tombs." Crossing Centre Street, just at the station of the Newhaven Railway, we entered Baxter Street, which led to a small irregular space, into which five streets open, and this is Five Points. The wretchedness of this locality could hardly be exaggerated. Miserable houses, overcrowded with miserable tenants, filth and squalor everywhere. Stench fit to make one faint in passing, and a neighbourhood of the most infamous and degraded characters.

Here, in 1850, an effort was made under the Rev. L. M. Pease, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to introduce the Bible. A room which had been a gin-shop was rented and cleaned, and converted into a chapel. Things have gone on and on till the mission premises now embrace several houses,—houses which were formerly the worst dens of infamy in New York. These are now made use of as temporary homes; and in addition to Sabbath-schools, Sabbath services, and week-day instruction for children, there is a system for procuring employment for adults, and securing for them a home till they can be drafted out into the country as servants,—a process going on at present at the rate of about seventy in a month.

Over a door we read the announcement, "Mission House and House of Industry," and entering were most kindly received. We were ushered into a hall, formed of two rooms on different levels, where several large classes of boys and girls were being taught. Mr Pease was not at home. Mr Johnstone was superintending for him, and he handed us over to Mr Eels, a gentleman who has from the first taken a deep interest in this work, and under whose guidance we were conducted over the premises. Up-stairs we

found a Bible class, in which the teacher was reading and enforcing a portion of Scripture to forty or fifty grown-up women, who seemed to be listening most attentively. There were some men also in the class. These live in the premises. In an adjoining room was a large class of as many very young children, whom a youth was teaching. English, Irish, Americans, Germans, Dutch, Italians, and Jews were all to be found in this class. I was particularly interested by one pretty little flaxen-haired Jewess about six years of age, who is deaf and dumb. Poor thing! she ran up to Mr Eels, who kindly acknowledged her acquaintance by shaking her little hand (it was white and beautiful) and patting her head; and she then made friends with me, looking up and smiling cheerfully. We were then taken into the saleroom and office, and saw baskets, shirts, flowers, and other things, made by the women and children. We were also presented with copies of a report and other documents illustrative of the history of this effort on behalf of the poor, "to permanently secure their advancement, by employment, kindness, and Christianity."

At half-past two school was to be over, and the whole *family*, as Mr Eels called it, would then assemble in the large hall used as a chapel. Presently they did so. In front were seated the adult women; on one side the girls, and on the other the boys. The speakers stood in the wide door between the rooms, raised two steps above the larger room, in which most of the inmates and scholars were assembled. Behind them were the men and visitors. The place was full, about 250 children and adults being present. From the fact of the objects of this mission's care being constantly distributed to situations, the inmates change very

often. Some reside and constantly work at trades in the house, but most only pass through.

After singing and reading a portion of Scripture, several general addresses were made to the children. One referred in its close to the hymn well known in the Sabbath-schools of Britain, but which the speaker did not know if they had in New York or not—

“ I think when I read the sweet story of old.”

As he sat down, the stranger's heart was touched by the lady who led the music gracefully leading this very hymn. Thus are children in both hemispheres uttering the same words of praise and prayer to the same Saviour. May we not feel assured that many both in the east and west find Him a Saviour indeed ?

Mr Eels followed. His address was an oration, declaimed in a most impassioned strain, and accompanied with vigorous action. He began : “ Children, it is not often that I am absent from you at mid-day on Sabbath, but to-day I was away for half an hour. And what, think you, took me away ? A boy whispered to me that some Indians from the Far West would be to-day at the Tabernacle, and I love the Indians, and I went to see them. When I went there I saw two Indian-looking men, and I thought I knew them, but I could not tell. And as I looked hard at them, they saw me, and they recognised me in a moment, and pronounced my name. Then I recollected who they were, and we saluted. And why did I not know them ? Because, when I saw them many years ago, on their prairies far beyond Chicago, they wore blankets and feathers, while to-day they were clothed like Christian men. And my heart leaped for joy to see them, and they too were glad. And I said, ‘ Where are your fathers

and mothers, and your brothers and sisters ?' But a cloud came over their faces, and they were sad, and they said, 'The tribe with whom you took counsel, when seven thousand Indians sat before you and before their sachems, around the council-fire, has only three thousand now! Our fathers and our brothers who camped round your wigwam, on the far-western prairie, have passed away ; our mothers too have passed away ; and our sisters, who were like the bounding fawns, are not—they too have passed away, and we are sad !' " All this, and more, Mr Eels gave in Indian, and translated it. It was scenic. The audience was riveted. I was carried quite away. Then he went on : " You too are changing. Faces that were here last Sabbath I do not see here to-day. But they have not all died, although death has been here. They have gone over the country, some to situations, some to be adopted, and all, we trust, to be made happy. Cheer up, little ones. You shall not always sit there. Cheer up. There is good in store for you," &c. &c. It was an eloquent address. Several others spoke, and a hymn was sung between each address. The children's attention never seemed to flag. Some among the women were impressed even to tears. The proceedings were closed with the benediction.

All the while the little meek Jewess was sitting on the step at my feet. Many a time did she look up and smile, and put up her hand, her soft white hand. There was no want of intelligence. She seemed quite capable, I observed, of communicating to some extent her wishes, by signs to her companions.

There is another mission-house on the opposite side of the street. I believe it is managed separately from this. One's heart fills with thankfulness to see a spot,

which but a few years ago, less than five years ago, was without exception the worst in New York, thus tended, and seed sowing in it, ay, and bearing fruit too. Must we not breathe the earnest wish, God prosper it?

The institution is managed by a society, incorporated by charter, under the name and title of "The Five Points House of Industry,"—Mr Pease being superintendent, and Mrs Pease matron. Previously to the beginning of 1854, the property belonged to Mr Pease, but he then, "in the most disinterested manner," say the trustees, "vested in us, by legal conveyance, the property of every kind connected with the enterprise, and resigned into our hands the control of the institution, which he has fostered and conducted for nearly four years with highly creditable and successful management. He is now the superintendent, not the owner, of the Five Points House of Industry."

This experiment is one of so much importance, and possesses so much of universal interest, that the following brief summary of its origin and progress may not be deemed out of place. It is in the form of an address by Mr Pease to the trustees, on the occasion of their assuming the responsibility of the institution. They have published a more lengthened history, shewing what difficulties Mr Pease had to contend with, and much of them—alas that it should be so!—from those who called themselves friends. Mr Pease's, however, as most succinct, suits our purpose best.

"The Five Points House of Industry," he says, "originated in a humble individual effort, made in the summer of 1850, to obtain employment for a number of unhappy females, who, with the strongest desires to

escape from their wretched and guilty mode of life, were debarred from every other. It was the answer of a pitying Providence (as we cannot but feel persuaded) to their own agonised entreaty. It happened to me to hear that entreaty.

“ ‘Don’t tell us,’ they cried, ‘how innocent and happy we once were, and how wicked, and infamous, and miserable we are now : don’t talk to us of death and retribution, and perdition before us : we want no preacher to tell us all that—but tell us, oh ! tell us, some way of escape ! Give us work and wages ! Do but give us some other master than the devil, and we will serve him !’

“ Now the question was, and still is, so far as there is any question—Was that a true, honest statement of their case ? I thought it was, and tried to meet it. The community thought differently, and that made my task a hard one. Nobody believed that work was what they wanted ; that they had the same nature, acted on by the same motives, and disposed to the pursuit of happiness in the same ways with other people. Like the lost angel, they were supposed to have said, ‘ Evil, be thou my good ;’ and to riot in wretched vices, and starve upon the scanty wages of crime, housed by turns in jails, poor-houses, and kennels, racked by disease, and scourged by the law, was actually thought to be the *choice* of a large portion of mankind, rather than to live in comfort and respectability by honest labour. This they passionately denied ; and, taking them at their word, I had to work out the truth of it by single-handed experiment. For want of any other person to place so much confidence in them, I had to become first their employer, and next their father. First, I became a manufacturer, and gave them

shirts to make ; next I gave them a home, and became the head of a family.

“Happily the position taken was so true, that no long time, and but little capital, were required to convince a few people of it partially, and thus to gain a beginning of assistance to the little germ, which thenceforward worked itself out into larger and larger room, by the inherent vitality of truth. I began, in July, with thirty or forty women sewing by day, in the chapel of the Methodist mission.\*

\* In another communication on this subject, Mr Pease says :—“ We had about forty women of the lowest class the first day. It would assuredly move the hardest heart amongst the rich, who find what is called virtue so easy, if I had time to tell what I saw and heard of the struggles made by these lost creatures to practise the long-unused, perhaps never learned, arts of honest industry, at this unexpected opportunity. They took my work to their wretched homes at night : they sewed by the borrowed light of a neighbour's candle or fire ; and they were found plying the needle beneath the street lamp ! To be sure, much of the work they did was indescribable, and it would be long and profitless to tell you all the patience and expense it cost to bring the sewing to an average quality, such as to earn any net compensation, although it was, of course, necessary to pay each individual all or more than her work brought by itself. Suffice it to say that our struggles, almost hopeless at first, were successful in the end, and such was the germ of the House of Industry. As the movement progressed, benevolent individuals became interested, and contributions began to flow in. But the first condition of reform was only begun to be accomplished : the reform itself was scarce commenced, nor was the practicable point yet reached. Their dens of sub-beastly vice, filth, and intoxication, were places to stifle the first aspirations to a better life. In short, we made up our minds to come down and dwell among them, and adopt a family of outcasts.

“One of the buildings now composing the House of Industry was emptied by process of law, as a brothel—the only possible way to obtain a tenement for our purpose—and men were set to work with hoes and shovels to remove the accumulated filth. It had been an establishment of the better class on the Five Points : but, to understand the kind of eminence enjoyed by it, you should be informed that I subsequently removed from one of its immediate neighbours, a grade lower in ‘ respectability ’—I mean from the *house* alone—*forty cart-loads of solid filth*. After the hoes and carts had done their part, we began in the upper



"In August, I took a house on the Five Points, and constituted them a family. In September, the day-school was started, which was taken under the patronage of Mr Donaldson, Mrs Bedell, and the members of Ascension church, and has flourished under the care of the latter to this day. In October, we were able to add a second house, and the inmates were increased to fifty or sixty. In February, an additional room was hired, admitting a dozen more. In May 1851, four houses were taken, and the number of inmates ran as high as one hundred and twenty. It now came for ten months under the control of the National Temperance Society. A bakery had at this time been added to its industrial arrangements, and coarse basket-making was introduced soon after. In March 1852, the establishment reverted to my control, on the same terms on which it had been conveyed to the Temperance Society, viz., the payment of all existing liabilities. In May 1853, three more houses on the Five Points were added to the number, and in January last (1854), the house, No. 383 Broome Street, was appropriated to the very small children, invalids, and others, making in all eight houses occupied by the Five Points House of Industry. The house in Broome Street, however, will not be needed after May 1, as its purposes will be better answered by that in the country, to be completed about that time.

"For the last six months we have supported, in doors

storey to cleanse out vermin and putrefaction, by covering the floors with quick-lime, into which a sufficient quantity of water was thrown, and after drenching the walls, the liquid was left to percolate to the next storey, where the process was repeated, and so on to the ground. By such means as these, our dwelling was prepared, and the first day of our occupancy we took in thirty or forty Five Points females of all ages."

and out, a daily average of at least five hundred persons, by their labours here, and by the benefactions of the charitable. The average number of inmates is now about three hundred, of whom a hundred and fifty are children, twenty-five men, and a hundred and twenty-five women. Two hundred children are in the schools, of whom about half are from outside, but receive partial board from us. We employ two men and thirty women in sewing; sixteen girls in fine basket-making; three men and ten boys in shoe-making; an average of twenty-five women and girls in straw-work; about twenty-five persons on the farm (in building and the care of workmen); and the rest of our inmates are engaged in miscellaneous necessary services, except a small number who pay board in the institution, for the purpose of reformation or protection. The whole number which has passed through the institution, since its commencement, cannot be estimated lower than 1500 to 2000.

“The proportion of all our expenses which has fallen upon the charitable, including the preliminary expenses in which the objects of the effort could render no assistance, and our recent investments for the farm and house in the country, may be seen in the following abstract.

	Expenses.	Earnings.	Donations.
To May 1851 . . .	\$ 2,625·21	\$ 509·65	\$2,115·56
Balance of 1851 . .	7,772·55	5,117·74	2,654·81
The year 1852 . . .	13,135·12	8,754·66	4,380·46
The year 1853 . . .	17,671·92	8,249·72	9,422·20
Three months, 1854 .	7,777·07	2,411·57	5,365·50
Earnings accumulated as per Inventory .		1,640·86	
Totals	\$48,981·87	\$26,684·20	\$23,938·53

(For the purposes of this illustration the farm account is excluded.)

“ But there is a species of moral progress not easily shewn by figures or description. I have alluded to the incredulity of the public with reference to the willingness of these lost people to lead an honest life, if enabled to do so. This unbelief was so strong, that, during the first year of our labours, it was almost impossible to obtain a situation for one of our girls in any decent family. By degrees, however, a few obtained trial, and the example of their success as domestics caused neighbouring employers to inquire for similar girls. Slowly the demand thus spread, until, so great is the change in public feeling, we have sent to situations, throughout the past year, from thirty to fifty persons per month, with an urgent and continual demand for twice as many as we can supply.

“ With regard to the state of the public mind towards this enterprise of benevolence, the most encouraging developments have been witnessed in the last six months. The purchase of our farm through the spontaneous liberality of ten individuals, is prominent among the tokens for good with which we have been favoured, and has been followed by a stream of benefactions, which, though perhaps not large in comparison with the work devolved upon the Christian community of New York in behalf of its poor or in comparison with its ability to perform that sacred work without delay, is still large enough to afford a signal token of the revival of primitive Christian charity in the modern world. The entire amount received or subscribed since October last is nearly \$25,000 (£5000).

“ THE FARM, purchased last fall, consists of sixty-four acres of choice arable land, and cost \$11,390, of which \$1390 are paid, and the balance, to be paid in annual instalments of \$1000, is pledged to the institu-

tion in equal parts by ten gentlemen who came forward voluntarily and without concert to assume the burden of these payments. Our land lies in the town of East Chester, West Chester county, sixteen miles from the city, between the Harlem and Newhaven railroads, about one mile distant from the former at Brouxville, and half a mile from the latter at Pelhamville. The region of country in which it is situated is elevated and healthy, and the farm itself is a delightful spot, with a slightly undulating surface, adorned with groves of hickory, maple, chestnut, and other forest trees, and watered on two sides by the beautiful little river Broux.

“We have now the foundations and materials in readiness for a frame building, measuring twenty-eight by forty-five feet, and two storeys high, with attic and basement, which will be ready for occupation about the first of May [1854]. This building is situated a few rods in the rear of the probable site of the main buildings. It will accommodate a hundred of our people this summer, and will serve for farm and building purposes until the main buildings are ready, after which it will always be convenient for workshops or some other necessary use.

“I should recommend an appeal to the public for means to construct, during the present season (on a well-considered plan) at least the central division of an edifice, which will by the extent of its accommodations tell materially upon the condition of the destitute in this city next winter; at the same time, that no sudden or excessive expansion is attempted, and no debt incurred. The building should be so planned as to admit of extensive enlargements, with perfect economy and convenience, as fast as the public liberality,

stimulated by the successful management of the institution, shall enable the trustees to effect them.

“ While the country establishment should be regarded as the great field of improvement, and the principal dwelling-place of those under our charge, the house at the Five Points should not be given up, but maintained as a centre of operations and influence in the city, a place of reception, trial, and training, and of temporary employment and relief when such only are needed. The prospect of transfer to an inviting home in the country, will generally be a strong incentive to good conduct, by which the length of trial in the house at the Five Points may be regulated.

“ The principal industrial operations being there carried on, it may be hoped will eventually render the country establishment in a great measure self-supporting, while that at the Five Points will always be partially so. The employments at the country house should be farming and gardening (in the proper seasons), in which all inmates of either sex should take part, according to their strength and capacity. In the intervals, house-work, plain-sewing, tailoring, shoe-making, basket-making, and all other branches of industry which can be profitably introduced, should be taught and carried on. All of our operations, whether in city or country, will doubtless be conducted on the vital and distinctive principle of the system, as embodied in the articles of incorporation, viz., voluntary labour and just wages as far as practicable ; and charity, pure and free, where charity becomes necessary. It is this which distinguishes our system from pauperism, and justifies the effort to supersede the alms-house by the house of industry. We start with recognising the claim of our unfortunate brethren to our best counsel and assistance

in the common duty of supporting themselves and their families by free and honourable labour ; subject only to such restraints and conditions as their moral necessities may render necessary to that end ; and as far as possible in the exercise of all the natural relations and responsibilities ordained for the moral health and development of man ; or in a state as much as possible approximated to that great institution of nature and nature's God, the FAMILY.

" We regard it as the best thing we can do to give employment and encouragement to otherwise suffering or thriftless families, without impairing their domestic ties or responsibilities ; and we labour for the time when society will take upon itself to see that none shall be driven to beggary and crime by lack of honourable employment. Next to individual homes of their own, (improved in comfort and economy by the public care), is the object, when no better can be obtained, of giving the destitute a general home, where they may resort for employment, board, instruction, and whatever else they need, without sacrifice of independence and self-reliance, except so far as their own labour falls short of supporting them ; the line where strict justice fails their need, and charity begins to supply it, being distinctly marked. In such an establishment the great principle to be kept ever in view is, that we are dealing not with things but with persons, in all respects essentially like ourselves, and that our great end should be the development of their humanity on all sides, to higher and nobler forms. The deadly evils of strict segregation in large and uniform classes, should be guarded against so far as the nature of the case will allow, and may and should be mitigated (with other improvements of situation) by promotion into higher

departments, as the moral progress of individuals may warrant and merit.

“ Finally, whatever importance we attach to judicious measures for temporal, social, and moral improvement, may we and our successors never forget the eternal necessity of religion to the welfare of created beings, nor cease to make it our paramount object to bring them to a saving acquaintance with the gospel of Christ. Upon this depends the worth as well as the success of all our labours ; failing of this, or of an influence tending thither, our toil and treasure will be but as water spilled upon the ground. Bible instruction, daily devotion, weekly divine service, and Sunday-schools, must be established and unchangeable parts of our system, and should be attended to with the paramount fervour and zeal appropriate to the pursuit of ‘ man’s chief end.’ May the gospel, in its purity and spirituality, and the devoutly invoked presence of the Divine Spirit, never depart from this institution ; but may it end, as it began, in simple, humble efforts for the salvation of SOULS ! ”

We bid adieu to the Five Points House of Industry, by transcribing the following lines which a lady has addressed to the little children there :—

#### “ THE CHILD’S ANGEL

“ Do you know it, little children ?  
In your hours of sportive glee,  
That an angel stands beside you,  
Whom your young eyes cannot see ?  
A holy guardian angel,  
Who smiles upon your joy,  
And who loves the cheerful courage  
Of each little girl and boy.

"Do you know it, little children !  
When the tears are in your eyes,  
When your heart is sore and heavy,  
With the bitter thoughts that rise ;  
That same dear guardian angel,  
Still hovers fondly nigh,  
To whisper words of soothing,  
And to calm the trembling sigh !

"Do you know it, little children ?  
When you do the things you ought ;  
When your tongue the truth is telling,  
When you think a loving thought ;  
That guardian angel's smiling  
Is like sunshine in your breast,  
Though you know not whence it cometh,  
But you feel that you are blest !

"Do you know it, little children ?  
When you speak what is not so ;  
When you take what is another's ;  
When you strike an angry blow—  
That same good angel weepeth  
In sorrow for your sin,  
Repentant thought still breathing,  
The guilty breast within ?

"Do you know it, little children ?  
Through all the live-long day,  
That guardian angel hovers  
Unseen about your way,  
To shield you from temptation,  
To make you good and true,  
That this world, so wide and wicked,  
May be some day bless'd by you !

"Do you know it, little children ?  
When you go to sleep at night,  
That angel watches o'er you,  
Till the morning brings its light,—  
That holy guardian angel,  
Whom our FATHER GOD has given,  
To guide your straying footsteps,  
In the path that leads to heaven !"

On the way up town from the Five Points, we  
looked in at the Tabernacle, where the Indian friends



of Mr Eels were holding a meeting. One of them was speaking when we entered, and his subject was the Indian belief about a future state. I presume he had before described his nation's idea of good men and bad, for he represented the good man as one who walked in a certain way, and the bad man as one who took another road. Both came at last, however, to a broad river, beyond which was the pleasant land. Over this river the only way was by going along a small pole that was laid across, and the pole was very small. The good man, coming along his direct road, when he came to it went straight upon it, for he never dodged for difficulties, and he held up his head so that he was not afraid of the torrent that was foaming below. At the other side was the spirit of good, and there, too, was the spirit of evil; and the spirit of good smiled and beckoned him on, but the spirit of evil pelted him with stones and chips to make him fall off. But as he never dodged in life he did not do so now, but kept his head up and went on, until he got fairly over and was in the happy land, where he joined his ancestors, in fine hunting-grounds, and played ball, and was happy for ever.

But the bad man, when he came up sideways from his crooked road, saw how small the pole was, and was afraid, and would gladly not have gone over. But there was an influence he could not help, pushing him on, so go he must. He had an old pipe in one hand and an old tobacco-pouch in the other, and so he goes on. But as he never was able to hold up his head when he lived, but always looked down, so he does still, and thus he sees the torrent and is frightened. And if he does look up, the spirit of good is frowning on him, and the spirit of evil is grinning at him.

Besides, this evil spirit begins to pelt him too : and as he was always fond of dodging, and never could go straight on when alive, so he begins to dodge now, first to one side to avoid a stone, and then to the other side to clear a chip, till in his fear and confusion he drops his old pipe and tobacco-box, and being a mean man he cannot bear to lose them, old and worthless as they are ; so he makes a plunge after them, falls into the torrent, and is hurried down over rapids and cataracts into a great whirlpool, where he is eddied about for ever.

He went on to say, a characteristic of the red men is good feeling and love to each other, and to all men. As an example of this he instanced a case :—Several whites, men of peace, had gone among them and been kindly treated, and supplied with everything they needed without any price. One, on offering payment received the reply, “Do not make us unhappy, by causing us to lose the pleasure of having given you what you needed without money.” As a further instance of the same disposition, he said that in times of famine the opposite took place among the Indians from what might be seen among the whites. As provisions grew scarce, said he, the white man charges them *more*. When the Indian’s provisions get scarce he charges them *less* ; and when there is a famine, he will take no money for food, but if he has it, willingly gives it to his starving fellows, for he says that to take money for food in famine is like buying a man’s life. What a beautiful principle, I could not help thinking ; and as regards its Christianity, how far ahead of the Christian’s political economy !

One of the maids told me to-day that in summer, when the hotel is fullest, there are 350 servants

employed, and that there are nearly as many now. She says that this is *not* a land of freedom. The Americans hate the Irish (nearly all the servants are Irish), and would like to make them slaves like the blacks, only they can't. She says the Irish procession yesterday was to be the grandest ever seen, but the snow and rain spoiled it, and they could not walk. Thinks it will take place to-morrow. Says the Americans don't want to let foreigners have any rights (this is Know-nothingism). That Bill Poole was a "loafer." He was respectable, she believes, once, but took to going to drinking-saloons and fighting, and so became a ruffian. The feeling thus evinced of antagonism between the native American and the imported population, especially the Irish, is very strong and very prevalent. We met with it everywhere. The "helps" here are remarkably plentiful, idle, and independent, perhaps impudent.

I was much struck to-day in observing the facility which all the speakers whom I heard seemed to possess of expressing themselves easily. With the majority in England this is the seldom-attained result of laborious effort, but to Americans it seems to come naturally. They feel equal to the best of whoever may be listening to them, and hence have no hesitation in telling their mind, which they do with the utmost confidence, believing their own opinions to be as valuable as any one's else, no matter whose.

As a specimen of children without *mauvaise honte* and without forwardness—a rare combination in England, and all but unknown in Scotland—we have seen nothing to equal —'s. They are free, natural, and affectionate. Most of the American children are too pert. In fact they do not look like children. They

are diamond editions of men and women—embryo republicans, and look as if already borne down by the burden of affairs. They address their parents as “Sir,” and “Madam ;” and ere they are well out of the nursery, assume the airs and bearing of ripe manhood.

In some points of etiquette there is greater strictness in America than at home. Thus you may give your arm to a lady to escort her to dinner, but if you are walking with her in the street, it is not usual to offer your arm, unless in the case of husband and wife, brother and sister, or other near relationship. At the *table-d'hôte* we have attempted several times to get into conversation with people who sat next us, but except in rare instances we have always been repulsed, sometimes with a short answer, sometimes with none at all. On one occasion a person, and he too had addressed me first, rudely rose and left in the middle of my reply to his remarks.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### TO PHILADELPHIA AND THE SOUTH.

MONDAY, *March* 19.—Quite occupied with business, and concluding preparations for our departure. Had occasion to-day to go into the Astor-house. The aspect of this once fashionable hotel is much changed. The hall, with its granite pillars and granite pavement, is fine, and the bar, which is on the basement floor, but behind, and lighted from the roof, is a large spacious room. It is much used as a sort of exchange. Indeed the Astor has now a second-rate look, and I would not recommend any one, who wishes comfort and cleanliness, to go there. It is thoroughly respectable, and “sets a good table,”—a *sine qua non*, and principal feature in the inquiry as to the character of a hotel in America,—but is more patronised by passing guests than by families, and the people staying there looked much more common and less attractive than even those where we are.

Calls and collecting letters of introduction occupied all the morning, and letters for England filled up the evening. For an hour ere we turned in for the night, we strolled up Fifth Avenue. It was a lovely frosty, clear night, and one must have been very apathetic not to have enjoyed it thoroughly: it was so different from home. The strange houses, the avenues of leafless trees, and the clear sky, all lent the charm of

romantic novelty to a scene which we were in a humour to appreciate to the full.

*Tuesday, March 20.*—We left the St Nicholas hotel, New York, this morning at half-past eight, to go to Philadelphia by the New Jersey railway. Tickets are procured and baggage checked at a station on the New York side of Hudson river, over which we were ferried in a steamer to New Jersey. Then we had to cross the open street to the regular station of the company. The baggage is placed in vans on the New York side ; these vans are taken bodily into the steam-boat, and hauled up and placed upon trucks, thus saving a great deal of time.

We started from New Jersey a few minutes past eight, and reached Philadelphia, a distance of eighty-seven miles, about twelve. The first twenty-five miles, to Newark, is through a swamp called Newark Flats. The line is a single track, and almost on a level with the surface of the swamp. These flats have been covered with trees at one time, as we saw great stumps still standing up amid the reeds. Newark is a thriving little town, situated on a river which enters the bay of New York. Beyond it we got upon more firm ground. Here and there was a clump of forest, and in many of the cultivated fields the stumps still remained. We saw some fields of wheat trying to look green. The soil is very red, and looks sandy.

I stood for some time outside upon the platform ; the sensation is peculiar and pleasant—like bounding through the air, as Mr Forbes called it, on a race-horse. For a considerable part of the way, the railway lies alongside the Delaware and Raritan canal, close to the water, and in places on a level with it. This canal is

very large, some forty-two miles long, and connects the Delaware river at Trenton with the Raritan river, which runs into New York bay, and thus gives a short and direct water-communication between Philadelphia and New York. We saw several "propellers," or screw steamers upon it. At Bordentown, sixty-two miles from New York, this railway unites with the Camden and Amboy railway, which crosses the State of New Jersey from the coast opposite the south end of Staten Island, and from this point we follow the east bank of the Delaware to Camden, opposite Philadelphia. A branch crosses the Delaware at Trenton and runs down the west bank, but it reaches Philadelphia at the north end of the town, a good way from the centre of business, and does not seem to be used for passengers. At Bordentown, where the New Jersey railroad unites with the Camden and Amboy railroad, the scene is picturesque and striking. The east shore of the Delaware is a high cliff or bluff covered with trees and shrubs, among which are many cedars and rhododendrons. The Camden and Amboy railway strikes the river through a narrow glen, and winds with a sharp curve round a projecting promontory. The New Jersey railway, on its side, winds round a pretty sharp turn too, and meets the Camden and Amboy railway at the mouth of the glen, so that the line forms a complete ogee curve, and that so sharp that in our train of eight carriages, each carriage stood in a different direction. The level of the railway is elevated eight or twelve feet above the water, and it is close to the bank—the broad Delaware on the one side, and the cliff on the other. Some of the villages passed through on the route have a most attractive look. Burlington, nineteen miles from Philadelphia, particularly attracted my

attention. It is the prettiest, cleanest-looking village we have seen. The streets are lined with trees, which overshadow a narrow foot-path paved with bricks. It looked quiet and home-like.

Camden is an increasing town opposite Philadelphia. There we left the cars, and got into a ferry-boat, which landed us at the foot of Walnut Street. The view of Philadelphia from the Camden side is very good. The atmosphere is so clear, that one sees the town well, occupying as it does the gently-rising ground between the rivers Delaware and Schuylkill. A quarter of an hour's walk, in the course of which we passed Independence-hall, brought us to the Girard-house in Chestnut Street, whither our baggage soon followed us, and presently we sallied forth to make calls. The streets leading up from the river are mostly called after trees, while the cross ones are chiefly numbered, especially in the newer parts of the town. Thus we have seen Chestnut, Walnut, Locust, Spruce, Pine, Vine, &c.

Here, as elsewhere, we met with a most cordial reception, and were speedily engaged to spend the evening with some of our new friends. When we had delivered most of our letters of introduction, we walked down towards the river, bustling with ships and little steamers fitted to go through the canals. There is a small island in the middle of the river, adding to the beauty of the scene. In the stores, we saw exposed for sale cranberries, dried peaches and apples in barrels, and nuts of various kinds.

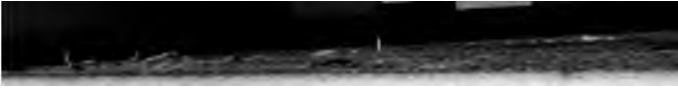
In the evening we met a remarkable man—a major in the U. S. army. He was educated at West Point, the American military college. He did not remain there, but studied law. When the Florida war broke out, he took part in it, and when it came to an end, he



bought twelve hundred acres of land on the Missouri, at Independence, three hundred miles west of St Louis, and went to live there. When the first U. S. expedition was sent across the Rocky Mountains, he went with it, and afterwards recrossed the great plains, accompanied only by a Spanish-Indian boy and two men, the smallest party which ever attempted to cross. He was major of the detachment of 1000 men sent on the expedition which ended in the battle of Sacramento,—a battle planned by him. He was again sent out as lieutenant-colonel of 1000 men to keep the Indians on the great plains in check. During this expedition, rheumatic fever and neuralgia unfitted him for further military duty, and he now mostly resides at Independence. He is the author of a most interesting hydrographic map of America, and of a map of the world, “exhibiting the isothermal zodiac, a belt of equal temperature around the northern hemisphere, a belt which embraces all the civilised nations of Asia, Europe, and America, about 850,000,000 of white people in the aggregate, or eight-tenths of the human race.”

Had a great deal of conversation about the schools and education in Philadelphia. It is said that the result of the exclusion of religious teaching and influence from the public schools is now beginning to be severely felt, in the raising up of a race of young men who are taught to think that the complete secular education they get in these schools is sufficient to fit them to succeed in life without religion. To obviate this as much as possible, congregational or parish schools are established, in which religious education is given.

*Charleston, Saturday, 24th March.*—Travelling for



the last three days, we reached this safely, though tired enough, at 4 A.M. to-day. We had a long stroll on Wednesday morning, previous to leaving Philadelphia. We went up Chestnut Street for a considerable distance till we came to the Mint, a marble building in the Grecian style, as nearly all the public buildings in Philadelphia are, except a few which are Egyptian. There are some very fine houses in this part of the city, and altogether there is an air of quietness which we have not seen anywhere else. The spirit of the calm William Penn seems still to hover over the city which he founded. We crossed to Market Street, and continued along it till we reached the Schuylkill river. There is a fine wooden bridge over it, carrying across, in one division, the trains of the Pennsylvania railway, and in another the ordinary traffic. It is roofed to protect the work, and a placard announces that one must not smoke or otherwise carry fire upon the bridge, or ride or drive along it at a pace faster than a walk.

We left Philadelphia at twelve, our destination being Charleston; and to reach it, we travelled over eight different railways, and went by water one part of the way. The route was as follows :—From Philadelphia to Baltimore, by the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore railroad, 98 miles; from Baltimore to Washington, by the Washington branch of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, 38 miles; from Washington to Acquia Creek, on the Potomac river, by a steamer, 55 miles; from Acquia Creek to Richmond, by the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac railroad, 75 miles; from Richmond to Petersburg, by the Richmond and Petersburg railroad, 22 miles; from Petersburg to Weldon, by the Petersburg railroad, 64 miles; from

Weldon to Wilmington, by the Weldon and Wilmington railroad, 162 miles. We had thus to travel, without stopping, 514 miles. We remained one night at Wilmington, and then proceeded from Wilmington to Kingsville, by the Wilmington and Manchester railroad, 171 miles ; and from Kingsville to Charleston by the South Carolina railroad, 105 miles ; together, 276 miles. In all, 790 miles.

Our baggage was checked at Philadelphia to Washington, so we had no more trouble with it till we got there ; and we got tickets to Wilmington, these tickets being long contracts, with seven coupons, one for each of the seven different links, which, with the nominal one, make up this through route. The country between Philadelphia and Baltimore is for the most part uninteresting. At about fifty-two miles we reach East river, where it becomes more picturesque. Ten miles more, and the train stops under a wooden shed. Everybody hurries out and rushes along a narrow covered passage, sloping steeply downward, till you can get no further, and you find you have been transferred to the cabin of a leviathan ferry-boat, which so nicely fits the pier, that you scarcely noticed when you passed from the one to the other. We get upon deck and find that the roof of the boat is on a level with the railway, and that the baggage-cars have been run from the rails on *terra firma* to a continuation of them on the boat. We are floating on the broad Susquehanna. The view looking up the river is very fine. At this point, it is nearly a mile broad ; but a little way above, it narrows, and is crossed by one of those long covered wooden bridges which are so common here. The town of Havre-de-Grace is situated at this point. The landscape is closed in behind by hills, outlying ridges of

the Alleghanies. The afternoon sun of a bright March day, shining out of a cloudless sky and through a clear atmosphere, lit up the whole.

We got to Baltimore about four, where change of cars number two took place. We were conveyed through the town in cars on a railway laid in the streets. We had been for some time travelling in the slave State of Maryland, but now we saw negroes swarming about the streets. Many of those, however, who reside in Baltimore are free. Here the first incident took place revolting to our feelings in connexion with slavery. A negro was driving a cart across the line of railway, and our conductor thought he had been insolent in getting upon it when he saw us coming up. "Give it him, give it him!" he roared to the driver, who immediately drove up very quickly, so as almost to come in contact with his cart, though fortunately it was just beyond reach. At this, the conductor was very wroth; and turning to where I was standing, on the platform in front of the car, he remarked, "If the driver of the car before us had been here, he would have taken two wheels off that ———'s cart." I asked if the railway had the prior right of passing? He replied, "Well, the city gives us the right of way through the streets; and as to the right to pass first, I *take* it, and I guess that's just about how the law stands;" adding, "If we did not act so, we would not get along at all." I suppose he thought my sympathies were rather with Sambo than with him, for he further said, "I like to spare the chaps, and don't wish wantonly to harm them; but that fellow had no business to get on the line when he saw the car coming."

About five (they are not particular to a quarter of an hour), we left Baltimore. Of course, we had seen



nothing of the town. There was little to interest on the road. A few farmers' houses were passed, and we saw now and then some blacks at work. There was a beautiful sunset, which deepened into darkness as we entered Washington.

At Washington, change number three takes place. We give up our baggage-checks to the baggage-master of the new line, who looks after it for us. An omnibus of giant dimensions—there were twenty-three persons inside—received us, and we are driven off through the city of Washington. Close by the railway station, on a height, is the Capitol. The outline of the building is defined against the sky, its great dome making a very prominent object, and being painted white, its whiteness shines even in the dusk. It is a long way to the river-side, and the houses seem few and far between. Washington is, in fact, not built yet. It is strange to get an impression of a city thus in the dim twilight, and on a hurried ride through it, and on visiting it afterwards in the day to find how erroneous your idea of it is. We got such an impression now, and discovered its error afterwards.

But we have slowly descended a steep street. There, before us, is a broad silvery gleam, and lights dancing on it. It is the Potomac, and we are on board the steamer. First, you get a check-ticket from the captain for your fare, and pay for your supper if you mean to have any. Then comes the hunting up of your baggage, and getting it checked, which is tedious enough. It is all piled up in the fore part of the boat. The baggage-master stands and coolly looks on, leaving you by the aid of a lantern to pick out your own trunks. This all over, we have leisure to make a good supper, enjoying especially some fried Potomac trout. The stewards are slaves.

Supper over, we get comfortably stretched on a couple of chairs, and sleep till twelve. We have missed catching a faint sight of Washington's Mount Vernon, for we have reached Acquia Creek, on the south shore of the river; and, changing for the fourth time, tumble half-asleep into cars again, and ride to Richmond. Somewhere about four or five in the morning, we reach the capital of the Old Dominion. It is very cold, and we have to get out in the middle of the street amongst the snow, which has been falling while we were sleeping. Here we change again for the fifth time, and get into an omnibus to cross the town to another station. Before leaving, however, we have to amuse ourselves as best we can for more than half an hour. We filled it up by securing an early breakfast in a miserable eating-house attached to the station, where we were served by a smart, bright-eyed little darkie, who won my friend's heart and mine by his subdued and melancholy assiduity in anticipating all our wants.

Daylight of the second morning (Thursday) was breaking as we left Richmond. The city, the capital of Virginia, is situated on the high banks of the James or Powhattan river, the valley of which we cross by a long wooden viaduct. It is a very picturesque spot. The river rushes among masses of rock, and makes many little islands, which are covered with trees. The town is on the north bank, and the opposite one is a rocky steep, covered thinly with wood. In summer, it must be beautiful. Now the snow enwraps all; and the river, from recent rains, is coming down red and muddy. Betwixt Richmond and Petersburg, twenty-two miles, there is nothing interesting. The incessant fall of snow shuts out any extended prospect. Under any circumstances, this would have been limited by the forest

through which we were passing. At Petersburg we have to change again a sixth time, and ride more than two miles in an omnibus by a most up-hill and down-dale road. Seated once more in the cars, we find we must wait an hour before the train starts for Weldon, which it does at eight. The distance is sixty-four miles, and we get there at eleven, and make the seventh change. This time, however, both trains of cars are in the same station. We dine here, and at twelve are off again for Wilmington, a distance of one hundred and sixty-two miles, occupying eight hours. The whole distance is nearly a straight line, north and south, through the pine barrens of North Carolina. Betwixt us and the sea lies the Dismal Swamp, but our route does not lead us through any portion of it. Had we come from Norfolk instead of Petersburg, by the Roanoke and Seaboard railway, we should have traversed several miles of its northern extremity. As it is, we travel from twelve till eight through a forest of pines, unbroken, save by some small settlement or resin-gatherers' camp.

These forests are composed of the long-leaved or pitch pine, and we saw the trees prepared for collecting the resin, and making turpentine. Two diagonal cuts, approaching at the lower ends, making an acute angle, with its point downwards, are made quite through the bark, which is scraped off the portion inclosed by the cuts. At the root of the tree, a little cup-shaped cavity is cut in the stem, into which the resinous sap runs. From these cups it is collected every day, and it is distilled afterwards to form turpentine, the apparatus for which may be seen at every station.

To-day, for the first time, we have seen the peach-trees in blossom. There are some around almost every house, even in the remotest clearings. The flower is

pink, and comes out before the leaf. It was very pleasant to come from a region of snow to one where the peaches blossomed. We saw also the early maple—in blossom, too, we are told ; but, on procuring a piece at some wooded station where the train stopped, we found what appeared to be a flower was in reality fruit, the peculiar winged fruit of the *Acer*. In this case it is red, of a delicate tinge ; and as it hangs in clusters from the small twigs before the leaves expand, the trees look as if covered with red flowers. They are very graceful, droop a little, and seem to grow in this part of the country sparingly, on the edges of the forest. They are very different in general character and appearance from the sugar-maple, which belongs to a more northerly latitude.

We might have gone on from Wilmington, but we made change the eighth and last over night, and slept at the Carolina-house, a wretched enough place ; still the beds were clean, and we were tired, and slept on till we were called at half-past five on Friday morning (23d), when we start and hurry down to the wharf, for the Cape Fear river has to be crossed before we get to the cars of the Wilmington and Manchester railway, by which we proceed south. The steamer plies in connexion with the railways, and we get tickets to Charleston on board, as well as our traps re-checked. It took a long time to adjust the baggage ; and it was amusing, while it was at the same time rather provoking, to see how coolly and stoically the darkies seemed to go about the transference of the boxes from the boat to the train. “ They guess they won’t hurry themselves.” At last, all is in. The whistle gives a shriek, and off we go.

From the deck of the steamer, we had observed that



the east shore of Cape Fear river, on which Wilmington stands, is very low, little if at all raised above the level of the water; and we now find ourselves on the opposite bank, proceeding through a swamp covered with, to us, a strange jungle of trees, shrubs, and creepers. The railway here, as through many other swamps in its course, is built of frame-work of piles. Emerging from the swamp, we cross some rice-fields. These are next thing to a swamp—low flat fields, muddy and wet, close by a river side, so as to be capable of easy irrigation. Beyond this, we enter the forest, tall pines on each side, with an under-growth of myrtles and bay. I get out upon the end platform of the last carriage, and it is a singular scene which I see. The surface of the country for miles on miles is so flat, that there is neither embankment nor cutting. There is drawn out behind, a long vista, miles long, straight as an arrow-flight, shut in by walls of pines—on and on the train hurries, shortening the great iron line before, and lengthening out the great iron line behind—with nothing for hours together to break the uniformity of the scene. But now the character of the trees is changing. Water-oaks and cedars take the place of pines; and instead of rolling along the solid earth, we find the rails are supported amidst a universal flood on strong piles—we are in the middle of a swamp. The tall, slender, white-barked stems of the cedars, spring from a peculiar broad expansion of the root, which seems adapted to give them a fixed hold of the muddy soil. The water is in motion, circling among the trees and eddying round the railway supports. At one point, the swamp opens out into a large sheet of water about a mile broad, and several miles long, and straight across it goes the rail—water on each side nearly as far

as we can see, but bounded behind by the wall of wood, unbroken in its outline, save by the narrow gap which marked where we had got an exit from the forest. A few water-birds float on the surface of the lake, undisturbed by the passage of the railway train through their wild domain. But this incident is passed, and we are in the dreary woods again. This alternation of swamp and forest is the character of the country passed through by this road, throughout nearly its whole extent.

The weather this day was very different from that of the previous one. There was no snow. The sky was clear, and the sun shining out strongly, so that it was warm and cheering. About eleven, we were at a place called Fair Bluff—a clearing in the midst of the forest, where the up and down trains met—and stopped to dine. It was a forest dinner. Our host said he found great difficulty in procuring supplies now, provisions are so scarce. Till we reached Great Pee-Dee river, ninety-five miles from Wilmington, there is very little cleared land near the road. Marion and Sumpterville are the only towns on the whole line, and contain about 500 inhabitants each. The population is very scattered. The stations are merely a wooden house, or log-hut or two; generally some turpentine depôt.

The bridge over the Great Pee-Dee river is well worthy of attention. I knew its construction before leaving England, and was on the look-out for it. The Pee-Dee river is not very broad, but it runs through a swamp, and its own bed is sand. It was found impossible to pile it in the ordinary way, and this has been accomplished by sinking great cast-iron cylinders to a depth of eighty feet through the sand and gravel. Each cylinder having been brought to its place in the

bed of the river, a receiver was screwed on its uppermost end, and the air extracted by an air-pump. The consequence of this was, that the sand and water rose from below, and the cylinders sank correspondingly by their own weight, as the opposing sand was withdrawn. Compartment after compartment was added to the cylinders, and they were sunk till sufficient stability was gained. Two piers were formed in this way in the bed of the river, supporting the usual form of an unfilled-up tubular bridge of wood. It vibrated as the train passed slowly, but the structure is said to be very sufficient, and it is a beautiful piece of work.

The wells seem all of an average depth of some dozen feet or so. I gathered this from the apparatus used to draw water, called the well-sweep. A bucket is fixed to the end of a pole about thirteen feet long. This pole hangs from the end of a cross-beam or lever, supported on an upright fixed pole. There is a balancing-weight on the opposite end of the beam, and the whole forms a simple and very efficient machine for its purpose, and one in universal use from north to south, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi.

As we were passing along a low embankment in the midst of a jungly forest, all at once the whistle gave vent to a series of the shrillest and most unearthly sounds. Two low hoarse notes were growled out, and then a loud shrill one ; and this was repeated several times, to the great astonishment and perhaps fright of some of the passengers, till the object of it was made manifest by seeing some poor cows, which had strayed upon the rail, sprawling, in the highest intensity of fear, among the tangled bushes and fallen trees of the brake. The more they struggled, the worse they entangled themselves. How they got out, we did not

wait to see ; the whistle had frightened them off the rail, and that was all the engineer cared for. A few days before, the locomotive struck a cow on this road. The carcass passed underneath the "cow-catcher,"\* and threw the engine off the rails, upsetting and smashing one of the baggage-cars, and jostling and frightening the passengers.

Manchester, which gives its name to this railway, and finds a place on the map, consists of two wooden houses. The town "*is not*, but only *to be*" built.

About five o'clock we reached Kingsville, the termination of this road. We had to wait nearly two hours here for a train on the Columbia branch of the South Carolina railway—so we had plenty of time for tea, and to look about. There was nothing to see. It is a mere junction-station in the midst of a swamp. We gathered here the yellow jessamine (*Gelucinium*), which festoons the trees all over South Carolina, and fills the air with its sweet fragrance.

At last, the train came up. It was a luggage-train, and had one passenger-car attached. By dint of the extremest packing, the passengers all got in ; but it was a horrible ride. The car was lower in the roof than usual, and narrower, and the seats were too small and too close together to sleep comfortably. After travelling so far, the feeling of fatigue and pain in our bones became almost intolerable. Add to all, there was a wood-fire in the stove, which filled the air with irritating dryness ; and as most of the male passengers were chewing tobacco, and spitting out oceans of the

\* The "cow-catcher" is a triangular fender of iron, always placed in front of the locomotive to clear the line of cattle, sheep, pigs, and such like trespassers—a very necessary precaution where the roads are seldom fenced.

acid juice on every side, there were many elements of discomfort. The distance to be traversed in these unhappy circumstances was one hundred and five miles, and was got over at the rate of but little more than ten miles an hour !

For some miles, we passed through a forest on fire. The fire crept along slowly but steadily, and burned briskly. It licks up the dried grass and fallen branches, clears the stems of the trees, in some cases to a considerable height, and kills them. Often it sets fire to houses. In this way, much property has been destroyed in the two Carolinas within the last week or two.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### CHARLESTON.

SATURDAY, *March 24.*—Arrived this morning at four o'clock, and went to the Charleston hotel. They put us into a room with three beds, which we submitted to for the time, on condition that they should give us other rooms. Americans seem, in travelling, to prefer clubbing together as much as possible, in one bedroom, and even in one bed; and our wish, always to have separate rooms and single beds, appeared quite inexplicable to them. After breakfast, finding that they had no other rooms, we transferred ourselves to the Mills-house, the announcement of which was followed by the immediate discovery that there *were* spare rooms, but they were found too late to retain us.

Charleston is built on a peninsula, formed by the junction of two rivers, the Ashley or Yamassee river, and the Cooper or Ettewan river. Our hotel is situated in one of the chief streets (Meeting Street), which runs up and down, nearly in the centre, between the rivers, and terminates at the bay. From the end of this street, turning left, a terrace leads to the harbour. There are some fine houses on this terrace, looking out on the bay, and over to the shore of St John's Island. These shores are low, being but little elevated above the surface of the water. At one point there is a little

swelling hill, and it is crowned with a clump of Scotch firs, the picturesquely rugged masses of which redeem the landscape from an insipid uniformity.

Our first walk was in this direction. We passed down Meeting Street, and along the battery, as the terrace I have alluded to is called, to the harbour. Here, on a wharf covered with cotton bales, we found the establishment of my companion's father's friends ; and so hearty was the welcome they gave us, that we soon found they were our friends too. Their sample-room is the head-quarters of the trade in Sea Islands cotton.

It was not long ere I got involved with one of them in a deeply-interesting conversation upon the subject of slavery. My friend is so far a strong pro-slavery man, that he believes it will be abolished, but not now, and he does not think it should be meddled with. I said we had met with a friend of his in Boston, and delivered a message he had sent by me about a bet. "Ah," said my friend, "D. is a fine fellow, but he holds extreme views. The constitution of the United States neither prohibits nor provides for the extension of slavery. D. and the Northerners hold that because it is silent about the extension of slavery, it must be construed as prohibiting it. We, on the other hand, maintain that it may and must be construed as permitting it. To us it is a vital question, as, unless we can hold our own in this respect, the free States will soon be a majority and swamp us. Therefore we *must* have slave States increased."

I said that I, as an Englishman, objected to slavery entirely, but that I did not approve of the way followed by the abolitionists in the North to procure its abolition.

“Look for yourself,” was the reply; “pay no attention to what any one tells you; and just see if the slaves, as such, are not happier and better treated than many of the working classes in England.”

“We have everywhere been told that this is the case,” I said, “and I quite expect to find it is so; but that does not alter the fact of *property in the men*, which cannot be brought against us.”

To this he replied, that it was a most difficult question to deal with, and that the abolitionists made no allowance for the difficulties which there are in the way of immediate emancipation.

In entering the slave States, we have much to unlearn as well as much to learn. There are many preconceived notions and prejudices to get rid of, as well as information to obtain. Coming from the Northern States, where contact with a black man is avoided, where they are not allowed to enter the same conveyance with the whites, and where they have to suffer many other degradations, it surprises us to find no such distinctions here, but, on the contrary, to have to notice the familiarity which exists between the whites and their slaves. They entrust their children to them. They allow them to join in conversation, and take many other liberties. As an instance of this familiarity, my friends told me the following incident:—An Englishman was staying with them on one occasion; and the night of his arrival, they had sat together talking till one o'clock or later. On retiring for bed, they told him they would breakfast and go to business as usual, but that he had better rest in the morning, and that Charles, their “boy” (that is, black servant), would have breakfast for him at any hour he chose. When they met again at dinner, the hosts asked the visitor when



he had breakfasted? "Well," was the reply, "I think it was about twelve." "Oh, no," chimed in Charles, who, standing behind his master's chair, heard the conversation, "Mr H. is mistaken; it was half-past one when he came down to breakfast." Unused to such familiarity in servants, Mr H. was a little nettled at it. "Why, G.," said he, "what an insolent fellow that servant of yours is!" "Don't you quarrel with him too soon," was the quiet reply, "and you will find Charles will take excellent care of you."

Coming up with one of our friends, he pointed out to us, at the foot of Broad Street, a building now used as the Post-office, which was a Colonial building, that is, a British government-office before the revolution. In one of the basement rooms of it, Haynes, executed by Lord Roden, was confined. A little way from this, a large palmetto tree was growing in the street, surrounded by an iron railing. We gazed with interest on this first specimen of vegetation of a sub-tropical type we had seen. I believe it had some revolutionary association connected with it also. These palmettos grow in large quantities on the Florida coast, and they are very valuable for constructing jetties and other works within tide-water, as the endogenous stem has the property of resisting the action of sea-water.

At the corner of Broad Street and Meeting Street is another Colonial building, now the City-hall of Charleston. In the entrance-hall is a fine statue of Calhoun, said to be very like him. It is by Power, the author of the Greek Slave. In the mayor's room and council-chamber were pointed out to us portraits of Washington, of General Jackson, General Taylor, &c. In the mayor's room is a portrait of Gadsden, who was the first to raise the standard of rebellion (they call it inde-

pendence) in Carolina. It was pointed out to Thackeray, when he was here, and he was overheard muttering to himself as he looked at it in retiring, "So you are the scoundrel who began it, are you?"

*Sabbath, March 25.*—The family of our friends, as they told me, came over from France on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, along with many other Huguenots; and to the French Protestant church, founded then, I this forenoon accompanied one of them, while my companions went with a nephew to St Michael's Episcopal church. At the French Protestant church they are without a regular minister at present. The service—a translation of that used by the old Huguenots in France—is short, simple, and evangelical, and was in striking contrast to the sermon. The text was Romans viii. 10, 11, and the preacher's "argument," as he called it, to prove that a resurrection was practicable, notwithstanding the constant change in the substance of our bodies, and their ultimate dissolution. He had two theories for securing "personal identity," his favourite one being that there might exist a "germ of life," "infinitesimally attenuated," which was "persistent" through all changes, and formed the basis of the new body, &c. Dreadful rubbish! As G. remarked, "How foolish to waste time in a useless argument on a point with which we have utterly nothing to do, and can know nothing beyond the fact as revealed!"

Having an hour to spare before dinner, we strolled out Meeting Street, north, the longest diameter of the city, till we reached the fields. We saw wood beyond, but had not time to go so far. Hanging over a garden wall was an orange-tree, with a large yellow orange upon it, reminding us we were in warmer latitudes

than our wont. Indeed, although the people here call it cold, we have had to adopt a lighter garb than we found necessary in the north.

We became acquainted, this afternoon, with a third brother of our friends, the owner of cotton and rice plantations up the Cooper river ; and we went all together to have tea with them previous to going in the evening to hear Dr Thornevell, president of South Carolina College, preach to the graduates of Charleston College on their leaving the University.

In Meeting Street, we met a negro funeral. Four negroes and negresses walked first. Then came the hearse ; then a long procession of darkies, men and women, about three hundred, walking two and two, most of the women dressed in white. Mr G., with whom I was walking, told us that a great funeral was the ambition of the negro. He said, he supposed there was not one of those we might meet who would not be willing to die to-morrow, if he could be assured of a grand funeral.

We went upon the Battery, a walk along the bay. There is a grass-plot between the street and the water, and the look-out is towards the sea. There are walks and benches, but to-night it was too cold to lounge much. The sun set amid a purple glory, not in the sea, but behind the land. On this battery, in summer, from half-past six till dark, you may see almost every one of any notability in Charleston. It is the universal resort. G.'s house looks out on this esplanade, and beyond it on the bay. In his garden we saw several shrubs and flowers which were new to us ; and, among other plants belonging to the climate, an old friend, the common primrose,—here, however, a carefully tended exotic.

Dr Thornevell, whom we went to hear to-night, president of the South Carolina College at Columbia, is considered one of the most powerful and talented men in the State. The place of meeting was the Circular church, belonging to the Presbyterians. It is a large beautiful house, quite a circle in form, painted white inside, and so light and clean as to be a great contrast to the generality of our English churches. The gallery here, as in all churches in the Southern States, is reserved for the coloured people, and was filled. One of our friends pointed to it with much satisfaction, as a proof that their "domestic institution" recognised and provided for the religious wants of the slaves. I was much struck with their appearance. Old and young, men and women, were there, of every shade of colour ; and all sat and listened with marked attention and decorum, though the tenor of the discourse must have been far above their capacity. Some of the female costumes were very gaudy, and those of both sexes evidenced the characteristic love of showy dress. I was very much amused by one dark exquisite, who sat fanning himself, evidently with great self-complacency, and no small idea of his irresistible attractions.

The text was John xii. 24, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone : but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." The doctrine deduced from this was, that the principle of success is sacrifice. Life out of death. The history of Jesus, the preacher said, was a great example of this. It was through death that he brought life and immortality to light. Having expounded this, and unfolded very clearly the substitutionary expiation of the cross, he went on to say that the principle was illustrated in its

lowest form—1st, In the education of the intellect. It was only by hard study, great self-denial, and determined sacrifice of pleasure and ease, that greatness could be attained in intellectual pursuits. 2d, Next to this, the principle was illustrated in the attainment of morality. It was possible to attain a high degree of morality without a particle of religion, but not without the sacrifice of all those desires which are natural to the depraved condition of man. But, 3d, Its highest development is in religion. To open the way for return to God's favour, the sacrifice of Jesus was necessary. To attain to a life of holiness, a constant sacrifice is necessary. He closed by pressing upon those to whom his discourse was specially addressed, now on their outset in life, to ponder much this principle, and to be prepared to sacrifice everything to duty. He said the maxim, "Self-preservation is the first law of nature," is not only fallacy, but wickedness. In a sense, it is true that we should take all right means to preserve the life which God has given ; but if the maxim means, as too often thought to do, that danger and duty are to be shunned—that we may live on the earth as beasts do—then it is of the father of lies. Life is secondary to duty, not duty to life. The true hero takes his life in his hand, and goes forward in the path of duty God has called him to. If he loses his life, it is but God reclaiming his own. It was theirs to set out prepared to suffer, and even to die. "For except a corn of wheat *die*, it abideth alone ; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

## CHAPTER XV.

### CHARLESTON.

MONDAY, *March* 26.—We had a long stroll through the town to-day. The chief docks or jetties for shipping are on the East bay or Cooper river, but not many ships come here. Above them are floats for timber, saw-mills, &c. Crossing the town from the one river to the other, we passed in front of the arsenal or military school, and immediately beyond, the orphan hospital. In the courtyard of this latter is a marble statue of William Pitt, sadly mutilated. From one of the trees, we plucked the plant commonly called “moss” here. It is not a moss, but a succulent parasite—I believe *Tillandsia usnæoides*. It drapes the oaks with festoons of several feet in length; and being of a light-gray colour, makes them present, as some one has remarked, the appearance of a forest in mourning.

We walked on till we came near the West or Ashley river. Here, even more than on East river, there are a great many timber-floats, and mills of various kinds, interspersed with some good houses. As we were looking at a large aloe through the garden-rails of one of these houses, an ancient negro came up and asked, in a quiet tone, “If massas would not like to step in and see the garden?” We said we should be glad to do so, which seemed to delight the old man much. The

garden contained a most magnificent red japonica,—a tree we afterwards found to be one of the floral wonders of Charleston. It is probably twenty feet high, and covered with flower-bearing branches almost to the ground. The first flush of full blossoming was gone, but still it was a noble mass of crimson and green. This garden, a large and fine one, suffered, along with nearly every other garden in Charleston, from a severe storm last November, from the effects of which it has not yet recovered. In a yard beside it, was a small collection of water-birds and other animals.

Our black friend was most respectful. The quiet way in which he spoke, and his extreme politeness and kindness, made me feel a lively interest in him. The house and grounds, he informed me, belonged to the owner of some large rice-mills near by. To-day, he was gone to his plantation in the country ; but Sambo said it was quite the same—he was pleased that he should shew anybody the garden, even when he was at home. “Come back and see me—be sure—come back soon,” was the earnest parting request of our dark cicerone. Three other negroes were in the garden, whom gardener Sambo contemptuously characterised as “them black fellows,” he himself the while being as black as coal, with short curly white beard and moustache.

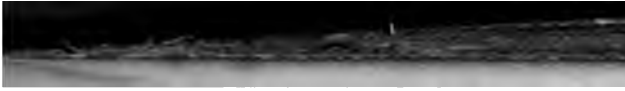
We next threaded our way through timber-floats and saw-mills to one Mr Lucas’s rice-mills on the river-side. Unfortunately, it was not working, but we were able to examine and comprehend the machinery. The rice is first passed through an ordinary mill of two horizontal stones ; this breaks the husk. It is then passed down into iron mortars in which heavy iron pestles are worked. A revolving drum with short

arms, catching a knob on the wooden shaft of the pestle, lifts it, and it falls by its own weight. When the rice is sufficiently pounded in this way to remove the hard shell, it is raised again to an upper floor by a kind of chain-pump or elevator. It is then cleaned by a brushing-apparatus, and returned by another shaft to be packed. A barrel is placed on a revolving table on the floor, and the rice runs into it. A hammer is so arranged and worked by machinery as to strike this barrel every two or three seconds, and at the same time the table on which it is placed is turned half-round with a jerk. By this contrivance, the rice is equally filled in and shaken down. We wished much to see the process of preparing the rice, and the article itself in its different stages ; but the man in charge could not tell us when there would be any in to grind.

In answer to inquiries about the Sea-Islands cotton, we were told that the average crop for the last two years was about 35,000 bags, an average reduced by the short crop of last year. Some years, it amounts to 40,000 and even 45,000 bags. It is a long-stapled cotton, and is produced upon the rich alluvial islands which lie along the coast south of Charleston. It varies in price from 8 cents to 80 cents, or 4d. to 3s. 4d. per lb. We were shewn the finest sample of the present season, valued at 70 cents per lb. This would cost, laid down in Liverpool, 3s. 2d. per lb., the ordinary average cost of American cotton being 6d. per lb. Messrs Houldsworth, of Manchester, span for the Exhibition eleven hundred yards of thread from one pound of Sea-Islands cotton. The usual production of one pound of this cotton is from six hundred to eight hundred yards. It is used for laces, and to mix with silks, and other fine work.







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space between the two on the ascending side, and this facilitates the getting shipped. Once fairly in, and off, they go rattling over the stones at a great rate, but shake you pretty well. Magnolia cemetery, a few miles out on the Columbia road, was our first point; and, on the way thither, we became acquainted with a "plank-road." These are formed of sawed deals, laid even and close. When in good order they are pretty smooth, but, we are told, break up both horses and carriages in half the time a common road will, from there being no "yield" in them. When they are out of repair, as they almost always are (that is, when every here and there a plank has got loose, or rotted out altogether), travelling on them is the reverse of pleasant. Although naturally level, some variety has been artificially given to the grounds of Magnolia cemetery. They lie upon the bank of Cooper river, and are very extensive. We saw scattered through them some large "live" or evergreen oaks—very fine trees. When they have space to grow freely, these oaks, though not equal to our forest oaks, are picturesque objects.

We then drove on, partly through the pine-woods, to a wild point, called "Old Magazine." The forest comes quite down to the river, and here, in the war, a station was erected to establish a check upon the British attacking Charleston from the river. There are only some ruins of brick buildings to be seen now. They are overgrown with brushwood, which makes them a little picturesque. The charm of the place, however (for there was a charm about it), lay in its solitude. Behind, the pine forest; in front, a reedy swamp, with the open water of a reach of the river beyond, backed again by the low wood-crowned shore

of Sullivan's Island. The mouldering walls added a feeling of desolation to that of solitude, and a tragic interest was not wanting, as a wretched clergyman had not long before selected the place as a spot fitting to take self-imposed leave of life. We were, however, more disposed for the enjoyment of the native features of the scene than its exotic associations. The air was delightfully balmy; the smell of the pine-trees was delicious; we were exhilarated by the rapid ride. It was our first visit to the woods, and it was worth enjoying.

Then a rattling ride back to town—a long conversation with a banker about the railways of the Southern States, which, in the estimation of the Carolinians, are far safer than those in the North—a sumptuous dinner, with orange-leaves in the finger-glasses, imparting a pleasing fragrance to the water—generous wines—cheerful conversation—music—Carolinian beauties to look at and talk to—and so the day drew to a close.

In conversation to-day, I asked if it were the case that the law in this State prohibited the education of the negroes. It was replied, that it was so; but that the law was practically obsolete, as most of the negroes were taught to read and even write, and no jury would find a verdict were a prosecution attempted. I was also told that at one time there were free schools for the blacks, and that they had also perfect freedom to go and return to and from the other States. That negroes thus going to the Northern States were laid hold of by the abolitionists (who, it was remarked by the way, think there is less evil in war, riot, and bloodshed than in quiet slavery), and stirred up to rebellion. That the feeling of disaffection was fostered by

papers circulated among the negroes, and that a conspiracy had been formed. The negroes have the keys of all houses here. They sleep in out-buildings, but have access to their masters' houses at all times. The arrangement was, that on a certain night at two o'clock they were to rise simultaneously, murder all the whites in their beds, and take possession of Charleston. A negro, who wished his own master to escape, revealed the plot to him, but got laughed at for his pains. The negro then revealed it to another white, who was somewhat sceptical too ; but to make sure, he and a companion went one night, armed and disguised, to one of the negro meetings. Had they been discovered, they were determined to sell their lives as dearly as they could ; but they were not found out, and overheard the arrangements of the whole plot. Considerable sagacity was exhibited in it. For instance, the negroes were to wear white masks and white gloves, so that the whites might not know friends from foes. Precautions were at once taken ; and when the day of rising came, the negroes, to their utter discomfiture, instead of finding their masters unsuspecting, found them quite prepared. The ringleaders were taken, and twenty-four of them hanged. To secure the whites as much as possible from such attempts in future, the law was passed prohibiting the instruction of slaves, so that the papers of the abolitionists, even if they did find circulation, might be powerless ; and the same law provides, that if a slave once leave the State, even if it is along with his master, he may on no account re-enter it. The object of this very stringent regulation is, that should any coloured person going to the North be tampered with on the subject of slavery, he may not have it in his power to introduce his new ideas among those who

remain slaves. I cannot hear that there is any relaxation of this part of the statute. It is very severe, but not more so than some of the laws on the subject of negroes which are in force in the free States ; and both obnoxious provisions were forced upon the South as measures of self-preservation. So they claim it to be.

Negroes are not allowed to be out in the street after ten o'clock at night without a written permission. As soon as ten has struck, the bell of St Michael's rings the curfew, and then a tattoo is beat at the headquarters of police, after which all darkies disappear into their houses. One of the negroes at the hotel was sent out a message to-night after ten, and received from the clerk in the office the necessary pass.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### UP COOPER RIVER.

THURSDAY, *March* 29.—Just returned from a most interesting and delightful visit to plantations on Cooper river. Our friend Mr G. arranged our trip for us on Tuesday evening, and yesterday morning we started by the steamer *Massasoit*, at nine o'clock.

The Cooper river is a broad winding creek running northwards into the interior, and at a distance sufficiently far up to be beyond the influence of the salt-water ; it is bordered by rice plantations. On some of these, cotton is also grown. The windings of the river nearly double the direct distance. It flows through swamps, into which the elevated ground or bluffs project like capes into the sea. Opposite Mr G.'s plantation, Cotebas, the river is forty feet deep.

We reached the landing of Cotebas about twelve, and Mr G. got out there, while we went on under charge of Mr L. of Mepkin, to visit his plantation, which is considered as possessing the finest scenery in the neighbourhood. We reached Mepkin, forty-two miles above Charleston, about two o'clock.

Each plantation has a little pier or jetty—"landing" is the local term. It was the first day of the Easter

holidays, and the boat was crowded with families going up to spend April at their plantations. We stopped at every landing, and put ashore whites, blacks, beds, pots, pans, carriages, horses, &c., &c.

The peculiarity of the distribution of their time here prevents the planters from attempting to have their places in the country surrounded with fine pleasure-grounds. They can only reside on the plantations in winter, when everything is bare. In summer, by the 1st of May, swamp-fever drives them away, and they cannot return with impunity till the first black frost sets in. Frost is called *black* when it produces ice, and a single night of this effectually destroys the fever.

Many of the planters' houses are extremely picturesque. The finest of all is said to be Mepkin. It is the highest bluff on the river, and it is varied with oak-wooded dells and water. We landed at one of the wooden jetties, on a shelf of rock not much above the level of the water. Beyond this, the bluff rises in a cliff of chalk marl sixteen or seventeen feet vertically. It then slopes gently up till it is probably sixty or seventy feet above the water, receding in table-land. This bank is wooded chiefly with large well-grown live-oaks and other evergreen trees. A little dell, through which a streamlet finds its way to the river, runs from the landing back into the bluff, widening and ascending till it shades off into the table-land. On its left stands the house, fronted by a lawn of some extent, sloping gently towards the dell, the water in which, collected into a little lake, can just be seen from the windows. Some very magnificent oaks grow on the lawn—huge fellows, which it takes six men to span with outstretched arms. They are "live oaks,"



so called because the leaves continue upon the trees, and remain green all winter. They are falling now to give place to fresh ones. The trunks are not lofty, fifteen or twenty feet, at which height they branch. The limbs spread out and the branches bend down, forming a tree of great beauty of outline. They were hung with the mournful-looking *tillandsia*.

On landing, Mr L. led the way to the stable, and singing out for "January," told him to saddle four horses. While these were getting ready, we explored the corn-house, and saw the Indian-corn as it is stowed for keeping. The withered calyx, or "shuck," as it is called, is allowed to remain on. It helps to preserve the corn. "Husk" is the name given to the enamelled skin of the individual seeds. The receptacle is called the "cob."

The driver, Tom, an ancient negro, was with us. "Tom," said his master, "this," pointing to Y., "is my brother." "Ah, massa, him berry like you." "You did not know I had a brother, did you, Tom?" "No, massa, him berry good broder!" "And, Tom, these," pointing to us, "are my cousins." "All your family, massa?" "Yes, Tom." "All berry like you, massa. What a many family you hab, massa!" I need hardly remark that four persons more unlike could hardly have been brought together.

We then got on horseback, and rode round the plantation for about an hour. It had been very cold on the river, but in the woods it was most pleasant. The sun was shining out, the air was fresh and balmy, and full of the fragrance of the yellow jessamine. Everything was new and interesting. All conspired to make the hour one of great pleasure. We cantered along a fine open avenue, and then turning abruptly

off by a bridle-path through the wood, came to a large cleared field, in which some negroes were at work, preparing it for corn. The soil is sandy, and so friable that it is easily worked. The instrument used is a hoe. It is large, perhaps about eight inches square, and has a long handle. With this the soil is raked up into ridges, and the corn is planted on the ridges. It is the custom to keep on planting corn, year after year, in the same field ; and it shews how rich the soil is, that it continues to produce good crops for years in succession. Usually before winter, when the ridges are covered with weeds, the earth is hoed down into the furrows, and the weeds are thus covered up and rot. In spring the ridges are made up again with the hoe. Three or four seeds are planted together, and when the plants are a certain height, they are thinned out to one. They are then hoed, to destroy the weeds and earth-up the plant. After this the growth of the corn itself is sufficiently strong to keep down the weeds. The fences on these plantations are almost all of the kind called zig-zag.

Through a field behind the house, through another pine-wood, where many a prickly creeper, hanging from the trees, and across the pathway, menaced danger to the face and hands, unless all the more carefully avoided, we reached the brow of the bluff. We had been rising gradually as we rode along, and now we halted our horses amid fine old pines which crest the cliff, and overhang the river. It is the picturesque site of the plantation graveyard. A small brick enclosure contains the tombs of the whites, with marble memorial-stones. Outside, among the pines, lie the blacks,—a wooden cross, or a board with a diamond-shaped head, marking their resting-place. It was a chapter on the

separation of the races. It reaches hither, but no further. Beyond this, all are equal. I shall not soon forget that spot. The rustling of our horses' feet among the dried leaves and pine-cones—the tall rough stems of the pines, with their foliage overhead, throwing down a dim sepulchral light on that out-of-the-way place of graves—the steep wood-covered bank, abruptly descending on three sides, and the dark deep water below,—it was all in keeping, while the bright yellow jessamine which festooned many of the trees might have been taken as an emblem of the life even in death.

In another direction we rode down by a steep path to the edge of the swamp, preparing for rice. All along the sides of the river, at a distance from the sea, sufficient to get quit of the salt water, the swamp lands are very valuable for raising rice. The river is embanked, and the surface of the land is under the level of the water in the river at high-tide. The fields are divided by embankments, furnished with sluices, and water is thus put on the fields when the tide is up, and allowed to run off at will when the tide has receded. This year no rice has been planted yet, although the usual planting-day is the 20th of March. The season has been so dry, that there is not current enough in the river to carry out the salt water, and consequently the lands cannot be irrigated except where there are reserves of fresh water, independent of the river. As few have these, there are fears entertained that unless there comes wet weather soon, the rice crop will be a failure. A part of Mr L.'s embankment had given way, and to facilitate the transportation, in punts, of the material required to repair it, he had flooded one of his fields to the depth of about two feet.

We thus saw how the fields usually look when under irrigation. It was like a large lake. We rode along between the bluff and it. There are sluices or water-gates at short intervals in the river embankment, and in the dividing banks; with these, large ditches, cut all across the rice fields, communicate, and smaller trenches again lead into these larger ones. The whole fields are thus under command. The water can be put on to a given portion and to a given depth, and let off again when the recession of the tide makes a downward current in the river.

So far as I could gather, after the seed is sown, water is put on for a few days. It is then run off till the plant springs. When the plant is well up, water is again put on, and allowed to remain for thirty days or so. The plants grow vigorously to keep above the water, which is gradually deepened, till they are a sufficient height. It is then gradually lowered, to allow the plants time to strengthen as uncovered. If run off all at once, the plants would not have strength to stand up, and would be scorched; but by running it off by degrees, they become strong, and gain a foliage which so covers the ground as to shield it from the sun. As the rice ripens, the water is drained off altogether.

These fields are entirely wrought by negroes. Whites do not go into them at all when wet. The soil is a rich vegetable mould, so deep that a ramrod can be thrust into it easily its whole length, and so rich as to be seemingly quite inexhaustible.

Our ride led us past a considerable escarpment of the bluff, and the marl I observed is fossiliferous. The previous owner of this plantation left orders that his body should be burned. The spot where the incrimination took place is just opposite the house, on the other

side of the little dell. As we rested there on horse-back, for the spot was pretty, as well as the view from it, and we had stopped to enjoy it, the gang of negroes we had seen at work in the fields passed us on their way home. They had finished their work for the day. They are, after all, the feature in the scene which most interests me. It is pleasing to know that many masters take pains to have their negroes instructed and well cared for.

Already the short March day is drawing to a close, and it is a long way to Cotebas, so we must bid Mr L. good-bye ; but not till we had enjoyed his hospitality at luncheon, and still further experienced his kindness.

His carriage conveyed us two miles to a ferry at Strawberry, for Mepkin is on the opposite side of the river from Cotebas. All the way we had the "forest primeval" on one side, and cleared fields on the other. There is an old chapel at Strawberry, beautifully situated among the trees on the bluff. It is built in the form of a cross, with low walls and high-pitched roofs, and is quite a fine thing to see amidst the prevailing wooden houses of the country.

As we passed down to the ferry, our black charioteer "hollered," which produced two sable ferrymen, one of them a very old man, who came tottering down to the "batteau" in a long white greatcoat. There was a "smart lot" of water in the coble, but they managed to row us over, for which they asked sixpence, or twelve and a-half cents, and they shewed their teeth most beautifully when they received half a dollar, or four times as much.

Colonel Carson, of Deanhall, had sent his "carry-all," at Mr G.'s request, to convey us to Cotebas.

It was waiting for us when we landed. Deanhall, which we were now crossing, is one of the finest plantations, in the economic point of view, on the river. Colonel Carson plants about 700 acres of rice, and owns about 280 negroes. It was he that said to Lord Carlisle that he did not approve of negroes going to church, because it spoilt them for work. Lord Carlisle mentioned this in his lectures on America, afterwards published; and the Carolinians find fault with it as an unfair expression of their opinions, and think Lord Carlisle should have added, that his informant is an avowed disbeliever in all religion, and will not allow his own children to go to church, putting them in this respect on a par with his negroes.

A considerable portion of the six miles we had to traverse, lay through pine-woods by a long road, straight for miles together. These roads require little making. The country is level, and almost all that is necessary is to remove the trees. The soil is sandy and dry, and does not hold wet. The dried pine leaves are put on the road, and they make a compact and solid roadway, and yet so soft that the horses are driven upon it without shoes.

An hour from Mepkin, brought us to Cotebas, which we reached just as it was getting dark, and where a hearty welcome awaited us. Our host has been building a new house on a new site, and is forming a lawn in front, and flower-gardens. On one side, he has a little way off the Cooper river, and from the end windows of his dining-room he looks out on the Medway or Back river, with two very pretty houses, "Parnassus," and "Medway Cottage," on the opposite bank. My bed-room window also looked out upon this view, which is a very pleasing one. It has more of the

home-look of English scenery than is usually met with.

We spent a pleasant evening around a huge log-fire till ten o'clock, when we separated for bed. The butler was absent from ill health, and his place is supplied by another negro, "Smart," and a little fellow, "Jim." An Englishman who was here lately took a great fancy to Jim, and Mr G. gave him permission to go to England, but Jim asked about the water, and was afraid to cross. If he could have got back to "mammy" in five or six weeks he would have gone.

As we were sitting after dinner (I was lying at full length on a most luxurious sofa) a tap came to the door, and in walked an old negro about seventy, named John. John is one of the old family negroes, and always comes in to ask after them all, when any one comes from the city to Cotebas. So John came in, making a tremendous bow, and pulling his wool, to ask for massa, and if "he had brought any baccy from the city." But, alas! no tobacco had been brought, as Mr G. had come out with us sooner than he intended. However, he gave John some cigars, and told him he was going back soon, when he would bring him some "baccy." John and another negro had built the house, and proud John was of it. "Fine house—good timber—not bad piece—John not let them put bad piece in—no, no!" The old man was hale and hearty. They don't seem to like to hear about dying, or any allusion to it. "How old are you, John?" "Plenty old, massa," was the reply; "I hope dat you will live to be as old!" "And how long will I need to live to be as old?" "Maybe sixty year," said John; "and I hope you will live more," he added, "even till a hundred." "What! John, do you want to live as long as that?" "Oh yes,

massa, me don't want to go yet!" John was told we were "cousins," which seemed to interest him. I suppose this means *friends*. He was a fine old fellow; a capital specimen of the old domestic negro, identifying himself with his master and his family, and treated quite as a member of it.

I was awaked at six this (Thursday) morning, by Smart coming in to build me a fire. I have not sufficiently described the dining-room fire of last night. Our ride from Mepkin was a very cold one; we therefore appreciated the magnificent fire of logs that was blazing in the ample hearth when we arrived. This was the first wood-fire I had seen, and truly they are glorious things. Two brass "dogs," familiar from drawings of old English fire-places, sustain the blazing fagots. Yesterday, those of Cotebas supported hickory-logs four feet long and a foot thick. One at a time forms the great staple of the fire. Two or three smaller ones laid in alongside, and a lump or two of pine with the resin in it, thrown in below, made the finest fire that could be wished.

Such a fire, though on a smaller scale, did Smart build for me this morning. The pine-sticks are so full of resin that they light very easily. Smart only required to hold one of them for half a minute to a common candle-flame, to light it thoroughly. I watched the flame curling upwards with cheerful blaze and crackling noise till I fell asleep again. Once more I was awaked, an hour after, by Smart coming to open the Venetians, and fill the bath. Augh! How cold the water was! It was a black frost. Presently Jim came to say breakfast was ready, so I hurried down. "Jim, what did you do to the water to make it so cold?" "Didn't do nothin', massa." "Are you sure, Jim?"



"Yes, massa. De water just as it come from de well!" Jim taking it all quite seriously.

Presently our host came in, and we had breakfast—and such a breakfast! First, there were herrings and wings of turkeys, toast, and tea and coffee, and homony and butter put up in the shucks of the Indian corn; then there were eggs, and muffins, and hoe-cakes—cakes made of Indian corn baked with milk, put out quite thin, and fired on oak boards—very fine, as were the muffins. The sharp frosty air and good sound sleep had given us all appetites for breakfast, and we did ample justice to the good things provided.

Then out over the plantation—first to the corn-house to select some heads of Indian corn to carry to England, then to the cotton-house. There are three stages which the cotton passes through before it leaves the plantation—first, the condition in which it comes from the field, with the seed on; second, moted, a sort of sorting or selection; third, ginned, separated from the seed by a gin, and fit to be put into bags and sent to market.

There were lots of small sables about. To one tiny urchin, three or four years old, perhaps hardly that, Mr G. put the question, "How do you find yourself this morning, Sammy?" "Tho, tho, massa," was the reply. One of our party went into one of the negro houses,—an invasion of their peculiar territory which frightened the young ones sadly. He wanted to know if there were any opossums about, but "piccaninny hab no possum, massa."

In a field which had been caught by the frost, and consequently so much spoiled as not to be worth picking, we found the plants with the cotton remaining in the pods. I picked up a small gourd, and filled it with

the peculiar-looking seed-vessels of the sweet gum. This is the opossum's favourite tree. It climbs it to lick the gum which exudes from the bark. Hence the allusion in the negro melody, "Possum up a gum-tree." The "possums" are timid creatures, and run away; the "coons" (raccoon) are bolder and shew fight, and it takes a good dog to kill a racoon. We made a pleasant round through some of the woods and fields. As we returned to the house, we passed an old negress walking leisurely up and down in a field, beating very gently two sticks together. "What are you doing, Mammy?" "Minding corn, massa." "What is that for?" "Keep birds away, massa." "Are these oats?" "Rye." "What do you do with rye?" "For cow, massa." "And do you give the cow the oats too?" "No, massa; oats too good for cow. Oats for horse, massa." This old lady, and many of the old negresses, smoked short clay-pipes. "Baccy" is their sole luxury.

It was two hours till boat-time, so Mr G. led us again into the forest, to point out some trees worth seeing—magnificent magnolias, fifty or sixty feet and more high, and some hickory-trees. When the long-leaved pine, which is the one that is used for timber, and which yields turpentine, is cut down, a growth of another species, called the old-field pine, or loblolly pine, springs up. This has a long leaf too, but a short depressed cone. It was delightful in the forest. There was no road, merely a track, barely marked, and we had to push our way through brushwood, and wild brier, and jessamine vines, which make a pretty tangled and difficult maze to get through. We saw a large turkey-buzzard—obscene bird—sitting upon a pine. They do not fly away when you approach them.

These birds are sacred here ; there is a penalty for shooting them, they are so valuable as scavengers.

There is a proverb in use here, when it is meant to institute a sarcastic comparison. Such and such a thing is a "hurlberry above our persimmon." The persimmon is a large pulpy, luscious fruit, while the "hurlberry," or whortleberry, is like ours (blaeberry, *vaccinium*), and the proverb is therefore severe. The proper form of the adage is, "Your whortleberry is above our persimmon," but the usual use of it is as I have written it down. The proverb is analogous to our own—"Such a one's geese are all swans."

Smart and another negro, by the aid of a horse and waggon, had conveyed our two hand-bags the couple of fields' breadth from the house to the river, and were now stationed at the landing with a towel tied to a stick, and hoisted as a signal for the steamer to stop. We sat on a log in the sun, on the edge of the pine-wood, and had nearly an hour's chat before the *Massasoit* hove in sight. At last, about one o'clock, she came to the landing, and we embarked, Mr G. going with us as far as the next plantation. The very fat little captain of the *Massasoit* shook hands with us all fraternally as we got on board, and was quite jolly and affable, as captains are *not* always.

We were introduced to nearly everybody on board on the way down ; among others, to the proprietor of the rice-mills we visited the other day, and to the British consul. The passage down was speedy and agreeable, and we got back to Charleston about four o'clock.

There was a review, and we went out to see it. We encountered some of the volunteer and artillery companies, but the whole affair was stopped for

half an hour by some stupidity in loading a cannon,—not stopping the vent, or something of that sort. It went off, and blew off a fellow's hand. There was a great cannonading down at the battery, the point of attack being a bathing-boat near by. The thing was supposed to be fine, but we soon tired of it.

By ten o'clock all was still. We walked down to the guard-house to hear the tattoo, which is very well beaten. To-night, it was "Rory O'More."

These two days' experiences have not taught me to love slavery, though I am impressed more than ever with the practical difficulty of the subject.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### SEA-ISLANDS.

FRIDAY, *March* 30.—To-day we have been, all three, to see another plantation, one of the Sea-Islands ones, namely, Bellevue, on St John's Island, belonging to Mr L.

Having expressed our wish to cross the bay to the island, one of our friends at once took steps to put us over. He went with us to the wharf, and introduced us to a son of Mr L.'s, who lent us a canoe-boat and sent a negro with us, telling us to call upon his father. So we got into the boat, the others pulling, and Adam and I in the stern-sheets. On reaching the opposite shore, in front of Mr L.'s house, we found that, the tide being out, the water was so shallow we could not bring the boat near the beach. There was nothing for it but to take off our shoes and socks and wade ashore. Adam would have carried us, but the mud was so soft this was impossible. As it was, we sank every step to mid-calf in the mud, while the water was above our knees. It was a most disagreeable sensation to feel the feet sinking in the mire, the mud oozing through between one's toes, and then to pull the foot out again. However, we reached the firm ground, with no worse result than very dirty feet, and trousers a little wet.

A little negro fellow came down to see what we wanted. "Did Massa L. send you?" "Yes." "Massa L. send you, and no tell you walk in mud?" He seemed to think we had been slightly sold. We sent Adam up to the house with our cards and his son's message to Mr L., as well as to borrow towels, while we made our way after little Sambo through the yard to the well and trough. The bucket and swing soon brought us up some fresh water, and Adam appearing with the towels, we speedily regained our usual appearance.

Mr L. was not in, so we started off through the fields at a venture. Crossing one, we came to a small swamp, with a dyke and zig-zag paling, which combination makes a pretty good fence. As we passed through the next field, we saw going towards the house, in a different direction, an old gentleman led by a negro boy; and having been told Mr L. was blind, we made no doubt this was him, so went up and introduced ourselves. We were right in supposing he was the owner, and a welcome characteristic of Southern hospitality awaited us. He immediately said he would be happy to shew us everything, but first he despatched Peter to the house, to tell Mam Betsy that three English gentlemen would dine with him, and furthermore to tell Cain to put in the horses, and send the carriage to meet us beyond the wood. Then taking my arm in lieu of the sable messenger's who had been sent off, he turned and led us towards the wood. With the floral productions of this wood he had made himself well acquainted before his blindness came on, for he could tell us where to look for several plants, and then by the touch he could tell us their names.

He indicated a spot where we should find the man-

drake of the Bible. He had been told it was so by two botanists from Charleston. We found the plant. It is the May-apple (*podophyllum*). It has a simple stem which bifurcates. Each division bears a circular five or six partite leaf. The flower is white, and is supported on a short footstalk in the centre of the bifurcation. It is in flower now. In June or July the fruit ripens. It is then about the size, shape, and colour of a comon hen's egg, and is eatable. We did not find them in flower at first, and the driver, an intensely black negro, coming up, Mr L. sent him to find them, describing them as "the things which the Biblefolks told the story about the old fellows long ago going out to pick and eat when they were too lazy to work," &c. ; somewhat of his speech being on the principle of

"All this for your instruction tends,  
If you could take it so."

We had passed through the wood, and were now in a lane which led along its outward side, with cleared fields beyond. A prettier lane I have seldom seen. There were casino-bushes on each side, festooned with jessamine, China-apple, and several other varieties of creeper,—and mixed with bay, dogwood, sassafras, &c., many of them just bursting into flower.

Mr L.'s son came up with us here, and presently the carriage overtook us. So we all got in, and were driven about half-way down the island, then across, and so up the other side to the house. We passed a school-house and two churches,—one a Presbyterian, and the other an Episcopalian. There are from thirty to forty families resident on the island, which is a triangle of about nine miles to the side. There are some pretty views of forest scenery, with others

in which the city of Charleston comes in as a background.

The most interesting plant we saw was the cactus. It grew pretty abundantly upon a sandy dyke by the road. It bore the cochineal insect, and by bruising one of these we expressed the scarlet dye. The plants were in fruit, which is eatable. It is a fleshy fruit, of rather a sickly taste. The species bears groups of minute barbed prickles.

The dwarf palmetto grows abundantly on St John's Island. It is called the Spanish bayonet, or bayonet palmetto. It bears in "the fall," or autumn, a largish bell-shaped white and purple flower, in bunches. The tiny seedling cotton-plants were beginning to peep through the ground. The sugar-cane, too, was just sprouting. The whole cane is laid horizontally on the ground, and covered with earth. It shoots at the joints, each shoot forming a new cane. It is raised for home use and sale in the green state.

In the cotton-houses we were shewn the common and M'Carthy's gins. The gin is a machine for separating the cotton from the seed. The common one is a simple instrument, formed of two rollers made to revolve opposite ways. The cotton is passed between them, and torn from the seed. It is wrought by the foot, and a good workman can gin 25 lb. of cotton per day with it. The M'Carthy gin passes the cotton through something like a long pair of scissors, which takes off the cotton from the seed. It is driven by horse-power, and one of them can clean 450 lb. in a day.

At three we sat down to dinner, which was sumptuous, for it consisted of roast sucking-pig, bacon and eggs, oyster-paties (the oysters occur abundantly on



the beach), &c., and we were waited upon by Mam Betsy, a "yaller" woman, the housekeeper, Peter and Cain, two young negroes, and Eliza and another, two small black girls, one of them kept waving a huge fan of peacocks'-tail feathers, to brush away the flies.

Our new friend is a most intelligent man, a thorough planter and slave owner. To our question, whether they punished their slaves, the reply, "Not often," sufficiently indicated that they do sometimes. He spoke constantly of them as one would do at home of his horses ; still, in speaking to them his manner was quiet and kind. He shewed us the lash or cow-skin. He had a new one, which he had bought lately on a special occasion. He had been rearing some wild-turkeys, and just as they were fit to eat they were stolen, and he had provided himself with the new cow-skin to chastise the thief. Whether they were his own negroes, and whether the guilty confessed, or whether he went over them all, he did not tell us. Eliza, who brought the cow-skin, looked very like as if she feared she was going to get it, which made me think that the poor thing was not unaccustomed to it.

Mr L. says that he feels that slavery is slipping away from them. He regrets it, but he cannot deny that it is so. Emancipation, he admits, is gaining ground in public opinion, and will, he fears, become universal. He seems to think that it is helped by over indulgence. The slaves in Carolina are allowed to go about from plantation to plantation when their work is done, and they meet, he says, and talk, and he thinks they are becoming independent and insolent, and, he added, he would not be surprised if it ended in revolt. In Cuba, he says, they act much more wisely. No slave is allowed to cross the border of the plantation without a

white man being with him. And everything, he says, is regulated by law, while here there is none. All this shewed a feeling intensely unfavourable to the slave.

Even in that island, where there are only about thirty plantations, he says there is immense variety in the mode of the treatment of the slaves. Some masters think it good policy to treat, and feed, and clothe them well; while others think such conduct does not attach them any more to you, and only serves to make them lazy and indolent. So they half-starve them; and the consequence is, that the negroes on such plantations steal from those around. He told us that, *by law*, each negro is entitled to four pounds of beef or bacon a-week, but that this is universally set aside, and many never get any meat at all. His policy with negroes is, "*plenty* to eat, and a *little* cow-skin." He feeds them well, and does not overwork them. The usual period of labour is eight hours a-day. Sometimes, as in picking seasons, it is more, and at other times it is less. My own observation led me to the opinion that the work was light.

As we approached the house, we passed the "quarters," or negro-huts. "Ah," said Mr L., "there's a niger nursery here. Do you see the ugly-looking, odd-like little black rascals?" He evidently regarded them much as I would do a litter of pigs. Their parents were at work in the fields, and they were left in charge of an old negress. The sight and the idea almost sickened me.

The tide was up when we left, and we embarked at their pier. Adam, our negro boatman, is a slave belonging to a lady, who lets him out. He is hired by his present employer, his mistress receiving the chief part of his wages. He must work, work, work, for

what barely keeps him alive. How can it be expected that hearty service can be obtained in this way ? Adam is a likely man—can boat, hoe, work in the field, load cotton, work on the wharf, “anyting, massa, can do anyting, oh yes, massa.” He has a wife and children, who are, I suppose, slaves too. My heart bled at the tone of his reply to our question, “Are you free ?” “No, massa, me no free !” It was all he said, and we studiously avoided a word which would raise a longing for what we had no means of helping him to attain. On my mentioning our friend’s name, “Ah,” said Adam, “dat fine man. Me like to belong to him most as well as any man.”

We went to a store in Charleston, to which Mr L. had directed us, to buy “cow-skins.” They cost ten cents, or fivepence each. On asking where they were made, the reply was, “In the North !” Significant this ! Is the North quite consistent on the subject of slavery ? I think very much the reverse. These lashes are made of a stripe of cow-skin twisted, and can be used with terrible effect.

We heard of one planter who, for punishment, makes use of the system of solitary confinement. The cells are not so high as to permit the negro to stand upright. There is a bed in them *shaped like a coffin*. With the negro characteristic of superstitious sensibility, this is a refinement of torture. They implore “anything but dat, massa !” The fear of it is said to be so very effectual, that it is never required to be put in requisition.

In the course of the evening, we strolled down to the wharves to see the pressing and roping of the cotton-bales. It is a very rapid operation. There is a steam press, on the principle of the Bramah, I suppose. The bales, as they come from the plantations, are placed

on one side. One is then put in this press, which in a second or two reduces it to less than half its former size. Two men speedily sow up the canvas and cord it, and the press relaxing, it is rolled out on the opposite side, and carted away, while a fresh bale succeeds it in the press without the loss of a second. The time occupied to put in a bale, press it, rope it, and put it out, is not more than a minute to a minute and a quarter.

*Saturday, March 31.*—It has rained so to-day that we could not go out. This has continued from twelve till now (ten o'clock at night), and there is no apparent symptom of intermission. The heaviness of the fall has been surprising to us. There has been thunder and lightning too, so that we have had a specimen of a juxta-tropical storm. It has prevented us paying some farewell visits to-day, which we hoped to have accomplished, as we leave on Monday.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A COLOURED CHURCH AND SCHOOL.

SABBATH, *April 1.*—I looked out last night about twelve, before going to bed. The rain had entirely ceased. The moon was shining out with only a few fleecy clouds in the sky, and the roofs and pavements were already dry,—so rapid are the changes of weather in this climate. To-day the thermometer has been at 66°. With the rain yesterday and the sunshine to-day, vegetation has made a marked progress in thirty-six hours. The air has been most delicious.

I went to the Scotch Presbyterian church in Meeting Street this morning, and heard Mr Forrest. In the afternoon I went to Calvary, a church chiefly devoted to the coloured population. The clergyman is Mr Trappeir. He has been connected with this coloured church for more than five years.

Some pews round the pulpit are on an elevated platform, and separated from the rest of the church by a division and passage. This portion is for such whites as attend. The remaining part of the church is appropriated to the coloured folks. Mr Trappeir would prefer wanting the whites altogether, but he must have them as assistant teachers.

The attendance was small at first, but increased till the church was pretty full. Probably about two hundred of

all ages were present. It was intensely interesting to me to watch the variety of faces, and to observe the attention which many of them paid to the service.

The usual afternoon service of the Episcopal Church was read, followed by a sermon from Matthew xxvi. 58—"Peter followed him afar off unto the high priest's palace, and went in, and sat with the servants, to see the end." The singing was conducted by a negro of the darkest dye. It was remarkably sweet. Mr Trappeir read each two lines of the hymns, so that all might join, all not being able to read. "Gloria Patri" and the other psalms were chanted.

As soon as the benediction was pronounced, Sabbath-school began. There were fifteen classes of boys and girls, all coloured, taught (with I think three exceptions) by ladies, whites of course. The attendance of scholars was about 130. Mr Trappeir began by giving out the hymn, "There is a happy land!" which the children sang most sweetly. The talent of the coloured race for music is remarkable. Teaching then went on in the different classes. Few or none could read; it was therefore *vivâ voce*. Prayers, catechism, &c., are taught and explained. There was one class of grown young men, and one of married women, distinguished by the peculiarly-tied kerchief they wear upon their heads.

Owing to a lack of teachers, my friend was impressed to take a class, and I stood beside him. The little dark fellows (there were more shades than one in the class) repeated after their teacher "a prayer for a young child," which was explained and made the basis of questions. This over, I had an opportunity of examining them, which I did with great pleasure. I found them familiar with the story of creation and of

the fall. They know that we are sinful and out of God's favour, and they could tell of Jesus, God's Son, our Saviour. I was much interested with their answers, and they seemed to be deeply interested also. We were, however, brought to a stop by the bell ringing. After a short hymn, Mr Trappeir proceeded to examine the whole school upon his sermon, and upon the lesson for the day, concluding the service with a prayer, during which all knelt.

I was truly delighted to find so much is doing for the slaves. I am informed that there are Sabbath-schools for the coloured youth connected with nearly all the churches. In the class of nine which we had, there was a Tony, a Pompey, a Henry, a Joe, a Philander ; the second name given by them being those of their masters and mistresses. Thus, "Henry belonging to Colonel So-and-So," and "Joe belonging to Mrs Such-an-One." Such a mode of taking a Sabbath-class roll sounded very strangely to me. Mr Bancroft, the historian, was present at the sermon, but did not wait to see the school. He seems about sixty, and is tall and thin, with gray hair.

I was introduced to Mr Trappeir, and we had much talk about slavery. All say that much more is being done now to teach the slave than used to be ; and all admitted, too, that the separation of families was *the* crying evil of the system, and unavoidable ; although there was an inclination to palliate it, by pointing to the early separation that takes place in the families of the working-classes in England. It is true ; but the one is forced and the other voluntary, and that makes all the difference.

Walked on the battery with Louis Young in the moonlight. It was lovely ! The tide was full. The waters of

the bay rippled up against the stones with a pleasing gurgle. The shores of the opposite island of St John's were seen dimly in the distance ; the clump of tall pines standing out a darker shade in the haze. The whole bay was light, silver-like, with ships spotting it, their watch-lights trembling like stars, and reflected below in the water. The sky was perfectly cloudless, intensely blue. The moon full and sharply defined—no haze up there. The air full of fragrance. The houses along the bay with their piazzas, so strange, so tropical-looking. All still and calm. Is it reality ? or I am dreaming, and in fancy conjuring up the shadow of some half-forgotten story ? It is real. I have seen it. And I love to remember it as the farewell scene of Charleston.

We sauntered up and down, and discussed the one dark blot of human property. Would that all discussions on the subject were carried on in the spirit of ours, and all slave-owners of the same mind with my friend ! We should soon see what is absolutely necessary before emancipation, if the slave is to be raised, not ruined ; a more genuine sympathy for the degraded race shewing itself in attempts to educate and improve them, and so fit them for freedom, without which previous training, manumission would only be destruction. As it is, it is cheering to think that many of these sable brethren, though they are in bonds to man, are "Christ's freed men."



## CHAPTER XIX.

### NORTHWARDS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *Wednesday, April 4.*—Our party has broken up for a time. Leaving one at Charleston to go on to New Orleans, the other returned with me directly northwards again, and we expect to meet by and by at Cincinnati.

We left Charleston on Monday morning at seven, and reached Washington (with the usual quantity of stops) this morning about six, making the whole journey of 654 miles in forty-seven hours, or averaging rather less than fourteen miles an hour. This slow rate of average travelling is caused by the long stoppages. Thus, we had to wait at Branchville one hour and ten minutes for the Augusta train. We arrived at Wilmington, on the south side of Cape Fear river, at half-past one in the morning, the train leaving on the north side at a quarter to six. So we had to wait there four hours and a quarter. This we did on board the boat, my companion putting himself to bed on the table, and I improvising a couch out of a chair and two stools, and both being turned out at least an hour before there was any occasion for it, by the darkies who wanted to lay the cloth for breakfast.

South of the Great Pee-Dee river, the forest was on fire, on both sides of the road, for a considerable distance. It was burning fiercely, but there not being much wind, it did not make rapid progress, and it looked as if it would not be very difficult to put out. It burned up the grass and underwood, and charred the growing pines for several feet above the ground. The young pines it killed altogether. One dry dead pine was flaming altogether up to the very topmost branch, and was rather a pretty sight. One of our Charleston friends told me he had once been out on what they call "hunting a fire," in South Carolina. The woods were on fire for miles together, and the object of the hunt was to extinguish it. The whites were mounted on horseback, and were provided with bugles. A number of negroes accompanied them. The mounted party kept patrolling along the line of the fire, and with their bugles summoned the negroes to those points where the greatest effort was required to subdue it, or where it had broken out after being once extinguished. He described it as a scene of great excitement, and I can well fancy it would be so. The pale-faced riders, the flames coursing along among the grass and underwood, the blacks beating them out with clubs, the running hither and thither, the shouting, the bugle sounding, would all tend to make up a very exciting scene.

At Petersburg, we rode from the station on the one side of the town to that on the other on the roof of an omnibus, and had thus an opportunity of seeing something of it. It is a bustling, thriving-looking little town, and rather prettily situated on the banks of the Appomattox, a river which empties itself into a creek running into the south end of Chesapeake bay.

From Petersburg to Richmond the country is much more undulating and picturesque than it is south of Petersburg ; and as we entered the town of Richmond by the high-level bridge, we thought we had seldom seen anything more beautiful than the scene there presented. We had seen it before in the gray morning, when the ground was covered with snow, and now we saw it in the glow of a setting sun. While others were taking tea at Richmond, we walked back to enjoy the view from the bridge. This bridge spans, at a considerable height, a broad rocky valley through which the James river flows in numerous channels, the little islands formed by it being covered with trees. The James river and the Appomattox unite and flow together to Chesapeake bay.

We then walked through the town about half a mile to the other station. The streets are regular, and as there is a considerable acclivity in the site, the city looks well. The cars start from the middle of Broad Street, without any station, and run for some distance along the street.

From this to Acquia creek, seventy-five miles, was the most tiresome part of our journey ; for it was now the second night, and we were fatigued, and so sleepy as to be scarcely able to sit upon the seats, and these were so narrow, we could not recline comfortably. Usually the seats can be reversed, so as to throw two sofas opposite each other, and this enables you to get stretched out, and find a rest for your head upon the back. But in these cars this was not the case ; and as the backs were low, there was no support for the head. It was a sort of torture, to be so tired you could not sit, and yet not able to find any mode of supporting your heavy head. Add to this, that when we reached

Acquia at midnight, we found we would have to remain in the cars an indefinite length of time, owing to the steamer not being able to come to the wharf for want of water. It was very cold; hoar-frost on the ground, and the stove, which had kept the car uncomfortably hot and stifling in the first part of the journey, had long been innocent of fire. After grumbling, half-asleep, half-awake, for an hour and a half, we got out, and found near by a liquor-shop open, with a roaring fire in the bar-room. We sat by it, till the glad news came that the steamer had got up. It was a lovely sight we beheld as we walked down the long wooden pier. The sweep of the broad Potomac was lit up by a bright moon, which bathed both the river and its steep wood-covered banks in a misty light.

Once on board the steamer, I stretched myself on a couch, and slept soundly till five o'clock. We were then passing the flourishing little town of Alexandria, six or seven miles below Washington.

The view of Washington is not imposing from the river. The bluff is so close to the water, and so steep, as to shut out the view entirely. Indeed, the only object of interest which attracts notice on that side is the begun monument to General Washington. On the opposite shore of the Potomac, there is a fine seat, Arlington, belonging to Mr Custis, a step-son of Washington's. It stands high on the hill, overlooking the river and the city, and is surrounded by an extensive park and woods like an English country mansion. The house is a large one and white, and so forms a conspicuous object in the landscape.

We walked up from the wharf to the National hotel on Pennsylvania Avenue. Washington well merits its epithet, "The city of magnificent distances." Its

streets are made for its growth, and are far from being filled up yet.

Fresh clothes, plenty of warm-water applied externally, and a good breakfast at half-past seven, made us feel quite fresh and fit to "do" Washington.

## CHAPTER XX.

### WASHINGTON.

WE "did" Washington in this wise. As soon as breakfast was over, we hurried off to the Observatory. The Observatory is placed on a rising ground overlooking the Potomac, at the western extremity of Washington. Immediately beyond, a small creek divides Washington from Georgetown. The latter place is beyond the limits of the district of Columbia, and therefore totally separated from Washington. On the heights above it many of the finest residences are to be found, and numbers of those who are obliged to be in Washington all the year round prefer living there.

When originally laid out by George Washington, it was intended that the Capitol should be as nearly as possible in the centre of the new city. The progress of building, however, has been entirely westward, and therefore the Capitol is now on the eastern side of the town, with scarcely any houses built beyond it.

Lieutenant Hubbard accompanied us over the Observatory. There did not seem to be many instruments, but those they have are very fine ones. The maps, charts, and observations are very extensive. Lieutenant Maury's researches have made him a name known all over Europe. His most recent contribution to

science is a work on the physical geography of the sea.

From the roof of the Observatory we obtained a most magnificent view. Washington, the windings of the Potomac, the wooded shores opposite, with Arlington-house conspicuous among the woods, were spread out below us. The few minutes we stood and gazed on these are to be remembered, not described.

The President's residence, called the White-house, the Treasury, and some other Government buildings, occupy the summit of a rising ground about equally distant from the Observatory on the one hand, and the Capitol on the other. Our next visit was to the Treasury. This is a fine building to the east of the White-house. Its east front is adorned with a façade of thirty-one Ionic pillars, but the ends are not completed yet. It, as well as the White-house and other public buildings of the same age, are built of a gray sandstone, and painted white. It was afterwards explained to us that this was found necessary to preserve the stone. The interior arrangements are simple, and are those best suited to give the most accommodation for business. Corridors run the whole length of the building, and from these the different offices enter. The accounts of the United States are kept here, but no cash.

From the Treasury we proceeded to the Patent-office in F street. This is a noble building, partly occupied at present by the Patent-office and its collection of models, but chiefly by the collections made by the United States exploring expedition. This is a collection of surpassing interest. It occupies the great central hall,—a room two hundred and sixty-four feet long by seventy-three feet wide. The specimens in

natural history are numerous, exquisitely preserved, and most instructive from their being retained in local groups. There is as yet no attempt at scientific arrangement, as this is not their final resting-place. The west wing, now building of polished dolomite, will probably be permanently devoted to them ; and it is to be hoped that, if possible, a double arrangement will be attempted—one classified, the other in local groups as now. We had, of course, only time for a most cursory glance. There are lots of curiosities, too, such as a piece of the rock on which the pilgrim fathers landed at Plymouth ; a piece of General Bolivar's flag ; a piece of the tree under which William Penn made his treaty with the Indians, &c. &c.

The collection of models in the patent department is both large and interesting. The number exceeds 25,000.

From the Patent-office we went to the White-house. It was not a reception-day, but we sent up our cards, and were told we should see the President as soon as some parties, who were with him on business, had gone. Meantime we walked through the public rooms, which are very good. In one of the smaller ones were some beautiful Japanese cabinets brought by Lieutenant Perry from Japan. The rooms usually occupied for business are up-stairs. The ante-room looked more like the waiting-room of a well-frequented hotel than anything else, it was so bare and faded. Three persons besides ourselves were waiting, and saw the President at the same time. He received us in his business-room,—a spacious apartment, but very bare and commonplace-like. A great book-case covered one wall, filled with state-looking bound volumes—one unvarying expanse of law-calf and red titles. A



large table stood in the centre, with a newspaper or two upon it, and beyond it, towards the window, was a smaller table, at which the President writes.

General Franklin Pierce received us standing, shook us heartily by the hand, and requested us to be seated. He is tall and thin, has a fine open face, with large forehead, and grayish hair. His features do not denote great capacity for government. They want firmness and quick decision, but they convey the impression of honourable and kind-hearted dispositions. He entered into conversation very cordially and frankly. I said we were much struck with the extent of everything in America. He smiled, and said the scale, at least, of things was vaster than in England. I alluded to railways as a point of prominent notice, and one which had sprung up of late years—that there was a large interest in them in England; and that I had come over expressly to see them. He replied he was aware that they were largely held in England; adding that though generally they might go to England to take lessons in railway-making, still there were some points, he thought, in which I might find that America was, so far as regards railways even, superior to England. I said there were two points in which they seemed to have the advantage of us—one being in their getting their roads made at so much less cost, and the other their way of getting them into a position to earn income at the earliest possible date; a proceeding which seemed wise, if they followed it up by expending money to perfect them. He smiled again, and said that, notwithstanding the cheapness and early earning, I would find some of them were not worth much.

He talked of what we had seen, and what we should see, and desired us, when we went to the Capitol, to

ask for Mr Walter, the architect, who would shew us over the building. As we rose to go, he mentioned the specimens of Japanese work below as interesting, and recommended us to see them. Altogether, he was very cordial.

We were much amused to observe that one of the persons who had gone in with us, sat all the while without uttering a word, and rose and left when we did. He seemed to be perfectly satisfied with having literally only *seen* the President. The same individual lifted my card from the table, where the President had laid it, to see who I was!

When we left the White-house, we bent our steps to the Smithsonian Institution. The Smithsonian Institution is a building in red sandstone, of a mixed order of architecture. It looks like a copy of an old English baronial mansion which had been built at different times. There is no coherence or consistency in the different parts, nor did the internal arrangements seem to be very suitable. The principal apartments are a large hall, which is to contain the museum, and on the same floor a library; upstairs, and in other parts of the building, are lecture-rooms, laboratories, &c. At present, the collections are not laid out. The library also is only forming. An Englishman, James Smithson, left more than half a million of dollars (£100,000) to the United States, "to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The bequest was accepted in 1836, and received in sovereigns (\$515,169) in September 1838. The act establishing the Smithsonian Institution was passed 10th August 1846. When this building is finished, it will embrace a museum, library, gallery of art, lecture-rooms, laboratories, &c.

Many think that the erection of a building, and the formation of collections, being of but local value, do not come within the design of the founder, whose bequest, they maintain, should have been altogether employed in a way to produce benefit to mankind at large. The only portion of the plan, as carried out, by which the advantages of such munificence are felt beyond the precincts of the American capital, is the publication from time to time of one thousand copies of papers on science and literature, under the general title of "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge." These copies are presented to libraries and literary institutions. Several volumes have already appeared. The first volume is a treatise upon the "Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley," and is a very interesting and curious work. The second and third volumes are collections of scientific papers, twenty-two in all. The fourth volume is a grammar and dictionary of the Dakota language. The fifth and sixth are also collections, containing fourteen papers on various subjects. Besides the "Contributions," which are quarto, the institution also publishes "Reports on the Progress of Knowledge," in octavo. Nine of these have appeared, including one volume of 208 pages on "The Public Libraries of the United States." The State of Maine has 6 public libraries ; New Hampshire, 19 ; Vermont, 5 ; Massachusetts, 43 ; Rhode Island, 9 ; Connecticut, 9 ; New York, 57 ; New Jersey, 9 ; Pennsylvania, 38 ; Delaware, 3 ; Maryland, 21 ; D. Columbia, 15 ; Virginia, 20 ; N. Carolina, 6 ; S. Carolina, 11 ; Georgia, 8 ; Alabama, 5 ; Florida, 3 ; Mississippi, 4 ; Louisiana, 6 ; Texas, 2 ; Arkansas, 1 ; Tennessee, 11 ; Kentucky, 19 ; Ohio, 26 ; Indiana, 13 ; Illinois, 8 ; Missouri, 11 ; Michigan, 9 ; Iowa, 1 ; Wisconsin, 3 ; Minnesota, 3 ;

California, 1 ; in all, 405. The oldest is that belonging to William and Mary College, at Williamsburg, in Virginia, founded in 1692.

Our next visit was to the Capitol. Its principal front is to the east, so we walked round to approach it from that side. It is very imposing. At present, two new wings are in course of erection, and this litters the place. The central portion of the original building is of freestone painted white. At first, it was supposed that the stone was of similar quality to caenstone, which it resembles. It is found on the banks of the Potomac. It turned out very soft, and, on exposure to the weather, it crumbled away. To protect it, it became necessary to paint it. This accounts for the Capitol, the White-house, and all buildings of a certain age, being painted. The newer buildings, and all those now erecting, are of dolomite, a magnesian limestone or marble, capable of a high polish, and very durable. The present portion of the Capitol is to be cased in this stone also.

We found Mr Walter, the architect of the new buildings, in his office, surrounded by numerous clerks, all busily engaged in making working drawings for the new works. He took us over the building, and procured for us access to the library, which we would not otherwise have seen, as it was past the proper hour.

Entering the Capitol from the east by a spacious flight of steps, the rotunda is the first apartment. A vaulted hall of ninety-six feet in diameter, it sweeps up to the top of the dome, a height also of ninety-six feet. It is a magnificent apartment, but there is such an echo in it, that one cannot be heard speaking at a little distance, from the constant reverberation of every noise. It is the "lobby" of the two houses, and during con-

gress it holds a mixed multitude, for the "lobby-men" are not the best of American society. The never-failing spittons were scattered plentifully over the floor, but the chewing fraternity do not seem to be particular whether they use them or not ; consequently every part of the building is filthy from the ejected juice. We were told particularly to examine the pictures. They are in compartments of the wall to the number of eight, and some of them very flattering (?) to our national feelings. "Desoto Discovering the Mississippi" was all very well, as was also "The Baptism of Pocahontas." But then came "The Declaration of Independence," "The Surrender of General Burgoyne," and "The Surrender of General Cornwallis." The remaining three are "Washington's Resignation," "The Embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers," and "The Discovery of America by Columbus." In the centre of the hall is a statue of Washington.

Beyond the rotunda is the congressional library. It is a magnificent room, entirely of iron—floor, walls, roof, shelves, stairs, everything is of iron. Two galleries surround it, one alcoved, the second receding,—an arrangement which adds much to the lightness and general effect of the room. The decorations are of cast-iron, gilded. Three years ago, the library belonging to congress was burned, and only a very few of the books were saved. By the activity of government and the liberality of congress, already forty thousand volumes have been collected in this hall. When the new buildings are finished, two rooms, each seventy feet in length, will be added to the present room, and the three will form one of the finest suites of halls for library accommodation in existence.

The senate-chamber is on the north side of the

rotunda, and the house of representatives on the south. They are semicircular rooms, unsuitable on account of the echo. They are comfortably fitted up, the only distinction being that the senate-chamber is less crowded, and its decorations the richer of the two. In fact, the numerous additions of new States lately received into the Union have caused the house of representatives to be inconveniently crowded. Both bodies are to find more ample and convenient accommodation in the new portions of the Capitol.

The walls of these new portions are to be decorated in fresco. The first attempt at fresco-painting in America has just been concluded. It is in the room appropriated to the congressional committee on agriculture. It was one of the things the President bade us be sure to see. It represents Cincinnatus called from his plough to be dictator at Rome.

*Thursday, April 5.*—To-day we made an excursion to Mount Vernon, the last residence and resting-place of Washington, and this evening we came on to Baltimore.

We arranged last night for a horse and light waggon to take us to Mount Vernon, and should have started at eight, but did not get away till nearly nine. The morning was a very different one from that of yesterday. Instead of the bright sun and corresponding warmth, there fell a drizzling rain with mist,—a most uninviting day to go abroad in. It was our only opportunity, however, and we determined to carry out our plan.

Mount Vernon is said to be sixteen miles from Washington, and we expected to drive there easily in two hours ; but from the want of roads, and our taking wrong tracks, it took us four hours to reach it.

The first object of interest, after driving through Washington, is the long bridge and causeway over the Potomac. The river is of considerable breadth, probably three-quarters of a mile. Portions of the bridge at each end are built of wood, with drawbridges. In the centre there is a long causeway, with low brick parapets. Owing to the fog, the views both up and down, which are very fine, were not visible to us to-day.

We went right enough to Alexandria, seven miles, through what must be a pretty country in summer. It is undulating, even hilly, the hills wooded, while the slopes and hollows are generally under cultivation. At a point where the Georgetown and Alexandria canal passes near and afterwards over the road, there is a lofty section of one of the hills, shewing a beautiful series of variegated sands and gravels. The smooth face of the bluff was pierced with numerous holes of sand-martins. The effect of the rain on these sands is peculiar. The escarpments are everywhere worn out into deep gullies, leaving portions outstanding between, like miniature mountain-ridges or liliputian alps. In one cliff, which was eight or ten feet high, the soft parts have run out below so as to make small caves, and give to the bank the appearance of a columned front.

We crossed a small creek of the Potomac before reaching Alexandria, a very picturesque spot. Alexandria does not look so flourishing when you are in it, as it does from the water. Formerly it was included in the district of Columbia, and in the same political position with Washington, and when so it made little progress. Now it is independent, and has a population of between 8000 and 9000, and is said to be increasing rapidly. Our route lay through the upper part of

it, away from the river side, where probably we would have found it more bustling.

Immediately beyond the town is a broad creek, crossed by a long bridge and causeway. Our nearest way lay thus, but the bridge is closed at present as not safe, so we had to go a good way round another way. It was in leaving Alexandria that we went first astray, and we had gone on a mile and a half or so before we met any one at whom to ask the way, and had all this distance to return. The way to Mount Vernon is a bye-road. In fact, it is hardly a road at all; in many places, it is a mere track through woods. It crosses streams without bridges, or rather the streams cross it. It was the roughest road I had ever seen, but the route throughout lay through a cultivated and wooded country. A second time we took the wrong road, for the right one turned up abruptly by a pile of cut wood, and was a rut not the least like a road. We had gone fully half a mile before we met a carter, who put us right, and after this we took the precaution of asking every person we met, as well as calling at a good many houses for the same purpose.

I got down at one neat farm-house a little off the road to ask the way. I knocked at what seemed the kitchen door (the other door is for ornament and used on holidays), and was cheerfully told to come in. Opening, I found a brisk old negress sitting turning a churn, who willingly and chattily satisfied my inquiries. "Is this the road to Mount Vernon?" "Ya, sir. Right on." "How far is it?" "Dunno, sir, I never was there, but I heard them say four or five miles." "Thank you." "You are very welcome, sir." More civil and kind this negress was than most of the



whites we meet. Still further on, another negress answered the same questions in an equally kind way.

By and by we came to the corner of a wood, at the bottom of a steep ascent. One track led straight up the face of this hill, and another turned off a little to the left. The one which led up the ascent had been hollowed out by a torrent into a deep gulley, and was utterly impassable. A new track led up the brow of the hill beside it, but had so little the appearance of being used, that we could not fancy it was the road; so we took the other leading to the right, expecting that it would lead ultimately towards the Potomac, which lay to our left. We came to this resolution after reconnoitring. My companion had gone on for this purpose, leaving me with the buggy. These vehicles are the queerest machines to turn possible, the wheels are so high and so far apart. Before I could follow, I had to turn round our carriage, and that in a place which was like the bottom of three converging ditches,—a matter of no very easy accomplishment, and made more difficult by the trees. I rode over one stout sapling, which in revenge had like to have capsized me and my trap with its rebound. We drove on by this road through very interesting woods for some distance, till we got to fear we were out of the way again. Even after we had begun to suspect this, we had to go on, for there was no house and no inhabitant to ask the way at. By and by, however, we saw a large house at some distance from the road, and my companion went up to it to inquire, leaving me to look after the gig till he returned, which was not for nearly an hour. It was a most solitary spot. On one side of me was a forest of hardwood, extending as far as I could see through the leafless branches. On the other side, newly cleared fields, the

charred and blackened stumps lending a more peculiar feeling of desolation to the cultivated land than belonged even to the natural forest. They give the look of devastation. Not a creature was to be seen. The distant woods over the Potomac were enveloped in mist, and there was over all that peculiar mysterious stillness observable on a calm misty day, especially in the country. It was only broken by the twitter of a too-whit, and the hoarse cry of a crow, and once by the most musical chime of a distant bell, striking the hour of noon. This, we afterwards learned, was from a plantation which once belonged to a nephew of Washington.

My companion came back full of an interview he had had with the manager of the farm we were on. Its name is Mount Zephyr, and it contains sixteen hundred acres. It once belonged to Washington, who possessed at one time some ten thousand acres in this neighbourhood, all which, with the exception of Mount Vernon, has passed from the possession of his family. Mount Zephyr now belongs to, and is managed on behalf of, a Scotchman, Lord Lovat; and English management and English capital are fast putting a new appearance upon it. Mr Sutton, the manager, had just completed a fine new barn, and he would show it. Like most of the barns in America, the basement-floor is arranged for cattle, the second storey for threshing and storing the fodder for the cattle below, a third for the unthreshed material, and a fourth for grain. He has one hundred acres of oats, and as much wheat, the rest of the produce being Indian corn, the staple here. Six hundred acres of the farm are wood. No tobacco is grown in this part of the State. There was a curious contrivance for bringing up water to the house. My friend

saw something whizzing, as he thought, through the air, and asked what that was. "Oh, that's the telegraph going for water." They have no water at the house, but in a hollow about two hundred yards off there is a brook. Between this brook and the house, Mr Sutton had fixed a wire, on which slips up and down a cradle with a bucket attached. This swings down by its own weight, and fills the bucket by dipping it in the brook. It announces its arrival at the spring by rapping against a board, and is wound up to the house, filled, by a windlass. When my friend had seen over the barn, "the finest barn in the *U*-nited States," as the man kept constantly impressing upon him, he came back with the unwelcome intelligence that we were most certainly on the wrong road. Mount Vernon was not a quarter of a mile off to the left, in fact these were its woods we could see overhanging the Potomac ; but to reach it we must go back about half a mile, and strike through the wood, to regain the track we had left in the hollow. We found on our way home that we had taken the wrong side of a triangle, and had gone far enough to make its hypotenuse a quarter of a mile. Through woods and through fields, where it seemed impossible to push anything with wheels, we held on, and were at last gratified by a most magnificent view of the Potomac, and Mount Vernon. We were driving up a steep hill, through woods ; all at once we reached its crest, the road turned sharp round a shoulder of the rising ground, and there lay the Potomac spread out below. We both uttered an involuntary exclamation of delight as we gazed on the beautiful scene. Deep down to the left was a wooded glen leading to the water. In front, at the foot of an abrupt declivity, so steep that the top of the trees

which grew on its sides seemed so near that we might almost touch them, the river expanded to a bay, bearing ships. The water was smooth as the surface of a mirror, and stillness was over all.

A short distance further brought us to Mount Vernon. We drove into a sort of out-yard behind, and my companion got out to carry our cards to the house. When he knocked at the door, he heard a great hurry-scurry, shutting of doors and opening of shutters ; but he had to knock several times and wait long before any one came. At last, the door was opened. One said Mr Washington was not in ; another said he was. At last, the cards were taken in. It was not the day to shew the place ; but as we had come so far, Mr Washington had no objections to our going about and looking at what we liked. Mr W., however, did not do us the honour to make his appearance. While this investigation was making at one side of the house, I saw a man look round the corner from the other, obviously to reconnoitre. He saw I observed him, and immediately disappeared. I suppose this was Mr Washington, and this was all we saw of him.

We fastened the horse to a gate-post, and left him there, for we were refused a "bit of corn," which we civilly asked and would gladly have paid for, and set out to make our explorations.

The house is a long wooden building of two storeys, both covered on the Potomac front by a piazza running the whole length of the house. There are two detached wings, which stand at right angles to the main building, a little back from it, and connected with it by open corridors. The entrance is in the court formed by the wings. This court is flanked by a row of negro huts, and behind these are other out-buildings.

We passed through the court, and were admitted by a smart-looking negress. "It seems this is not the proper day to see the house?" "No." "We have come from England, and we have no other day." "You can come in and look about you." The dark beauty was busy sewing all this time. "Is Mr Washington in?" "Yes." "Is there anything particular to be seen?" "No." "Are there no relics of Washington?" "No." There were two doors on the left of the hall. Ebona pushed open the nearest with her foot. "May we go in here?" "Yes?" So we went in,—a small uncarpeted room, with some prints hung around, one being the bombardment of Gibraltar. At the back of the fire place, the letters G. W. in a circle. A few shells, and a piece of the snout of a saw fish, lay on a table in the corner. There was nothing else.

The second room, which looked to the river, we were also permitted to enter. It had a carpet. A visitors' book, and a lithographed copy of Washington's accounts with the United States, lay on a table. This was about all. "There was a large room beyond," the girl said, "with a fine marble chimney-piece, but some rude visitor had chopped off pieces, and the room was never opened now." There was little inducement to linger by the cold hearth of the "Father of his Country," so we thanked the poor slave, and passed out on the side towards the river. A lawn comes close up to the piazza. A very few yards from the door, it descends abruptly to the river, at first with a gentle swell, and then precipitously, the steep part being clothed with wood. A finer situation for a house could not be wished. A little to the right is a ruined summer-house; and passing it, a planked path, also pretty well dilapidated, leads to the mausoleum.

The summer-house is in ruins, and a dangerous place. It is built over a deep vault, forty or fifty feet deep. This has been arched, but the arch has fallen in. The stair leading up to the house has also fallen down. The summer-house itself is a wooden framework placed above this brick vault. It has been a considerable height above the lawn, and being placed at an angle of the brae, must have commanded a fine view both up and down the river. Even if the floor were safe, which it is not, there is no access to it now, owing to the falling down of the stair, the *debris* of which were lying at the bottom of the vault.

We descended the steep face of the bank by a rotten-looking wooden ladder, to a path made with planks, which led round towards the mausoleum, whence another path leads down to a wharf on the river. This is the usual mode of approach. On Tuesdays and Fridays, a steamer from Washington comes to this wharf, remains there for some time to allow excursionists to land to see the place, and then returns to Washington.

We had been terribly disgusted with our reception—with the dilapidation visible everywhere, and going on without any apparent attempt to check it—with the utter disregard of anything like veneration (we forgot that such a feeling was anti-republican). But we approached the tomb of Washington with the hope that there, at least, nothing would be permitted to offend against good taste.

On the edge of the declivity, about thirty yards to the east of the house, in a grove of cedars, stands the mausoleum. Other tombs surround it, with monumental obelisks of white marble. We do not look at these, however, or regard them, except with the feeling

that we would much rather have found the tomb of Washington alone. It is an arched vault, surrounded by a brick wall. In front, a pointed arch, closed by double gates of iron, opens into the outer part of the sepulchre. At the back of this chamber appears a small iron door in the brick work, admitting to the inner tomb. In the outer chamber are two marble sarcophagi. On these rest marble slabs. That to the right bears the American shield and eagle, and the simple name, "Washington ;" the other, the equally graphic legend, "Maria, wife of Washington." Here, in this quiet nook, rests the remains of the hero.

"Where may the wearied eye repose,  
When gazing on the great ;  
Where neither guilty glory glows,  
Nor despicable state ?  
Yes one—the first—the last—the best—  
The Cincinnatus of the West,  
Whom Envy dared not hate,  
Bequeathes the name of Washington,  
To make men blush there was but one."

Alas, that his sons do not inherit his feelings ! Some vain Pennsylvanian has put on the sarcophagus of Washington an inscription to the effect, that, "by the kind permission of Colonel Lewis, sole surviving executor of Washington, this sarcophagus had been placed there by John Struthers, marble-mason of Philadelphia !" Who wants to hear of Colonel Lewis, or some marble-mason's advertisement, beside the grave of Washington ? The interior of this chamber has been plastered, and the plaster is falling down in pieces. Decay everywhere. It is festooned inside with hornet's nests, and swallows have also built in it abundantly. Placards are stuck up all round requesting visitors not to break the trees.

By the end of half an hour, we were glad to be off. We felt hurried away by the revulsion of feeling. We came with veneration strongly excited. Disgust took its place; and we left, breathing hard words in reference to the present state of matters at Mount Vernon.

A negro woman lent us a bucket, and my companion went to the draw-well and filled it himself. As he went, he met the white overseer. "I am going for some water for the horse, since we can't get any corn," said he. "Ah, well," was the cool reply, "you will find it round there." He came back with the water, muttering that the veriest boor in England would at least have offered to help him to get it.

From the look of everything, I suppose the whole affair is going back in the world. The farm appears to be large and good, but much of the land in Virginia, from the improvident mode of cultivation consequent upon slave-labour, is wrought out, and almost valueless, and perhaps Mount Vernon is not productive.

We left about half-past one, and reached our hotel in Washington by half-past three. The road was much shorter when we knew it. It half rained a Scotch mist the whole day, and we brought back the buggy, which was a pretty new one, in a sad state with the clay from the hill-tracks. The owner, however, was quite pleased with his six dollars; and I was very glad we got home without any accident, after nearly forty miles of such roads. In many places, no road was made. Through the woods, they were just as worn by the wheels in the turf, and near Mount Vernon they were mere tracks along the sides of the fields, full of deep ruts and holes, not levelled at all, but just left as the water scooped them out; and if the run had been very deep, perhaps a few branches of cedar were



thrown in to fill up a little, and not make the jolt quite so bad. All this imparted something of adventure to the excursion, which, notwithstanding the wet, and apart from the state of matters at Mount Vernon, we both enjoyed.

We left Washington by the branch of the Baltimore and Ohio railway at five, and got to Baltimore, thirty-eight miles, about seven. The fog was so thick when we arrived, as to make it difficult for us to find our way, and now (half-past eleven) the rain pours in torrents, and has done so for more than an hour.

*Friday, April 6.*—Good Friday. After hearing an excellent sermon at Christ-Church, we visited the monument of Washington,—a handsome column of white marble, surmounted by a statue of the General. We ascended to the top, two hundred and twenty-eight steps, and were well repaid for the labour by the view of the city and harbour. There are a great many towers, spires, and domes in Baltimore, from which circumstance it gets the name of “The Monumental City.” The surrounding country is hilly and wooded, so that the landscape is beautiful. In the afternoon, we walked up and down some of the principal streets ; business seemed to be going on as usual, and there was a good deal of activity and bustle in the streets.

Expecting to be in Baltimore again, we left at eight by rail for Philadelphia, arriving about midnight ; but before we got ourselves and baggage safely housed at the “Girard,” and ready for bed, it was two o’clock. Out of six nights this week, two have been spent in the cars. If one wants to get rapidly over America, he must lay his account with having to forego regular hours both for feeding and resting.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, *April 7*.—Coming up from the business part of the town to-day we looked into Independence-hall. It was the State-house of Pennsylvania, when it was erected in 1734 ; but the legislature meets now in Harrisburg. “The place,” says an ardent American, “consecrated by numerous facts in our colonial and revolutionary history, its contemplation fills the mind with numerous associations and local impressions. Within its walls were once witnessed all the memorable doings of our spirited forefathers—above all, it was made renowned in 1776, as possessing beneath its dome the Hall of Independence, in which the representatives of a nation resolved to be free and independent. Within this sacred hall (in committee of the whole) the declaration of independence was passed and signed, and from the yard proclaimed to the world.”

It is an interesting old, low, long, brick building, and in the apartment called the Hall of Independence, there is a collection of portraits, comprising many of the chiefs of revolutionary times. Some other relics are there also. There is extant a little sketch of the building as it appeared in 1778. Then it was solitary among fields, far from houses. Now it nestles in the city, which spreads far around on every side.

We ascended the wooden spire, and as the day was clear, we obtained from its summit a good view of Philadelphia. The country round is comparatively level. The site of the city rises gently between the two rivers. It wants the variety of Baltimore. Philadelphia, however, covers a much greater extent of ground—greater even than New York. The clock and bell are contained in this tower, and while we were up in it, it struck twelve. The first stroke made us jump. The noise was stunning.

We were joined at dinner by Mr J. E. Thomson, the president of the Pennsylvania Railway Company, who took us afterwards to Port-Richmond, the extensive and suitably-arranged depôt of the Reading railway. This is a railway about one hundred miles in length, connecting the great anthracite coal-field of Pennsylvania with Philadelphia. Trains of one hundred waggons, carrying five hundred tons of coal, come down at once, and are distributed to a series of wharfs, eighteen in number. The cars run along these wharfs, and are emptied by moveable bottoms into shoots which convey the coal into barges lying alongside. The arrangements combine rapidity with economy of labour in a high degree. In the year ending November 30, 1853, this railway conveyed from the mineral region to various points on the road and to the river, 1,582,248 tons of coal.\* Port-Richmond is about three and a half miles above Philadelphia.

From this we drove to the north end of Broad Street, which is very fine indeed. Some of the mansions are large and well designed. It is a fashionable and desirable quarter, and at this point is quite in the suburbs.

\* In 1854 it carried 1,967,854 tons, and in 1855 it carried 2,213,292 tons.

*Sabbath, April 8.*—Went this morning to visit the schools at St Andrew's Episcopal church. The school-house is adjoining the church, and contains in the basement floor one very large and two smaller rooms, while up-stairs there are two large rooms. In the latter, the general boys' and girls' schools are accommodated. The arrangement of these is very suitable. The superintendent's desk is at one end of each room, and there are three rows of classes. In the boys' department, these are particularly well arranged. Each teacher has a chair and table, and his scholars sit around him on backed benches in a compressed semicircle. The rooms down-stairs were occupied by young men's and young women's Bible classes, and an infant class. There were about 336 present in all the classes this morning.

In the general school, as we entered, they were singing one of the hymns in their authorised collection. After that, they read the *Te Deum*, the superintendent reading one verse, and the whole school reading the alternate one simultaneously. Then all kneeled while the superintendent prayed, the prayer concluding with the Lord's Prayer, in which all joined. The lessons are consecutive reading-lessons from the Bible. The girls were reading John, and the boys Luke. The lesson is announced on the previous Sabbath, and should be studied at home. Questions prepared by the American Sabbath-school Union, are used by the teacher. On the first Sunday of the month, the Church Catechism is taught.

The infant-class began by singing the hymn—

“I think, when I read the sweet story of old.”

The teacher then asked, “What day is this?” “Easter

Sunday." "What happened to-day?" "Jesus rose from the dead." "When did Jesus die?" "On Friday." "Who killed him?" "The Jews." "Had *you* anything to do with killing Jesus?" No answer. "Had Johnnie anything to do with killing Jesus?" "No." "Had Christopher anything to do with killing Jesus?" "No." "Had Annie?" "No." "Dear children, *I* had a great deal to do with killing Jesus. And so had Harry, and Johnnie, and Eddie, and Annie, and Sally. Now, how was it that you and I had to do with the death of Jesus? Elie, do you know?" "Yes." "Then how was it?" "Because Jesus died for sinners," was Elie's reply. (Elie, a little fair-haired sweet child of four years). "Oh, yes! and when we think of Good Friday and the death of Jesus, think how our sins had to do with it. Did Jesus keep dead?" "No. He rose again." And so on. The teacher understood perfectly how to manage children. She had a picture rolled up in her hand, which, she told her class, she had shewn them a long time ago. She wondered if they knew what it was. She guessed not, &c. &c. And so she excited and kept up the attention of her little friends. She was teaching the truth, and her beautiful class seemed to be deeply interested.

We merely peeped into the girls' Bible-class. It is usually taught by the rector's wife, but she was ill to-day, and a friend supplied her place. There were about fifteen young women—a fine nursery for future teachers.

In the boys' Bible-class I remained some time. There were twenty young men, to whom their teacher was expounding John viii. They were at the words, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." He admirably unfolded the principle of Christian liberty, shewing that the law of liberty is not liberty

without law,—a principle not clearly understood by many in America.

Having heard that Dr Albert Barnes would preach in his own church, I embraced the opportunity of hearing him. He has a very large church in Washington Square. His eyesight is almost gone, and he is in very bad health, so that he seldom preaches. I was therefore glad that he did so to-day. He was assisted in part of the work by another clergyman. The discourse was the fourth of a series he has been delivering on The Church, and the subject was, "The relation of those who have been baptised in infancy to the Church." The text Isaiah xlv. 3, 4, "I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed," &c. He set out by saying there were four classes of views on baptism which he would name: 1st, Those of Baptists, who hold that the infant stands in no relation at all to the Church, and is not to be baptised, nor come into any such relation, till regenerated. 2d, Those of the party who hold baptismal regeneration, or the imparting of grace in the act of baptism. 3d, What he called the rigid Abrahamic view, namely, that infants of believers are members of the Church, and are to be baptised as such. This, he said, is the prevailing view in the Scottish Churches, and is the doctrine of the Confession of Faith. 4th, His view, which he thinks is the scriptural one, and which is, he says, a modification of the last, namely, that the children of believers stand in a certain relation to the Church, somewhat similar to that in which a native-born American stands in relation to his country as compared with a foreigner. But this relation is not complete till recognised by voluntary union in membership. He then closed by dwelling upon the claims which the Church has on those who are baptised.

Dr Barnes is tall and spare ; his face is thin and pointed ; his eyes rather deep-set ; eyebrows large ; forehead large and high, rising abruptly from his eyebrows ; hair gray ; whole expression dignified and earnest, shaded by suffering from ill-health. I could not take my eyes from off him all the time ; and, though I cannot describe it, I do not think I shall soon forget the countenance and expression of this most genial of commentators.

In the course of a walk with Mr Thomson, in the afternoon, he told me that no burthen-trains run on their railway on Sabbath. A passenger-train leaves Pittsburg at eleven on Saturday night, arriving at Philadelphia about one on Sabbath afternoon, and leaving again at eleven on Sabbath night. He further tells me, that no trains whatever run on the railways in the State of Ohio on the Sabbath. I said I was surprised to hear that any trains ran on Sabbath anywhere, as I thought that in America the feeling was general against Sabbath trains. He replied it was so, except in those places where Quaker influence predominated. I expressed astonishment at this. He said, it arose from their considering no day more holy than another. They were content to let the freight-trains rest, but not passenger-trains. These, they thought, should go on Sabbath more than any other day, to let the poor working man get to the country. "Yes," I said, "irrespective of the continued toil of those who have to work to carry him there." "They replied to that," he said, "that these could rest another day." "Practically," I said, "they did not, and could not, so that the result is, that they are quite deprived of the day of rest." This he admitted to be the case.

Mr Thomson tells me that Philadelphia is only from

70,000, to 80,000 less in population than New York proper, without Brooklyn, Jersey city, &c., but covers more ground, and had at last census 13,000 more houses. Third Street, he says, runs in a straight line from the Navy Yard, north, thirteen miles, built all the way with the exception of blocks here and there. Arch Street, and other cross streets (east and west), from the Delaware to the Schuylkill, are about two miles long.

The increase in the population in the ten years ending 1850 exceeded, in the rate per cent., that of New York in the same period. The increase now is going on very rapidly. In 1850 the population was 340,045.

*Monday, April 9.*—Mr Thomson having kindly had our names entered both at the Exchange and at the Athenæum, we went to the former, which is a handsome marble edifice in the business part of the town, to see the English newspapers, and afterwards we visited the Athenæum in Washington Square. The Athenæum is a fine stone building,—the first floor occupied as a reading-room, chess-room, and library. The rest of the building is rented for different purposes. The Historical Society have rooms in it. The reading-room is large and comfortable, and the library is a fine well-proportioned hall, with a good collection of books.



## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE ANTHRACITE COAL REGION.

TUESDAY, *April* 10.—Mr Tucker, the president of the Philadelphia and Reading railway, had given me an introduction to Mr Haines, their superintendent at Pottsville, so we left Philadelphia on our visit to the mines this morning at half-past seven. The cars start from Broad Street, and as the line of rails is laid for a good way in the streets, they go very slowly till they get out beyond the town. The course of the railway is alongside the river Schuylkill, but it shortens the river distance some sixteen miles, by cutting off the bends of the stream. The scenery all the way up is very picturesque. It was our first introduction to American mountain-scenery ; and after the unvaried forests of the South, it impressed us most pleasingly, notwithstanding that it was a gloomy, leaden day, with constant rain. The railway is now on one side of the river, now on the other, crossing by long wooden covered bridges. It is for the most part about eight or ten feet above the level of the water, and as it lies mostly along an open cut in the side of the hill, the views of the valley of the Schuylkill and of the opposite mountain are very good. The rocks are at first chiefly of gneiss ; then comes a compact red sandstone, with thin beds of a coarse sandy lime-

stone ; then conglomerate. The scenery corresponds with the character of the geology—rugged hills pierced with deep narrow gorges, amphitheatres of mountains rising one after another and receding in successive valleys from the river and along its course. These valleys are for the most part wooded chiefly with oak, interspersed with pine, and with a luxurious undergrowth of azaleas, rhododendrons, &c. The sugar and other maples also grow here, and the sumac. Last year's fruit still hangs on its terminal branches, large red racemes, giving the twigs a graceful bend. Vegetation has not begun to spring yet in this neighbourhood. Indeed, we saw some small patches of snow and ice on the hill-sides as we came along. The rhododendron bears pink and white flowers ; and in spring, when in full flower, presents a gorgeous sight.

The scenery is so far improved by the conversion of the river into a series of extended lakes, for the purposes of navigation. This is called "slack-water navigation." Weirs are constructed across the stream, so as to convert a mountain torrent into an elongated lake. The boats pass from one to another of these, by locks of the ordinary construction at the side, the body of the stream flowing over the weirs, and forming a series of small cascades. Sometimes a pretty long canal, or artificial channel, has to be carried alongside the actual river, where the bed is rocky, or otherwise unfitted for the passage of the boats. The water of the Schuylkill, notwithstanding the rain, was beautifully clear ; so that we had mountain, river, and lake scenery all combined.

There are several flourishing towns on the way up, the chief being Reading. It contains the workshops of the railway, a cotton manufactory or two, a forge, and

other sources of industrial wealth. It contained in 1850 a population of 15,743. Some of the stations retain the Indian names, such as Manayunk, Conshohocken, &c. At Schuylkill-haven, four miles from Pottsville, the Minehill railway branches off to the left, while the Reading railway goes on to Mount Carbon, on the outside of the coal-field. The boundary of the coal-field is distinctly marked by a great ridge of conglomerate, which runs along its eastern margin. Through one gorge in this ridge the streams from the coal-fields flow out, and the railway enters, and through a similar gorge further south the Minehill railway also finds access to the coal-field. Magnificent sections of this conglomerate are seen on both sides of the narrow valley or gorge by which the railway enters. Within, and parallel to the general direction of this conglomerate ridge, namely, north-east and south-west, are a series of alternating valleys and ridges, and these ridges are coal-bearing.

We reached Mount Carbon about twelve. It is the terminus of the Reading railway proper, and is situated on the outer edge of the field. We found Mr Haines, who received us very courteously, and explained on a map the arterial system of the roads. From Mount Carbon several independent railways branch off, leading up the various valleys, and sending off numerous smaller branches to the several pits. The Reading railway manages the whole locomotion on these, but does not own any of them. They send the waggons to the pits, and after these are filled, send for them ; and collecting them at Mount Carbon, send them down in long trains to Port-Richmond, charging for this haulage, \$2, or 8s., per ton. Usually, the proprietors of the coal-fields rent them to operators at from 25 cents

to 30, 35, and  $37\frac{1}{2}$  cents per ton. The operators have the whole work of mining, preparing for market, loading, &c. Then the railway draws the coal to Philadelphia, and delivers it to whomsoever consigned. The owners of the fields make large fortunes, but there are not many instances of the operators becoming very rich.

Close by Mr Haines's office at Mount Carbon is a capital quiet country hotel, called "The Mansion-house," where we got delightful bedrooms. Mr Haines lives here. It is much frequented in summer by people from Philadelphia, who are glad—and little wonder—to get up among these hills. It stands at the foot of a steep hill, and has extensive grounds and gardens attached to it, and lying chiefly on the hill-slope behind. Between it and Pottsville, the abrupt conglomerate ridge already mentioned rises like a curtain. This ridge is covered with huge loose blocks of the rugged rock which forms the hill, and from amid these, spring trees. From the level of the water in the Schuylkill at its base, it rises 610 feet, and its summit is 1240 feet above the level of the Delaware at Philadelphia.

We dined at two, and immediately after Mr Haines ordered out a small steam car, called "Witch," to take us up to the coal-fields. We were accompanied by Mr G. H. Potts, the owner of two mines here. The most easterly divergent line is called "the Valley railroad," and following it through the picturesque gap, we entered one of the main valleys of the coal-field; but we left this line, and went more north by the "Mill-creek railroad," to visit a pit known as "M'Ginnes's Mine." The hills on both sides approach very closely; and as soon as we had passed the ridge of conglomerate, we were in the midst of coal-workings. In some places

the coal comes to the surface, and is worked on an incline. In most of the mines it is not reached till below water-level. This is the case at the M'Ginnes's Mine, which is said to have the deepest shaft in America. From the surface of the ground to the Mammoth coal, 22 feet thick, is 438 feet. The coal is raised 50 or 60 feet more, to give height for the various processes it has to pass through, of breaking, picking, sorting, &c., before it is ready for market.

To facilitate this, the mouth of the mine is usually situated as near as possible to the side of a steep hill, even when the shaft has to pass to a lower level than the bottom of the valley. It was so in this case. By climbing up a very steep bank, about sixty feet high, we reached the level of the pit-shaft's mouth, boxed to that height. When the basket of coal from the pit is drawn up to this height, it is tilted into a screen, which passes everything under blocks of six to twelve inches square. These slide over the screen into a broad trough, where men break them with hammers, and then throw them back on the screen to pass through. The coal which passes through the screen falls into a hopper, which conveys it to the "breaker," two massive rollers studded with great iron teeth, fixed several inches apart. These rollers are driven opposite ways by steam, and reduce the piece of coal to a uniform maximum size. From the breaker it passes into a long tubular wire-screen, divided into three sections, with different-sized meshes from fine to large. The very small coal passes out first, and is conducted down an inclined gangway into the first of a series of bins below, just over where the railway cars stand. Then the next size comes through the second division, a little larger, and a third larger still. The fourth and

largest size comes out at the end, each size being conducted into separate bins. Four sizes are made in all. A boy watches at each gangway as the coal passes down, to pick out any pieces of shale or slate which may have got among the coal. It is a slow and tedious process. It is rendered necessary by the nature of the coal, which is anthracite, and burned in stoves, for which purpose it requires to be of a small size. Branch-lines of rails run from the main-line up to each pit, and the bins of coal are so arranged that the waggons run up underneath them, and are filled from a trap in the bottom of the bin by a short shoot. The scaffolding for this machinery is of wood, and mostly open framework, with ladders from one part to another. It was to me rather giddy work examining it. Everything was covered with coal-dust, which the rain, falling all the time in torrents, converted into a particularly dirty mud. A violent thunder-storm broke over the valley while we were there. The lightning was very vivid, and the flood of rain that fell was what would be called in Scotland "by ordinar." The opening of this pit has cost £20,000.

As we returned, we found the little rivulet already much swollen from the rain. It was about the time of the day when the coal-trains were collecting from the different pits, to be formed at Mount Carbon into long trains, to go down over-night ; and, where there were so many moving in all directions, empty cars going up, and full ones coming down, it required some careful pilotage to bring the "Witch" through, she being altogether "special," and decidedly "one too many." However, by dint of speed at one point, and patience at another, and perhaps retrogression at a third, we got safely back to Mount Carbon.

From Mount Carbon the "Witch" tooled us up Pottsville on the other road, the "Norwegian railroad" one mile; and we got out and walked through the town. It is a flourishing place, built up by the mines but containing some good society. One sees here, as elsewhere in America, a most pleasing feature unknown in England, namely this, the labouring population able from the result of their labour, to live in good houses, and to enjoy not only the common comforts, but many of the more refined pleasures of life. In 1852 the population of Pottsville was about 8000. It is now variously stated at from 10,000 to 12,000. Most probably it is about the former.

After thus plodding about in the rain and mud for some hours, we were alive to the comforts of an excellent tea, when we got back to the hotel at seven. When it was over, most of the gentlemen who were living there went to the hall to smoke. I remained with them a while below, and then returned to the drawing-room. Presently Mr Haines came in from his office bringing with him Mr Steele, the engineer of the railway, and we spent the remainder of the evening together till half-past ten, in animated conversation about the South, slavery, railroads, and latterly the tubular bridge over the Menai, about which my companions could give them much interesting information, having been on the spot during the time of its construction.

Notwithstanding the pouring rain, which lasted nearly all day, this has been an interesting and pleasant excursion. After the thunder-storm the sky cleared, the sun shone out, and everything looked beautiful.

*Wednesday, April 11.*—The dressing-bell rung this morning at seven, we were all seated around the breakfast

fast-table by half-past, and ready to start a-field soon after eight. The first excursion was to be to Mr Potts's "Black-mine," so we rode up in the "Witch" to Pottsville, where Mr Haines ordered out a buggy, and Mr Potts joined us with his. No one seems to go a-foot here if carriages can be got. We might have walked for all the distance, for it is only half a mile beyond the station, and probably would have done so in half the time which it took to get the "Witch," then steer her through all the trains, then wait for the buggy. However, they were ready at last, and I got in beside Mr Potts, and my friend beside Mr Haines, and off we set. After we passed through the town of Pottsville, we went up one hill and down again, and once more up by most impracticable roads, and so reached the mouth of the shaft. The weather was quite changed since yesterday evening, and snow was falling, reminding me, with the character of the surrounding scenery, of January days in the neighbourhood of Glasgow.

The mine is sunk on an incline of about 45 degrees, and the length of the slope is 1025 feet, or nearly one-fifth of a mile. When we had examined the works above, we prepared to descend. My companion got an old greatcoat to put on ; I got a light check-frock ; Haines borrowed a jacket from one of the men. Potts came in appropriate costume, that is, "things that wouldn't spoil." A waggon arrived at the mouth of the incline charged with coal. It was run off, and an empty one substituted, in which we took our places. We had to treat ourselves pretty much as lumps of coal, and crouch in the waggon as best we could, so as to be entirely within it, the shaft not admitting of our raising our heads above the sides. As extra accommoda-



tion, we got three or four pieces of firewood thrown in, on which we squatted ; and bringing our feet pretty well under us, and drawing our knees up to our noses, we in the front row, and Haines and Potts behind, we were deemed sufficiently packed for the descent. So the signal was given, and we were pushed off, two yards along the level, then over the edge. It was rather a "queer" sensation to feel the waggon tilt forward, and go down, down, down, feet foremost. The incline is driven in the sandstone. The roof was quite close to our heads.

Down, down, down we went for a thousand feet, then, bang!—and before we could say Jack Robinson, we were all pitched heads and heels. No harm, however. It was only that we had reached the bottom, and the waggon had got brought up rather sharply against the solid rock. As John Simmons, the superintendent, said to Mr Potts one day, "It's not the coming down, sir, that there's any fears about ; it's the stopping when you're there."

We had each been provided with miners' lamps, and soon scrambled out of the waggon, and began to look about us. At first we could see nothing, but presently our eyes, getting accustomed to the obscure light, began to be serviceable again. We found ourselves in a pretty large open space, hollowed out of a seam of coal, where other three ways besides the way down which we came, met. One side was perpendicular, formed of posts, boarded and filled in behind with rubbish. The other side sloped to the floor, and was the roof-bed of the coal seam.

The incline strikes a vein of coal at right angles. This has been almost wrought out. Continuing the direction of the incline, but on the level, a tunnel

through the sandstone, 300 feet in length, strikes a second vein. Beyond this, a further continuation of the tunnel, 360 feet, strikes a third vein. The first vein, called "Black-mine" proper, is all but wrought out. They are now working in the second vein, and have just reached the third. Most of these veins could be worked from the surface, but it is necessary for the sake of drainage to work them up; and, as on this side of the mountain the out-crop is a descending one, it is necessary to sink a shaft and strike them at a point from which to work up. On the other side of the mountain, we have an opposite arrangement of the beds. The anticlinal axis being passed, and the denudation of the valley abrupt, we have a section on which the beds can be wrought from the out-crop, and drain themselves by gravitation.

We waited about half an hour till the superintendent, who was along in the Black-mine, should return, to accompany us and guard us against fire-damp. In the gallery of the Black-mine are some of the stables for the mules. They are mere recesses in the rock, with a board or two to shut them in. These mules seem to thrive well down here, and look sleek and fat. Several trains of coal came from the inner recesses of the mine to the slope while we waited, and were hooked on, two waggons at a time, and drawn up. At last John Simmons came, and we proceeded along the tunnel to the second vein. At the distance of 108 yards from the bottom of the slope, the tunnel passes through this vein, which is seven feet thick. A transverse gallery is then driven in the vein. In this instance it had been carried each way, east and west, about 300 yards. From this transverse gallery, the coal is worked up the slope of the vein. From the

main gallery narrow passages, called "headings," run up the vein, out of which the coal is worked. These slope upwards, following the direction of the vein. Pillars of coal are left to support the roof. In these "headings," large and irregular spaces are worked out, and called "breasts." They are parallel to the gallery, at a higher level. The works are carried up in this way about sixty feet, the difficulty of conveying air to them limiting the working. To secure ventilation through the "breasts," wooden trap-doors are placed on all the headings; and by keeping all these except the end ones shut, a circulation of air is effected.

To facilitate the ventilation, an air shaft has been driven into the second vein, and the mine is well ventilated. The proprietors are about to sink the main slope sixty feet further, which will enable them to work out that depth of the first vein again.

We visited both the galleries in No. 2 vein, going to the extreme end of the west one, where the miners were at work. We paid "footing," and got a pick, and mined a piece of coal. On the way back, we went up one of the headings and scrambled along the "breast," coming down again into the gallery through one of the air-doors. It was not very easy to keep one's footing, as the floor was the slope of the bed of coal, very steep, and covered with loose coal. The air-doors are just large enough to squeeze through by lying down flat, and sliding out feet foremost.

We went in with open lights, John going before with a safety-lamp to test the air. While we carried our lamps low there was no danger, as the gas passed off without filling the whole mine, while the shafts were working. In all the first gallery we explored, there was no fire-damp. Being anxious to see it, John

found us some. Along the tunnel, about half-way between the second and third veins, there is a bed of coal, called the "rabbit vein," very productive of this gas. In the vault of the tunnel, where it passes through this bed of coal, there was a sufficient accumulation of the damp for us to see it burn inside the safety-lamp, when it was held up into it. It passes through the wire-gauze, and flames inside the lantern.

As the gas was only in limited quantity, John said he would set fire to it, that we might see how it burns. So we stood back a little, while he fixed a lamp in a cleft stick, and then, waving it amongst the gas, exploded it. There was not enough to cause a shock. The effect was beautiful. It went off with a sort of "pluff," and the sheet of pale blue flame rolled backward and forward for a second or two, till, the gas being exhausted, it went out. There have been several explosions in this pit, but no lives lost. One man had his hand burned the other day by the ignition of the gas.

We were following John along the east gallery, when suddenly he stopped, and checked us, telling us to keep down our lights. This gallery being only in progress, the circulation is very imperfect, and is kept up by fanners driven by the hand. From some cause, the party in charge here had gone away, and the fanning had ceased. In consequence of this the air was becoming dangerously impregnated. We could taste the gas, and also hear it fizzing out of the chinks of the coal, and yet two or three miners were sitting unconcernedly close by, eating their dinners, with uncovered lights, and rather inclined to defend the delinquent fanner-man. It is by such carelessness that accidents are caused.

When the gas gets ignited, as it often does, they extinguish it by firing a small cannon in the mine. The concussion puts it out.

After being about an hour and a half in the pit, we got again into the waggon, and the signal being given for "live freight," and consequently special care, we were wound up the slope, emerging into a cold snow-drift, much less pleasant than the temperature of the mines.

The miners are paid so much per waggon. They work in sets of three. The waggons hold about one ton each ; and a set turns out from five to seven waggons per day, averaging five. They make from \$7 to \$12, or 28s. to 48s. per week. The boys who drive the mules get half a dollar a-day, or 12s. a-week.

There was little or no shale that I could see in this pit. The inclosing rock is a compact gray-coloured sandstone. In immediate contact with the coals there is a thin, slaty layer, highly polished on its surface. I looked in vain for any trace of organic remains in this mine, but at another at Port-Carbon, on the Schuylkill, to which we drove after leaving Black-mine, we got beautiful impressions of ferns. As it continued snowing, we were glad to return to the Mansion to complete our ablution, and dry and pack away our specimens.

The dip of the beds at Black-mine is south. On Sharp Mountain, on the south side of the valley, and not much beyond a mile in distance from Black-mine, the dip is north.

Sharp Mountain is a most peculiar hill, or rather series of hills. It rises like a wedge 600 feet, and at the top is only some single foot in breadth. It is formed by a ridge of conglomerate, which has resisted the denuding agencies that have rounded off the

surrounding hills. The gorge through which the Schuylkill flows bisects it. The mass of conglomerate protrudes like some of our trap dykes in Scotland, and is of precisely the same character on both sides of the gorge.

The sections all the way down the Schuylkill are superb. This dyke of conglomerate in Sharp Mountain forms the base and boundary of the coal-measures; coal being found on its north side, but not on its south. South of it, an immense series of red sandstones, red shales, and blue limestones, are developed almost to Philadelphia, in the neighbourhood of which gneiss comes in. In the course of the river we have beautiful examples of the flexure arising from lateral compression, and close by may be seen one of the finest and most distinct examples possible of an anticlinal axis. A perpendicular cliff rises from the surface of the water, just a little above Port-Clinton. The lines of strata, from unequal weathering, are distinctly marked to a height of at least one hundred feet, and just on the towing-path is seen a section, in which a protruding rock bends the strata upwards, so that they rise on the one side and descend on the other with equal abruptness. The strata, as seen from the railway on the opposite side of the river, are apparently red sandstones and red shales.

We dined once more at the Mansion-house, and bidding Mr Haines and Mr Potts adieu, left at half-past three, and reached Philadelphia about eight.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### PHILADELPHIA.

THURSDAY, *April* 12.—After a forenoon spent in business, we started for the Girard College, the House of Refuge, and the Penitentiary. These three institutions are situated near each other, in the outskirts of the town, not far from the banks of the Schuylkill river.

The founder of Girard College was the son of Pierre Girard, a sea-captain of Bordeaux, and was born in that city May 21, 1750. Unhappy at home, he became a sailor while hardly fourteen. Energy of character, and unwearied industry, made up to him the want of early education, and ere he was yet twenty-five, he obtained the authority which French laws rendered necessary to command a vessel. From this period date his business-books, and these extend over sixty years, and are preserved in one of the rooms of the college which bears his name. His first venture amounted to 16,000 livres, or about 3000 dollars, equal to £600, and from this small beginning he went on increasing his means, partly by his nautical, and partly by his mercantile pursuits, till in 1777 he left the sea, and settled as a merchant in Philadelphia. When that city was ravaged by yellow-fever in July 1793, he rendered signal service to his suffering townsmen; and these services he repeated in 1797 and

1798, when the fever again prevailed. His wealth increased so rapidly and so largely, partly by trade, and partly by becoming the depository of much treasure during the troubles in St Domingo,—treasure which was never claimed,—that he was able, in 1812, to purchase the Banking-house, formerly belonging to the Bank of the United States, and continue on his own account the business of that institution. This and his other business he conducted with such success, that notwithstanding munificent charities during his life, at his death in 1831, his fortune was found to amount to about seven and a half millions of dollars, or £1,500,000. Of this sum £400,000 was set apart for the building and endowment of the college we were now about to inspect. An attempt was made, while the building was in progress, to divert this legacy from Mr Girard's purpose, on the ground that the institution was illegal and immoral. Much of this plea was based on clauses in Mr Girard's will, which are as follow :—"I enjoin and require that no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatsoever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said college; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purposes of the said college. In making this restriction, I do not mean to cast any reflection upon any sect or person whatsoever; but as there is such a multitude of sects, and such a diversity of opinion amongst them, I desire to keep the tender minds of the orphans, who are to derive advantage from this bequest, free from the excitement which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce. My desire is, that all the instructors and teachers in the college shall take pains to instil into the minds of the scholars the





purest principles of morality, so that, on their entrance into active life, they may, from inclination and habit, evince benevolence towards their fellow-creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety, and industry : admitting, at the same time, such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer."

It was argued "that the foundation of the college upon these principles and exclusions was derogatory and hostile to the Christian religion, and was void as being against the common law and public policy—first, because of the exclusion of all ecclesiastical missionaries, and ministers of any sect : and, secondly, because it limits the instructions to be given to the scholars to pure morality and general benevolence, and to a love of truth, sobriety, and industry, thereby excluding, by implication, all instruction in the Christian religion."

The decision was in favour of the trust : and whatever may have been the intention of the founder, it is satisfactory to know that, under pious laymen, the religious training of the youths is not neglected. Thus, every day there is morning worship at seven, and evening worship at five ; while, on Sundays, the pupils assemble in their section-rooms at nine morning, and two afternoon, for religious reading and instruction ; and they also meet at half-past ten morning, and half-past three afternoon, for worship in the college building. The week day exercises consist of singing a hymn, reading a chapter from the Bible, and prayer. On Sundays, in addition, "an appropriate discourse, adapted to the comprehension and situation of the pupils, is delivered."

The institution by Mr Girard's will is for the benefit of "poor white male orphan" children, and under this

term "orphan," children who have lost their fathers are admitted, preference being given—1st, to orphans born in the city of Philadelphia ; 2d, to those born in any other part of Pennsylvania ; 3d, to those born in the city of New York ; and, lastly, to those born in the city of New Orleans. Applicants must be six, and under ten years of age.

Five male and seven female teachers conduct the classes, which commence with the alphabet, and include the highest branches of an excellent commercial education. The annual cost for maintaining, clothing, and educating each pupil, including the current repairs of the furniture, buildings, and ground, is almost \$200 or £40.

The college buildings stand in a spacious enclosed park, and are six in number. The main building resembles in design a Greek temple of Corinthian architecture. It has eight columns on each end, and eleven on each side, which, with the building itself, are of native marble. Four other buildings, namely, two on each side of the main building, are also of marble, but have no columns. The sixth building, used for classrooms, and of more recent erection, is of ordinary stone. One of the houses has four separate dwellings for the officers. In another, about two hundred of the boys sleep. In a third, the remaining number sleep, and in it also are the dining-rooms for the whole establishment. A fourth is used as an infirmary ; and the remaining one contains the washing-house, classrooms, &c.

After we had duly entered our names in the visitors' book, we were shewn the house which contains the dining-room, as well as one of the dormitories. Entering on the parlour-floor, a hall extends the whole depth of the house, and is lighted from the end opposite the

door. On the right of this hall are a range of parlours. There are also sitting-rooms on the left, but they are interrupted by the staircase, which ascends in the centre.

On the first floor opposite the stair is the wardrobe, a large room fitted with presses round and round. Each boy has two shelves for his clothes. There are four dormitories on this floor. They are large airy rooms, with rows of beds ranged along each side. They wash down-stairs on the basement in a general lavatory—a long narrow shed, with a shallow trough on one side, in which stand numerous tin-basins supplied from taps opposite them. The dining-hall is also in the basement. Everything was very clean and orderly.

From this house we went to the college itself. There are three storeys and four rooms on each. Broad stair-ways lead up at either end. Each room is fifty feet square, and the roofs are arched. The echo from the structure and dome-shaped roofs is very great. It has been nearly obviated by introducing into the chapel and class-rooms false ceilings of wood.

Fronting, as you enter, is a statue of Stephen Girard, the founder, and behind it a marble sarcophagus contains his remains. The statue is said to be very like him.

Of the four rooms on the entrance-floor, that to the right is the directors' room. It has not received a wooden ceiling yet, and we had a specimen of the intense echo, which is only partially destroyed by a canvas awning stretched beneath the vault. Adjoining this room on the left is the chapel, and behind are two class-rooms for the more advanced scholars. On the next floor the four rooms are occupied by two schools for the younger children, taught by females. When we

entered, it still wanted a minute or so of two, and the whole was in an uproar. The teachers were at their desks, but the boys were jumping about and amusing themselves. When two struck, the principal teacher touched a bell, and instantly all was hushed. Each boy sank quietly into his place, and presently, at a further signal from the teacher, a hum of voices was heard, repeating a verse from the Bible.

Three hundred of these orphan children receive a first-class education here, and at fourteen or eighteen are apprenticed to some trade.

We were much pleased with the quietness and skillfulness with which the teaching was conducted, and with the order and regularity which prevailed.

The college has been open seven years, and has apprenticed ninety-eight boys, who have nearly all, so far, turned out well.

One of the rooms on the third floor contains the library and personal effects of the founder. A sum of money is, by his will, appropriated every year to the purchase of books. The collection is small as yet. The other three rooms on this floor are not occupied.

The roof is one of the most curious parts of the building. It is formed of slabs of marble overlapping, and covered at the joinings with narrow slabs. It rests on arched brick-walls, built four feet apart across the whole building. These walls rest on the arches of the third floor. There are 2046 of these marble tiles, each weighing 776 lb., and 2061 of the narrow ones or saddles, weighing each 214 lb.; giving a total weight of 906 tons. The chimney-tops and skylights weigh 20 tons, and the lead and brick-work of the gutters weigh  $43\frac{1}{2}$  tons; giving a total weight of  $969\frac{1}{2}$  tons for the roof, without the brick-work which supports it.

We got out upon the roof, from which there is a good view of Philadelphia and of the country round, the building being not only lofty itself, but occupying a site considerably elevated above the general surrounding level. The view embraces the confluence of the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, eight miles below the city. It was rather blowy up there this afternoon, but the slope of the roof is not great, so that, although there are no battlements, we could walk about upon it quite confidently. Some ladies came up to the trap-door, but it was too windy for them to venture out.

The college is full, and there is a long list of applicants for the next vacancies. They keep up a communication with the scholars after they leave, and also with the masters to whom they are apprenticed, so that they can trace the career of their pupils.

From the Girard College to the House of Refuge. There are two divisions, a male and female. One kitchen and dining-hall serve for both, the female division eating at one time, and the male at another. They have also one chapel for both, the girls sitting upstairs, and the boys below, and so arranged that they can see the minister, but not each other. All the rest of the establishment is separate. The whole is surrounded by a high wall.

At the end of the entrance-hall fronting the out-door is the dining-room, and the kitchen adjoins on one side. The chapel is immediately over the dining-hall. On the left, shut off from the rest of the building, is the girls' division. It contains the washing and drying establishment for the whole. The clothes are dried by steam. They are hung upon sliding screens, which are pushed into a large oven heated by steam-pipes. The process occupies about fifteen minutes.

On this floor is a sewing-room, and smaller eating-room for girls ; up-stairs are school-rooms. The dormitories are two transverse buildings, very lofty, and lighted and ventilated from the roof. From the central hall small sleeping-rooms open. There are four tiers of these, the upper ones being reached by galleries. These little rooms are lit by narrow windows, and the doors close by a latch outside. There is a small window in the door, by which the inmates can at all times communicate with a person who is constantly on the watch in the central hall. Each inmate has thus a little room to herself, with all the advantage of the space of the large hall, and yet not too far removed from supervision. The whole is scrupulously clean, and the little cribs are ornamented variously, according to the taste of the occupier. In each there is a little bed, a little chair, and table. On the walls the inmates have placed small pictures, such as they have been able to get ; and their diminutive toilet-tables were decorated with boxes in fancy paper, and such like. Each is allowed to follow her own fancy ; but the desire thus to ornament and make her little room neat and tidy is fostered.

On the boys' side the same arrangements of dormitory exist, but there is no attempt at ornament. Those cells we looked into contained a little couch, with its white sheets and coverlet, and a wooden box, serving apparently for stool and clothes'-chest.

Outside the boys' division are workshops, where we saw a number of them engaged in making cane-seated chairs. One cut out, by means of machinery, the bended pieces to form the frames ; another, also by machinery, made the dovetails ; another put them together, and so on. In the next room others wove in the cane-bottoms, which they did with remarkable

quickness. Most of those who were thus engaged looked open-faced, quiet, cheery lads. The countenances of some were quite pleasant and cheerful.

Part of the workshops were burned down last January, so that they cannot at present employ all the boys, and the rest are at school in the building. Many of these are rather rough-looking lads. The system is eight hours' work and four hours' school, the hours beginning from five in the morning.

Both boys and girls are divided into two classes, class A and class B. In the one are put those committed for serious misdemeanors, and whose characters render it necessary to keep them apart from the others. I could not rightly ascertain how those in the other class came; seemingly some came voluntarily, while there are others sent by friends for training. At present there are 41 girls and 198 boys. There are a reading-room and library.

Those who have behaved well are apprenticed or sent out to situations. The matron told us the girls got much attached to the institution, and often came back to revisit it, after leaving for situations.

It is supported partly by voluntary contributions, and partly by the State.

From the House of Refuge we went to the Penitentiary. It is surrounded by an enormously high wall, at each angle of which is a tower. In the centre of the east side is the Gate Tower. Through gates and barred doors we are admitted into a porch, the massive oak closing behind. Here we give up our order for admission, and receive, in lieu of it, a warder's check, which we must have in readiness to give up on returning. A prisoner once escaped by personating a visitor, — a circumstance which caused the adoption of this

precaution. We are then passed through another gate into a courtyard, and walk up to a circular building which we see before us.

This circular building is the centre of a square, ten acres in extent. From it radiate seven wards, four of which are two storeys in height, and the other three are one storey high. A passage extends down the middle of each ward, into which the doors of the cells open. These passages or corridors terminate in the central building, so that a person in it commands the whole length of all of them. Some of the cells are double, that is, have two rooms; most, however, have only one, with a little yard behind. There is room for about five hundred prisoners. At present there are about two hundred and eighty. When they come in, they receive a number, which runs on consecutively since the commencement of the prison. I saw one as high as 4700. This number is painted on a board, and hung above the cell-door, and henceforth the prisoner is known by it, and not by his own name. There are double doors, an outer one of iron, and an inner one of wood, on each cell. Food is handed in through an aperture in these. We entered one male and one female cell, both vacant. The last tenant of the former had painted his most elaborately, exhibiting a talent for decoration which should have led him another way. The woman had covered the walls of her's with woodcuts.

We were taken to the bakehouse, and I tasted the prison-bread. It is very good. In the cook-house was an immense vat of tea, preparing to be served out to the prisoners. We were not allowed to converse or even see any of the prisoners, our guide telling us that they were not at liberty to permit this without a



special order. This ours was not. On returning to our hotel, we found awaiting us such a special order, from Richard Vaux, one of the inspectors, which Mr Gilpin had been good enough to get for us. We were sorry it came too late to be available.

All the arrangements are of a first-class kind. Everything is clean and orderly. The beds and cells are comfortable. Books are supplied, and there are schoolmasters to give instruction. When sermon is preached, the preacher stands at one end of a corridor, and the cell-doors are opened a few inches. Our conductor said the inmates could hear quite well if the preacher did not speak too loud.

We saw the machinery of a prison discipline whose object is not only to punish but to reform. We had no opportunity of forming an opinion as to its results.

It was now almost four o'clock, but being near the Fairmount Water-works, we went on to examine them. They are very perfect and beautifully arranged, and their position is picturesque. From the immediate bank of the Schuylkill river rises a perpendicular cliff some seventy or eighty feet. On a little plateau betwixt its base and the river the pumps are placed, and the grounds are prettily laid out with paved walks and ornamented with statues. From the crevices of the rock spring trees. Eighty or ninety steps conduct to the level of the great reservoirs formed on the summit of this natural mound of Fairmount, and from the walks along their margin are magnificent views, on the one side up the river Schuylkill, and on the other side over the city. The pumps are driven by water supplied from the first dam on the Schuylkill. The fall is not great, and to make up for this the water-wheels are made very long. A crank on the axle

works double-acting pumps. The arrangement is very simple. Two pumps are worked by turbine wheels. The works were designed and executed by Mr Graf, to whose memory a monument has been erected in the grounds.

In the evening we visited a fancy fair, got up to raise the dollars to build a seaman's chapel. The admission was 25 cents., or one shilling. It differed in nothing from one of our own bazaars, except that the crowd was peculiarly rude, especially the boy part of it, and of these there were a great many.

We afterwards visited a friend, to whom we have been much indebted, and whose library of 12,000 volumes is probably the finest private collection of books in the United States.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### PHILADELPHIA.

*FRIDAY, April 13.*—On the way up from business I looked into the Philadelphia Library. It was instituted on the suggestion and plan of Dr Franklin, in 1731. It is a proprietary one, and lends out its volumes. These now number about 70,000, and are kept in a good building overlooking the City Yard. It is venerable in its appearance, and dates from 1739. A marble statue of Franklin, said to be like him, is placed above the entrance. In 1743 Franklin originated the American Philosophical Society, which has its house near the library. It is the oldest scientific association in the United States. Its published transactions are well known. It has collected upwards of 20,000 volumes in its library, and possesses many maps, engravings, medals, &c.

In the afternoon Dr Caspar Morris drove us in his carriage to see the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane. This is a branch of the Pennsylvania Hospital, an institution incorporated so long ago as 1751. It possesses a very extensive establishment in town, occupying an entire square between Spruce and Pine Streets and Eighth and Ninth Streets. From 1841 to 1852 it received 13,829 patients, 9800 of whom were poor; and in 1852, of 158 inmates 120 were poor.

Previous to 1841 the insane department was attached to the hospital in town, but it has been transferred to a fine farm of 111 acres in West Philadelphia, about two miles from the Schuylkill river.

The new building stands on an elevated position, in the midst of pleasure-grounds forty-one acres in extent, surrounded by a high wall. Advantage has been taken of the undulating nature of the ground to keep the wall as much as possible out of sight, so that very little of it appears, and it does not obstruct the view of the country beyond. This gives the place more of the appearance of a park than of a lunatic asylum. Beyond the wall, the farm belonging to the institution extends seventy acres ; and on it, as well as in the pleasure-grounds around the house, some of the patients are employed. The establishment is under the management of Dr Thomas S. Kirkbride, to whom Mr Gilpin had given me a note, and to whom also Dr Morris personally introduced us.

During last year, there were 413 patients in this hospital, of whom 197 were males, and 216 females. The statistics of the year mark an interesting fluctuation in the proportions of the sexes. " The highest number of males at any one time was 124, and of females 123. At the beginning of the year there were 112 males, and 123 females. At the close there were 117 males, and 106 females. This change has been frequently observed from the commencement of this institution ; and although the entire number of males that have been received since its opening is nearly 200 more than of females, still there is scarce any year but that in some part of it there were more women than men under treatment in the hospital." Of 190 patients discharged in 1854, we are told that 98 were cured,

32 were much improved, 19 were improved, 15 remained stationary, and 26 died.

The building consists of a centre, 436 feet in length, with three transverse wings. The central building contains a lecture-room, office, parlours, &c., and the wings with connecting buildings are distributed into sleeping and sitting-rooms for the patients, the men being kept on one side, and the women on the other. The rooms open into a common corridor, wide, lofty, and airy, where the patients lounge or walk. The sleeping-rooms are not large. There are no iron bars on the windows. The sashes only open three or four inches, and the frames are of iron. The panes of glass being small, the substitution of iron for wood in the structure of the window obviates the necessity while serving the purpose of iron bars, and at the same time avoids the appearance of restraint.

We passed through several of the wards. This is probably one of the best-regulated lunatic asylums that exists, and yet the sight was a sad one. One old man came up to Dr Morris and shook hands, saying, he was glad to see him, and hoped he was going to stay. Dr M. replied, "Oh, he could not stay." The poor man said he was sorry for that, but at any rate he was glad he had come to see him. He followed us a little way down the ward, and we left him at a gate, regretting that his family were not staying with him at present, and that consequently he could not ask us to see them. Mr Bailey, who went round with us, (for Dr Kirkbride was engaged with a committee,) told us that one evidence of this poor man's illness was his fancy that every one who visited the place was come on a special visit to him. It was very melancholy to see the poor fellows. Some were absolute idiots ; all were quite

quiet. The treatment has been remarkably successful, and the principle of it is to give the patients the utmost freedom consistent with safety, and to supply them with employment and amusement.

For this purpose, they have museums and reading-rooms for both sides of the house; games, such as nine-pins, lectures or music three nights a-week, promenades in the grounds, a circular railway with a hand-car on it, (a favourite resort,) and other such-like means of relieving the monotony of the sad confinement. The museums and libraries are in detached buildings in the grounds, and are arranged with as much care and comfort as any real scientific institution could wish, though the articles of raree-show are more curious than valuable, except for the particular purpose for which they are collected, and which they subserve as well as if they were more rare. A number of pet pigeons are also great favourites with the patients. Dr Kirkbride places the lectures, ward-readings, visits to the museum, among the valuable helps towards successful treatment.

The quiet, and order, and comfort prevailing everywhere were admirable. The hospital is chiefly supported by voluntary contributions; and it is under the auspices of Friends.

There was one gentleman there who recognised Dr Morris, as we were walking through the wards. On the Doctor asking him how he did, he replied, "Not very well." This man held a municipal office in Philadelphia, but is subject to periodical insanity. He is aware of it, and when he feels it coming on, comes voluntarily to the hospital. He felt it stealing on him now.

When Dr Morris first became connected with this institution, thirty years ago, the patients were kept in

Philadelphia. They were in a frightful condition, penned in cells, allowed to wallow in filth, and fed like beasts. There was then a man in the institution named Scott, who had been an extensive and wealthy merchant in Philadelphia. Reverses and losses led him to resort to evil means to prop his credit without effect. The result was loss of reason, and incarceration in this prison-house. The only covering he would wear was a blanket,—clothes he would have none. On one occasion he escaped, and though diligent search was made for him, no trace of him could be had. At last, after being away for some time, he made his appearance at the hospital as if nothing had happened. He was asked where he had been? His reply was, "That's no business of yours." "Oh, I know it is not," said his questioner, "only I thought I would just like to know; but it does not matter." "Well," said Scott, "I have been to Boston." "To Boston! But how did you get there?" "Why, I went just as I am." His hair was long and matted, his nails grown, himself very filthy, and he had no covering beyond his usual blanket, so that he was a most demoniacal-looking figure. "What took you there?" "Well, I went to tell Judge — that on such a day he must die. Judge — does not care about God, and I was commissioned by the Almighty to go and warn him." As the time drew near when he expected his prediction to be fulfilled, Scott grew very restless. At last the day came and passed. A few days after he asked if there was no word about Judge —? "Oh, yes; he is dead!" "I knew it." "Yes; but he did not die on the day you said." "When?" "The day after." "Well," was his remark, "the Almighty gave him one day more to repent!"

Dr Morris knew this judge's son, and was told by him that the incident was true ; but it was one of those predictions which help their own fulfilment. His father had been appalled by the apparition, suddenly, of this man before him, as he sat in his court,—his appearance, his message, all preyed upon him, and he sank.

Scott ultimately recovered, but was ashamed to go back into the world, and so he remained an inmate of the hospital till his death.

When we had gone over the asylum, Dr Morris drove us out five miles further to Greenhill, the home of his youth ; and a dear home-like place it is, to say nothing of its inmates. It is a stone house, one end covered with ivy ; and its situation is very beautiful on a sloping bank in the midst of the farm. At the bottom of the hollow, a little stream ; all round, well-grown woods, the cherished and well-selected remains of the old forest. There are some fine weeping-willows in the grounds, scions of the famous willow of Twickenham. The weeping-willow is not native in America, and all met with there are said to be derived from slips which came from Pope's villa.

Mr Morris does not now cultivate his own farm, but he has been building a new barn for his tenant, which he took us out to see. The arrangements of these American barns might be adopted with advantage. This one consisted of three floors, and is built so against a slope as to have a waggon-way to the upper floor. The cattle are stalled in the basement floor, and the grain, straw, and hay on the floors above. In this way the cattle are fed by putting down the food, and all the labour of stowing-up saved. An engage-



ment in town required us to hurry away from this sweet country spot. The trees are not yet in leaf, but it was a fine frosty April afternoon, and there was a freshness and a clearness in the spring air which was very delicious. It was our first visit to the country home of a Pennsylvanian Friend, and the locality was not far from where William Penn's own residence stood : so that every feature and association of the scene added to the interest and pleasure derived chiefly from the kindly reception which his son's recent friends received from the venerable owner.

*Saturday, April 14.*—Dr Elwin took us this morning to the Academy of Natural Sciences. This society was founded in 1812, and incorporated in 1817. It now possesses a most valuable collection in the various branches of natural science. I cannot attempt to describe it : indeed, we had only time for about an hour's walk through it, and it would take weeks and months to see it all. It excels in palæontological specimens and birds. The organic remains are numerous—they were 7000 in 1852, and they are wonderfully perfect and valuable. One of the most complete series of crania to be found anywhere, collected by the late Dr Morton, is preserved here. The herbarium is very extensive, and the birds are unrivalled. The collections made by Dr J. B. Wilson, with unceasing industry, and at vast cost, are to be found in this museum. They exceeded 25,000 specimens in 1852, and have been increased since. During our visit, Dr Wilson was in the room arranging the birds, and under his guidance we saw and admired—for it is a beautiful bird—the *Polyplectron Napoleonis*, or Napoleon's dia-

mond pheasant. This bird has been supposed to be unique in Philadelphia for fifteen years. There is a specimen, however, in the British Museum. It is from India.

The society has been adding a floor to its hall, and the collections are only in process of renewed arrangement since. There are two very lofty and capacious halls, one over the other, and both over the library. In the first hall there are two galleries, and in the upper one three, so there is a large amount of space gained on a small superficies of ground. The collection is also rich in minerals and shells, and the library is very valuable, containing more than 13,000 volumes.

At one we accompanied Mr Tilghman to a morning reception at Mrs Rush's, the acknowledged leader of *haut ton* in Philadelphia. We went early, yet found a large party assembled. Our friend introduced us to Mrs Rush, who pronounced the talismanic words of introduction to others, and we soon found ourselves answering the important questions, When did you come? How long are you going to stay? What do you think of America? &c. &c. There was music. Crouch was there, and sang his own song, "Kathleen Mavourneen." Mrs Rush insists on perfect silence during the music, in which she is perfectly right. It is a sad want of good taste to talk when one is endeavouring to gratify the guests by singing, equally, if not more so, than to interrupt a person speaking. The rooms are all that money and American taste can make them—too gorgeous, perhaps. The conservatories cannot, however, be too gorgeous with flowers, and these were worthy a longer inspection than we could give them.

In the afternoon, Mr Thomson drove us to the Navy Yard, over which we were shewn by Captain Marsden, the director. We saw on the stocks, and went into, *The Wabash*, a propeller or screw-steamer of 3300 tons—a very fine ship. This was the only vessel building, except two small ships, one of which is going out to the North Seas after Dr Kane. The *Susquehanna*, which has just come back from the expedition to Japan, was also lying here.

What struck me as most worthy of notice was the floating-dock. This consists of a framework in nine compartments built on floats. It can be lowered by introducing water into the floats, so as to float a ship upon it, then raised by pumping the water out of the floats, till the keel of the ship is on a level with the ways in the yard. Repairs are either done on the ship upon the frame, or the ship is hauled on to the ways in the yard by a hydraulic screw.

The drawings from which the ships are built are made on the floor of a loft, several hundred feet in length and wide in proportion. It is covered with geometrical figures, grooved in the wood, and these assist in making the drawings, which are done with chalk. All the departments of navy service are in operation, but on a small scale ; and though the yard is not large, everything is in a state of great efficiency.

We then examined the freight and passenger depôts of the Pennsylvania railway, and spent the remainder of the evening with Mr Thomson, at his house in Franklin Square. The square is full of trees, and the trees are full of squirrels. In all the squares in America the trees are thickets. The shade is very grateful in summer, and is much taken advantage of to lounge under.

The squirrels, too, are pets with the Philadelphians. They are never molested, and are very tame.

*Sabbath, April 15.*—Dr Morris accompanied me to the Sabbath-schools connected with their church,—Epiphany. They have noble schools. They are under the church. In front there are the girls, in a large spacious school-room. The classes are in double rows, with passage between, and the benches are arranged so as to lose the least space. Next to the girls' class-room is a large lecture-room, used for Wednesday-evening lectures, &c. In this room the whole school is congregated on the afternoon of the last Sabbath of each month. On that day, instead of sermon in the afternoon, a lecture is given to the children, and sermon is in the evening. Then there are two rooms, with two infant classes for different ranks. And next them, again, is the boys' class-room. Up-stairs are Bible classes, one for young men and one for young women. In the afternoon there is a class for adult women. The superintendent tells me they have about 200 boys, 300 girls, and 200 infants and adults; in all about 700, taught by about 60 teachers. They use the Union Questions, and are now in Acts. These questions were drawn up by their late rector, Dr Tyng, removed to New York. Their present pastor is his son.

After school I attended church. Mr Pendleton of Virginia preached on behalf of the American Sunday-school Union. The text was Matthew xxv. 40—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." The only information which he gave about the Union was, that it was

formed in 1824—1st, to provide a juvenile Christian literature ; and 2d, to organise new schools in destitute districts. This they do by sending out student-missionaries and others to places where schools are required. In this way more than 260 students were employed last year, and more than 900 schools, with an attendance of 40,000 children, were organised. He admitted that these children might be but imperfectly taught, but otherwise they would not be taught at all.

*Monday, April 16.*—Our last day in Philadelphia. We had visited the Mint on Saturday, but it was not then in operation, and we returned to it to-day. Colonel Snowdon conducted us over it, but it was not yet in full work; still what we did see was very interesting. The balances for weighing are minutely correct, and superior examples of mechanical skill. The steam-engine used in coining is a very beautiful piece of workmanship, and works so smoothly that you can hardly discern the fly-wheel moving, nor is there the least vibration from its motion.

This is the chief mint; there are branches at New Orleans, Dahlonega, Charlotte, and San Francisco, and an assay-office at New York. The amount of bullion received at all in 1854 was—gold, \$49,987,222·23 ; silver, \$5,871,759·82 ; total, \$55,858,982·05. The coinage in the same period was—gold coins and bars, \$52,094,595·47 ; silver coins, \$8,619,270 ; copper coins, 42,638·35 ; total coinage, \$60,756,503·82. The number of pieces coined was 44,645,011.

Of the above amount of bullion received, the domestic production was \$49,217,021; of which sum \$48,892,794 was from California ; the rest came from the Atlantic

States, except a few deposits from the territory of New Mexico. Australian gold, of the value of \$432,000, was sent in.

The mint contains a very interesting and valuable collection of coins and medals. Of sixty-one medals, dating from 1777 downwards, the dies are preserved in the mint. The legends on some are not very complimentary to us.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

### CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS.

WEDNESDAY, 3 P.M., *April* 18.—Altoona, foot of the Alleghany Mountains, 1300 feet above the level of the sea. Sitting in an excellently furnished room, in a hotel capable of accommodating three hundred people, on a spot where, three years ago, there was but a single log-hut; and where now there is a population of three thousand people, four places of worship, besides three congregations which have not yet built churches.

At this moment, the breeze is blowing a current of warm air through the open windows (there are three of them in the room), and my companion is sitting writing in the adjoining room, with the folding-doors between thrown open. It is delightful within doors. Outside, the heat is intense. In the morning, I could scarcely see the hills, though they are close by, for fog. But as the day advanced, the mist lifted; and we have had such a day as we sometimes have in Scotland in July or August, and this although last night it was intensely cold, and in the early morning our cold bath was cold indeed, for the water came direct from the summit of a neighbouring hill.

I wrote thus far in the afternoon, when I was interrupted by the snorting of the locomotive which was to take us "up the mountain," as the next division of the

way is called ; and we are now (evening) at Mountain-house, Cresson, one thousand feet higher than Altoona, although only fourteen miles from it by railway.

We left Philadelphia yesterday morning at half-past seven, under the guidance of our excellent friend, the president of the Pennsylvania railway. It was a beautiful mild spring morning, but it clouded over and rained most of the forenoon. The railway for seventy miles is very rough—so much so, that the swinging and jolting, with the hot air of the cars, gave me a feeling like sea-sickness. For a mile and a half from the station in Market Street, till beyond the Schuylkill, the train is drawn by horses. This portion of the road does not belong to the Pennsylvania railway. The first seventy miles is by the Columbia railway, which belongs to the State of Pennsylvania, and connects Philadelphia with the commencement of their canals. The country through which it passes is varied, well-farmed, and beautiful ; not quite so productive near Philadelphia, where the rocks are gneiss and granite, as towards Lancaster county, where the limestone begins. Shortly after leaving the city, we pass Haverford, a college of the Quakers, near which West, the painter, was born, then Villa Nova, a Roman Catholic seminary.

Twenty miles out is a station on which you read the name "Paoli ;" and, on inquiry, learn that two miles off is the place where General Wayne and his party were cut to pieces in 1777. A little further on, we cross the Brandywine, six miles above where a bloody battle was fought between the English under Cornwallis, and the Americans under Washington.

At Dillerville, two miles beyond Lancaster, we leave the State road, and proceed by the Lancaster and Harrisburg railroad to Harrisburg, thirty-six miles. This



road is much smoother. Ten or twelve miles from Harrisburg, it approaches the Susquehanna, close to its confluence with the Swatara, which comes down from the north-east. At this point the Susquehanna is very broad, and dotted with islands. It forms a beautiful picture. The hills rise close to the further bank, steep, and covered with wood. Up and down, the broad expanse of water looks more like an inland lake than a river. The islands, with their groups of trees overhanging the water, diversify the scene. It was further enlivened by numerous rafts of timber floating down from the mountains. These are formed of squared logs fastened loosely together. They are pretty broad and very long. The boatmen erect little huts upon them, in which they live during the voyage ; and they are steered by huge oars at both ends—rude poles terminating in broad flat blades, and each moving on a pivot. Many of the rafts had gone to pieces in a freshet, and the logs which had composed them were now strewed along the shore. They come down from the pine forests, up on the Susquehanna and Swatara, and are sold at Harrisburg, Portsmouth, and Columbia. Portsmouth is at the confluence of these two rivers ; and Columbia is on the Susquehanna, a little below. .

We got to Harrisburg about one, and remained there till five.

HARRISBURG, the capital of Pennsylvania, is built on an alluvial plain, an expanse of the valley of the Susquehanna. The river flows close to the bluff, a limestone rock, on the south side. In the middle of the valley is a ridge, which rises to a slight elevation at the point on which the State-house stands. This ridge continues all the way up to the gap in the Blue Moun-

through which the Susquehanna flows; and somewhat as if it were a tail-bank. On the south bluff, a little way out of the town, is the asylum for the insane.

The river is crossed by two bridges, one of which is the Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad bridge, coming up the south bank of the river. The other bridge is interesting for its appearance. There is an island, with a small settlement on it, in the middle of the stream. A bridge from the south bank to the island is a very old one, and rises high in the middle; while the remaining bridge from the island to the north bank is new, and is a level. Both have piers. The bed of the river is low, and the water is not above four or five feet deep. Fronting the river there is a terrace of good houses, with the unfailing row of shade-trees in front. The look-out on the river is pretty, and the locality appears desirable; but it seems that in summer miasma prevails, and all the banks of the Susquehanna are unhealthy. From the water-reservoir, which is on the ridge already mentioned, a good idea is obtained of the flat alluvial plain around, and the distant hills. The gap through which the river comes is about five miles distant, and from this looks like a clean-cut notch in the range. The more distant hills are seen through it like a light curtain in the background.

The State-house is a plain brick building, with a dome, and Ionic portico. There is a central hall, from either side of which you enter the Senate-chamber and House of Representatives. Up-stairs is a fair library, containing twelve or thirteen thousand volumes, principally of law. In the Senate-house, we saw mem-

bers smoking cigars, and lounging with their hats on, and their feet on the desks. There was no sitting. The representatives were sitting. It was a private-bill day. The clerk was reading a veto of the Governor on a bank-bill—an application for an extension of charter. Some of the speakers were very free-and-easy in their references to the Governor. Good clothes and cleanliness are not indispensable requisites in an American legislator ; the unfailing tobacco-chewing prevents their attainment, and the brushes for both clothes and boots have mostly a sinecure. The place was horribly hot and stewy ; and, on coming out, I could not help remarking, I did not now wonder at the legislators not being able to do without lollypops,—a stand for the sale of which sweets and others holds invariably a place in all the halls of legislation. Notices as to defacing the walls seem to bear testimony to the tendency of the national mind to occupy its leisure in “whittling.”

A stroll round the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's machine-shops filled up the remainder of the time till five ; when we started by the fast train which left Philadelphia at one, our destination for the night being Altoona, at the foot of the mountain, one hundred and thirty miles. We got the end-seat in the last car, from which we had a fine view of the grand scenery through which we passed.

Immediately after leaving Harrisburg, we enter the Alleghany or Appalachian Mountains. The general range of these mountains consists of a series of subordinate ranges, or parallel ridges ; and forms a band, varying from fifty to two hundred miles in breadth, stretching from the Catskill Mountains, in the State of New York, N.E. and S.W. to Alabama. The

several ridges are distinguished by different names. Thus we have, on the route of the Pennsylvania railway, the Blue Mountains, Peter's Mountain, Tuscarora Mountains, Blue Ridge, Jack's Mountain, Stone Mountain, Warrior Ridge, Brush Mountains—then the highest ridge of all, which may be termed the Alleghanies proper, and which is popularly known as the Back Bone ; while beyond them, westward, are Laurel Hill and Chestnut Ridge. These ridges vary from 600 to 2500 feet in height, and to cross them the railway takes advantage of gaps, running up one valley and down another, to get the most favourable gradients, but finally crossing the highest point by a tunnel, which is 2160 feet above the level of the Delaware at Philadelphia.

Five miles through the alluvial plain, already described, brought us to the gap in Blue Mountains where the railway crosses the Susquehanna by a bridge, 3670 feet in length. Built of wood, resting on stone-piers, and covered with tin, it is a light and beautiful structure. The mountains are 500 to 600 feet in height. As far as Duncannon, a town at the junction of the rivers Juniata and Susquehanna, the railway follows the course of the latter river, hugging its bank all the way, and overhung by the steep mountain, or rather "Alpine hill," the base of which is washed by the Susquehanna.

At Duncannon, the railway leaves the Susquehanna (that river taking from this point a northerly course), and follows the Juniata to Petersburg. The general direction of the Juniata is from the west, but its course is very tortuous ; and as that is fixed by the enclosing mountains on both sides, the railway has necessarily to conform to it, which it does, now on the

one side of the river, now on the other, crossing it five times. At Millerstown, another gap in the mountain allows a passage through the second great range or Tuscarora Mountains.

At Mifflin, in the heart of these hills, we stopped for tea about seven o'clock; and soon after passing this, we lost light. But before it became altogether dark, there was a most magnificent sunset. On one side rose the hill covered with wood, reddened by the reflected rays; on the other, spread out a long reach of the Juniata; and at the upper end of the valley, the sun sank in gorgeous splendour behind the distant hills,—the whole spectacle reflected in doubled beauty on the smooth surface of the slow-gliding stream. Near Huntingdon is some fine scenery, but it was too dark to make it out well,—only I could see that for a long way, looking from the end-window backwards, the dark hill was high on the left, that the canal was on the right but lower down (we being on the north side of the river), the railway bank going almost perpendicular down to it, while only a towing-path divided it from the river. Solitary lights from the track-boats, glimmering on the water, dotted the darkness behind.

One branch of the canal follows the Susquehanna to the north. Another keeps by the side of the Juniata, but takes its west branch at Petersburg, where the river forks. It follows this west branch of the river to Hollidaysburg, and terminates there. From Hollidaysburg, the Portage railway, by a series of seven slopes or inclines, conveys the canal traffic across the mountains; the boats being so formed as to admit of being placed on trucks, and conveyed on the railway. At Johnstown, the canal begins again, and follows, first

the Conemaugh river, and then the Alleghany river, to Pittsburg. This route has been all but disused since the opening of the Pennsylvania railway.

One of the beautiful valleys which open into that of the Juniata, is the valley of the Kishicoquillas river. In it dwelt Logan, the Indian chief, famous in the annals of the earlier settlements. Though friendly to the whites, his family was barbarously murdered by some of them, without, it is said, any provocation. In 1774, not long after this, his consent was asked by a messenger with wampum to a treaty about to be entered into with the tribes of the Scioto. "Tell Lord Dunmore," was his famous reply, "that I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered into Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him no meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not." During the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. "Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cressop, last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance for my country. I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there, then, to mourn for Logan? Not one!"

From Petersburg, the railway follows the north

creek of the Juniata, through a narrow and rugged valley; and in twenty-eight miles crosses and re-crosses the river fifteen or sixteen times. There is a town at the mouth of the Bald-Eagle-creek, called Tyrone, which "has sprung up since the construction of the Pennsylvania railroad, and is rapidly increasing. It now contains about 1000 inhabitants, several first-rate hotels, a foundry, a machine-shop, planing-mill, churches," &c. The hills all around are full of rich deposits of iron-ore,—one of the richest occurring at "Blair's Furnace," three miles east of Altoona, and about half a mile from the railway. Beautiful specimens of this ore are obtainable. It is used in the United States' armoury for founding cannon.

It was quite dark before we reached Altoona, and for three hours, from seven till ten, we saw nothing. We were, surprised, and very glad, to find a fine hotel at Altoona, and repose in bedrooms which would do no discredit to Broadway or Waterloo Place. Unlike most of the houses here, it is of brick. It is capable of accommodating 300 guests. The public-rooms below are sixteen feet high, and our bedrooms up-stairs were eleven feet in height, airy, and scrupulously clean and well-furnished. The day had been one of some fatigue. One slept luxuriously in the mountain air; and this morning,

*Wednesday, April 18*—Awoke refreshed and invigorated. The water of my bath was intensely cold, and very luxurious was the plunging. Outside, all was enveloped in a thick mountain mist; but by the time I joined Mr Thomson below, it was dispersing under the influence of a bright sun. We sallied out at half-past eight to see Altoona.

Three years ago, there was one log-hut in Logan

Valley. Now, Altoona, clustered around this once solitary log-hut, which still stands there, contains 3000 people. The engine-houses and machine-shops of the mountain division of the railway are situated at this point ; and it is the great centre of the company's operations, owing its prosperity to them. Mr Thomson selected the site, and gave the name, which is an Indian one, meaning, "the bottom of the hill." Of the four churches already built, one belongs to the Presbyterians, one to the Baptists, one to the Methodists, and one to the Lutherans. Besides these, there are three congregations which have not yet built churches : one Episcopalian ; another who call themselves "the Church of God," commonly known as "Weinbrennarians," or Feet-washing Baptists" (a split from the German Reformed Church at Harrisburg) ; and third, "the United Brethren," the peculiarities of whose creed Mr Lombaert could not tell me, but they are not the Moravian United Brethren. This new town affords a striking example of freedom of thought in its religious character, and is, in this respect, not uncharacteristic of the national tendency.

The American telegraph, which was at work in the office, differs somewhat from those most commonly in use in England. It may be said to both write and talk, as it indents a long strip of paper with points, the number and length of which indicate letters, while each point is announced by a click of the instrument. The young man who is attending it is so expert, that he knows by listening to the click, click, click of the machine, what is being telegraphed, and can read by the sound. They were telegraphing from Pittsburg, 117 miles distant, and it was wonderful to listen to a lad reading off by ear the words which were being



flashed such a distance, so that we knew in the same instant what was sent from Pittsburg.

It was an interesting statistical study to see how the books of a great railway, like the Pennsylvania railroad, are kept ; and from the books we went to the works, which are most complete. They make cars, and repair and maintain their engines, but they have not made any engines yet. It took us more than two hours to go over all, and examine the various machines. These works cost a quarter of a million of dollars, or fifty thousand pounds. They extend over a space one thousand feet in length and seventy in breadth. One of the engine-houses is six hundred feet in circumference, and ninety feet high. The change of climate encountered beyond this point, the mountainous character of the country, and many other circumstances, mark (I use the language of one of their own officers) Altoona as a point where the nature of the road undergoes an essential change ; and these considerations led to its being made the heart of the railroad company's system. Its workshops employ about one thousand persons. This is one out of many instances of the great and rapid progress of this country, and of the benefits conferred by the introduction of railways. Hollidaysburg, seven miles off, is another example of rapid growth ; having risen, in a very few years, from a village of fifty people, to have now more than three thousand inhabitants.

By this time, it had got intensely hot ; nevertheless, we dragged ourselves to the top of a little hill to the north of the town, from which we had a bird's-eye view of Logan Valley, the site of Altoona, called after Logan, the Indian chief. It is quite shut in by hills on every side, but is a beautiful spot, well fitted for

the site of a town, and likely, with its fine bracing mountain-air and railway facilities, to say nothing of the capital accommodation of the Logan hotel, to become a favourite summer resort of the Philadelphians.

We were glad to escape into the house to get out of the sun. I did not hear what the thermometer indicated ; but here (Cresson), one thousand feet higher, at five this afternoon, it stood at  $84^{\circ}$  in the shade.

The hotel had been perfectly still all forenoon, but for ten or fifteen minutes about one o'clock it became a scene of great bustle. The east and west trains met for dinner. The long tables in the dining-hall stood in all the order of great preparation one moment, the next they were overrun by the hungry passengers. In a few minutes, provisions and people had alike disappeared, and Altoona was once more left to the quietude of its mountain isolation.

We loitered and rested, wrote letters, and sat out on the piazza in the shade (a favourite occupation in the States), till nearly four o'clock, when a special train was brought out to bring us up to this place.

We went leisurely, twenty miles an hour or so, and stood out upon the platform at the end of the car to see the country. And it is worth seeing,—such hills, such valleys, such gorges and ravines, such embankments, and such curves and grades ! The officer already quoted may well say of this part of the railway, "This is one of the greatest triumphs of science and genius." At one point we went round the head of a ravine, on the side of the hill, with a fall of eighty feet below, on a curve of seven hundred and twenty feet radius, and a grade of ninety feet to the mile, or one in fifty four.

These sharp curves with such gradients render the

rails very liable to be strained, as the weight of a heavy train bearing on the rail always more or less tends to widen the gauge. We had a practical example of this. While on one of these sharp curves, and on the top of an embankment of eighty feet on one side, and more than one hundred on the other, owing to such a strain of the rails as I have referred to, the centre pair of driving-wheels of our engine slipped off the rails. We were going very slowly, else the train might have run off the line altogether ; and one shudders to think what might have been the consequences. It was an engine with ten wheels—two pairs of small wheels in front on a bogie-frame, and three pairs of large driving-wheels. Two pairs of these latter had flanges, but one pair had not. It was this pair which came off the rail. The slip strained the rail and the whole engine ; for, while the other wheels remained on the rails, these had sunk down two or three inches, and rested on the sleepers. By piling billets of wood and stones behind the wheels, and then gently backing the engine on to them, the wheels were raised to the level of the rail, and slipped on again. The engine alone, without the tender, weighed twenty-four tons. How it crunched up the billets and pounded the stones ! It took a little while to accomplish this, but all was right again, and we went on. The breadth of the embankment is much less than we allow in England. The engine was on the north track, and there was barely room to pass along the side of it. There is a little stone-work on the top of the earth-work, the slope of the latter being little more than that at which loose earth and stones will lie. My companion said he would go down to the bottom in five seconds, and come up in fifteen. I said he would not, and probably he would not have tried,

but Mr Thomson's hat blew off, and rolled to the very bottom, and he went down for it. He took fifteen seconds to go down, and came up in forty. He said it looked much steeper from the bottom than it did from the top.

The vistas up the ravines and gorges, with the hills covered with hemlock or spruce-pine, are very grand. The engineering difficulties overcome are extraordinary. The rise is one thousand feet in twelve miles ; and this along the side of the hills, in a course involving sharp curves and heavy cuttings and embankments. At the summit or highest point, 2160 feet above tide water, is a tunnel 3670 feet long. It is nearly all arched with brick. Two miles beyond it is Cresson, where we arrived safely about five o'clock, and where we found Dr Jackson, who had been apprised of our coming, waiting to receive us. He is the proprietor of this house, and of four hundred acres about here, a fine fellow, and great friend of Thomson's. The house is entirely of wood, quite surrounded with forest, and rough enough.

We went out and strolled among the woods. Drank of a fine spring on the hill-side opposite, whose waters flow through the Conemaugh, the Monongahela, the Ohio, the Mississippi, into the Gulf of Mexico. Went into a laurel swamp, an impenetrable thicket of rhododendron and laurel, through which one of Mr Thomson's "lines" was run seven years ago when surveying for the railway. Through these thickets they had to cut every foot of their way with the axe, and thought they made good progress at the rate of half a mile a day. The track was not obliterated yet. Saw tulip-trees, magnolias, hemlocks, cucumber-trees, &c., &c., and above and beyond all, heard the extraordinary

piping of the piping-frog. This is a sort of whistle, and, sounded by thousands of these animals, fills the air. It continued for hours. Dr Jackson saw an owl here last night between two and three feet high. Its croak, he said, might be heard two miles off.

These rascally frogs are whistling like anything yet, although it is half-past twelve. Some person has just arrived, and his summons has set two small dogs a-barking, which has quieted the frogs now. Things are pretty still again outside, and the frogs have "gone a-head" once more with their squeak, squeak. This is not the cry of the bull-frog, but a melodious shrill pipe, made by a small fresh-water frog, good to eat,—so Dr Jackson says. My companion told him he had seen little boys at school put small ones on their tongues, and let them hop down their throats. That was the only style of frog-eating he knew of. They thought they would do them good—act as a sort of medicine ; whereat the Doctor was greatly tickled.

*Cresson, Thursday morning, April 19, 6 A.M.*—Sunrise in the mountains. Awoke about five. Gray daylight. A sombre hue over all, but presently sparkling rays of light begin to break through the hemlocks in front of my window, brighter and brighter, till at last the sun, without a cloud, lifts himself above the tops of the trees, and sets forth to run his race. The frogs continued their serenade far into the night. As long as I lay awake (and I did not go to sleep very soon), I heard them piping. This morning, they are still. It is a lovely morning, and betokens a hot day. Dr Jackson says the thermometer, within a few days, was at 4° below zero. Yesterday afternoon it was 84° in the shade at five o'clock, and at nine it had

fallen to 65°. It continued warm, however, all night ; so much so, that I had to throw off nearly all the clothes, and even then could hardly sleep.

*Pittsburg.—Evening.*—We breakfasted at seven, and before eight went “abroad” in Dr Jackson’s light waggon, behind a couple of shaggy, hardy little horses. He drove us to the “summit,” or top level of the old Portage railway. The ascent and descent betwixt this and the canal on either side is by ten planes, worked by stationary engines. While we were there, a train went down the first plane westward, in a clumsy sort of way. The village of Summit is a wretched Irish hamlet. There is a good view of the table-land of the Alleghanies from the hill above Summit. It is tolerably fertile, is mostly cleared, and contains one or two towns, such as Ebensburg, the county town of Cambria, containing about 600, and Loretto, a small town of 193 people, founded by Prince Gallitzin, a Russian nobleman, and a Roman Catholic priest, who settled there in 1789, and died in 1840.

A train westward was due at 9.25, but did not reach till 11. We lounged about, chatting with Dr Jackson. He has been enthusiastic in geology, botany, zoology, and is now studying ethnology with great zeal. His purpose is to establish a sort of college of health at Cresson, in which the great panacea is to be the “caller air” of the mountain, plenty of exercise, and wholesome food. Already the Pittsburgers resort thither for its cool and bracing air. He accompanied us to Greensburg, thirty miles from Pittsburg, and left us with many kind invitations to return. Should this ever meet his eye, let me remind him he promised to find me out in London.

Some of the scenery we have passed through to-day has been most magnificent. It is so in passing through the gorge of Laurel Hill, and still more so in that of Chestnut Ridge, the westmost group of the Alleghanies. The railway is carried along the Pack-saddle Mountain, in a ledge cut out of the solid rock, at an elevation of 160 feet above the Conemaugh river, which runs at the base of an almost perpendicular wall of rock below. The mountain rises steep from the opposite side, and is covered with pines to the summit. At one point, the line crosses a deep lateral or transverse gorge, on a very high embankment. The scene is one of wild beauty, rather than grandeur. The wooded hill rises very abruptly, and to a great height. It looks almost vertical, and immensely high. There are many other points of great beauty.

In the very heart of these hills we find the flourishing town of Johnstown, with a population of 1269 in 1850. The western division of the State canal commences here. The Conemaugh and Stoneycreek rivers join where it stands, and both penetrate a rich mineral country, producing iron ores, bituminous coal, hydraulic cement, firebrick clay, and limestone. The Cambrian Iron Company have four furnaces in operation, yielding 200 tons of pig-iron per week; and have nearly finished four more, which they calculate will yield 5000 tons per annum, making in all about 28,000 tons per annum. They have also a rolling-mill, with sixty puddling-stacks, twelve heating-furnaces, &c., capable of producing 100 tons of rail per day, or 30,000 tons per annum. It is not, however, as yet in full operation.

As we approach Pittsburg, the country is traversed by ridges of the coal-measures, and there is much heavy work in cutting and tunnelling through some

of these. About twelve miles from Pittsburg, the line approaches the Monongahela river ; and you can see from the cars the openings of the mines on the opposite bank, whence the coal is transferred direct from the digging into the boats, which come up to a wharf immediately below. On the other side, north of the railway, picturesque and varied hills, now cleared and cultivated, are historically interesting. This is Braddock's Field. On this spot, on July 9, 1755, the British-American army under General Braddock were defeated by the French and Indians. At the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela, the French had a fort—Fort Duquesne. They had pushed hither from Canada two years before, in spite of the remonstrances of Tanacharisson, who, on behalf of the Indians of the Ohio Valley, had thus addressed the French envoy at Niagara. "Fathers! you are disturbers in this land by taking it away, unknown to us, and by force. This is our land, and not yours. Fathers! both you and the English are white; we live in a country between. Therefore the land belongs to neither the one nor the other of you. But the Great Being above allowed it to be a dwelling-place for us; so, fathers! I desire you to withdraw, as I have done our brothers, the English."

But the Frenchman refused the belt of wampum, which was the token of peace; and on 17th April 1754, they obtained possession of the English fort on the fork of the Ohio, which they named Duquesne. Washington—his first service—led such troops as he could get against them; but though sometimes successful, from want of support he was compelled to retire from the Ohio valley. This was on July 4, 1754. "In the whole valley of the Mississippi to its head-





nalled out by an Indian as a mark, two horses were killed under him—four balls penetrated his coat. “Some potent Manitou guards his life!” exclaimed the savage. “Death,” he himself wrote to his brother (July 18, 1755), “was levelling my companions on every side of me; but by the all-powerful dispensations of Providence, I have been protected!” At last, the rout was complete—everything, even the general’s private papers, fell into the hands of the enemy. Seven hundred and fourteen privates were killed or wounded. Five horses fell under Braddock. A ball entered his right side. Mortally wounded, he was with difficulty carried off the field. Silent all the first day, at night he murmured, “Who would have thought it!” On the 12th, Dunbar destroyed the stores remaining at Little Meadows; and next day began to retreat towards Fort Cumberland. All day, Braddock was carried in a state of lethargy. At night, he woke up sufficiently to say, “We shall better know how to deal with them another time,” and died. About a mile west of Fort Necessity, on the national road, is his grave. And for that time, the French remained masters of the Ohio.

Passing the scene of this memorable fight, we entered Pittsburg about half-past two—102 miles in three hours and a half—a small average of speed, though we had run in many places fifty miles an hour. We rode in the last car, and either sat outside on the platform, or kept the window open. The motion was so great at intervals, with the irregular speed, that it was not easy to stand. A false step or slip would have been instant and complete destruction, but we were brought safely. The majestic scenery through which we were passing, reminding us of its Author, might well recall the apostrophe—

" These are Thy wondrous works, Parent of Good,  
Almighty, thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair ; Thyself how wondrous then !  
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought and power divine !"

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### PITTSBURG.

MONONGEHELA-HOUSE, PITTSBURG, *Thursday, April 19.*

—We arrived here about half-past two, and found Governor Tod had been waiting for us two days—the time to which our slow transit of the mountains had extended beyond the period we had arranged when we parted in Philadelphia. He allows us this afternoon here to look about us, but hurries us off in the morning to his place, Briarhill, to see the course of the Cleveland and Mahoning railway, and the bituminous coal-field, of part of which he is proprietor.

The situation of Pittsburg is one of remarkable interest. It is at the point where the Alleghany river, from the north-east, and the Monongehela river, from the south-east, unite and form the Ohio; which then flows first north-west and west, till beyond the boundary line of Pennsylvania, and after that turns directly south, forming the line between Virginia and Ohio. The town of Pittsburg lies between the rivers; and beyond the Alleghany, is the town of the same name. The hotel fronts the Monongehela, and before it is the principal wharf for the steamers. There is no quay-wall, the continual fluctuations in the height of the water preventing the use of a quay, the river front of which was vertical. There is a broad street, and beyond that

a levee or sloped bank, to which the steamers come, lying diagonally, bows on, so as to take up the least possible room. A plank stretches from the low deck of the steamer to the shore. It is to be recollected that these river-steamers are not the least like our ocean-going boats. Fancy a decked flat-boat, the gunwale of which, when loaded, is often not more than a few inches above the surface of the water, and erected on this a wooden house of two, three, and even four storeys, and you may have some idea of an Ohio steamer; but we shall have an opportunity of examining them more at leisure by and by.

There are some dozen or more of these lying opposite the windows now, bound for Wheeling, Cincinnati, St Louis, New Orleans, and intermediate places. Few of these boats will go beyond Cincinnati, however, as they are small craft, with only one paddle at the stern; they tranship their cargoes into larger boats, which make the longer voyage in the deeper water. The levee is covered with barrels, boxes, bales, &c., bound for numerous ports on the river.

On the opposite side of the river, the bank rises abruptly four hundred feet to the average country level; and in the cliff thus exposed is a vein of coal, nine feet thick. At the bottom of the cliff, there is a terrace of some breadth, occupied by manufactories, &c.

The coal is worked by drifts driven straight in from the bank. The strata lie almost horizontal on the dip, but striking slightly up-stream. The drifts are several miles in length in some instances; and penetrate to the banks of a creek or small stream, that distance away to the west.

The bituminous coal-fields of the Alleghany mountains extend into eight States, according to Taylor.

Alabama contains 4300 square miles of coal ; Georgia, 150 ; Tennessee, 4300 ; Kentucky, 9000 ; Virginia, 21,000 ; Maryland, 550 ; Ohio, 11,900 ; Pennsylvania, 15,000 ; total, 65,300.

He adds, that making deductions for unproductive areas, erosions of strata, and such coal-beds as are never likely to be reached by the miner, it would perhaps be a liberal estimate to rate the workable area of the whole at 40,000 square miles, which gives 25,600,000 acres of productive coal.

The great seam of coal, which is so finely exposed at Pittsburg, and along the Ohio and Alleghany rivers, and nearly throughout the whole length of the Monongehela river, has been traced through Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Ohio. Professor H. D. Rogers says, "The longest diameter of the great elliptical era is very nearly 225 miles, and its maximum breadth is about 100 miles. The superficial extent of the whole coal-seam, as near as I can estimate it, is about 14,000 square miles."

The amount of coal workable in this bed is about six feet. There is another of less value, and both these are considerably above water-level. Borings for salt-wells, to the depth of 627 feet, passed through four coal-seams, each about three and a half feet thick, at 280, 440, 480, and 580 feet depth. A fact or two on the growth of this centre of the American iron and coal business :—

In 1752, an unbroken forest covered all these hills and river banks. In that year, for protection against the encroachments of the French, the Indians "desire our brothers of Virginia may build a strong house at the forks of Monongehela." In November 1753, George Washington, then just twenty-one, was sent an ambas-

sage to the commander of the French forces on the Ohio. Following (says Bancroft) the Indian trace through forest solitudes, gloomy with the fallen leaves and solemn sadness of late autumn, across mountains, rocky ravines and streams, through sleet and snow, he rode in nine days from Wills-creek to the fork of the Ohio. How lonely was the spot where, so long unheeded of men, the rapid Alleghany met, nearly at right angles, "the deep and still" water of the Monongehela! At once, Washington saw the destiny of the place. "I spent some time," said he, "in viewing the rivers; the land in the fork has the absolute command of both. The flat well-timbered land all around the point lies very convenient for building." After creating, in imagination, a fortress and a city, he and his party swam their horses across the Alleghany, and wropt their blankets around them for the night on its north-west bank.

In 1754, a fort was erected and garrisoned by British troops. The garrison, however, were only thirty-three in number; and on the 17th of April they had to capitulate to a superior force of French under Contrecoeur, who occupied the half-finished fort, which he named Fort Duquesne. "The near forest-trees were felled and burned; cabins of bark for barracks were built round the fort; and at once, among the cleared stumps, wheat and maize sprung up on the scorched fields, where now is Pittsburg."

On the ruins of this old fort is situated to-day the freight depôt of the Pennsylvania railway. The presidential chair in the railway office at Philadelphia is made from oak timber, laid here in 1754. The wooden buildings had been afterwards supplemented with more substantial ones; for on a small brick-house, with arched

windows and doorways, now inhabited by the "lowest" class, I found this inscription—"A.D. 1764, Coll. Bouquet."

In these hundred years, how great the change which has taken place! The town was laid out in 1784. The progress of its population has been as follows :—

	Pittsburg.	Alleghany.	Total.
1796, . . .	1,395		
1810, . . .	4,768		
1820, . . .	7,248		
1830, . . .	12,568	2,801	15,369
1840, . . .	21,115	10,089	31,204
1850, . . .	46,601	21,262	67,863

With other villages, which really form part of the town, and are supported by it, the population might be stated thus :—Pittsburg, 46,601 ; Alleghany, 21,262 ; Birmingham, 3742 ; S. Pittsburg, 1883 ; E. Birmingham, 1694 ; Manchester, 1775 ; Lawrence, 1746 ; Sharpsburgh, 1229 ; total, 79,932.

The following is a comparison of the increase in consumption and production of coal :—

	Consumption.	Production.
1825, . . .	35,714 tons	
1833, . . .	255,910 "	
1838, . . .	250,000 "	357,140 tons
1842, . . .	285,714 "	420,000 "
1846, . . .	464,286 "	678,572 "
1853, . . .	793,035 "	1,307,461 "

Of this latter amount, 14,403,921 bushels (out of 36,608,921 bushels) were exported ; and, averaging it at ten cents, or fivepence per bushel, it brought above \$1,400,000, or £280,000, into Pittsburg for coal alone.

Pittsburg contained, in 1854, seventeen large rolling-mills ; twelve large foundries ; twenty glass manufactories ; about twenty engine and machine shops ; five



large cotton factories ; four large flouring-mills, besides some smaller ones ; and besides the steam-engines required by these, there were more than one hundred others in operation in the city and vicinity.

In 1850, the tonnage of steamers owned in Pittsburg amounted to 44,571 tons ; and it had increased the following year to 47,911 tons. The trade being chiefly in coal and iron, and the town altogether a manufacturing one, it will not be wondered at that it presents a very different appearance from those we had left on the Atlantic shores. There the anthracite used leaves the atmosphere clear, and everything clean and bright. Here the volumes of black smoke, pouring from forests of chimneys, darkens the air. Everything is black and dingy, and covered with coal-dust. We are in the Birmingham of America. Soon after our arrival, it began to rain ; so that we experienced in Pittsburg the perfection of dirt to which a coal capital can attain, under the most favourable circumstances. Nevertheless, we ventured out to inspect the railway works. The depôt, occupying the old fort, is used for the receipt of freight going east on one side, and delivery of that going west on the other. It is 660 feet long by 110 broad, and the arrangements for receiving and delivery are very good. It abuts on the Monongehela, and has one side to a street. The side is arched throughout its whole length with sliding doors. A very roomy platform is apportioned out to the different companies who forward goods, and those consigned to them are delivered at the respective points, where their clerks receive them, and whence their carts take them by the arch opposite. The goods going east are received on the opposite side. The roof is a light and graceful iron arch, with lantern light the whole length. On the out-

skirts of the town are their workshops. These, though smaller than those at Altoona, are conveniently and efficiently arranged. The engine-house has stalls for forty-six engines. It is open in the centre ; and this arrangement is said to be equally convenient, while it is much less expensive, than the "round-house," where all is covered in.

Mr Thomson has named the locomotives on this division of the railway after rivers, keeping the Indian names. We have seen the "Conemaugh," the "Loyalhanna," the "Kiskeminitas," the "Kishaquoquillas," the "Quemaroning," "Youghiogeny," &c.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### NORTH-EASTERN OHIO.

BRIARHILL, NEAR YOUNGSTON, *Friday, April 20.*—We came out here to-day with Governor Tod. Having been Mr President Polk's minister to Brazil, his proper designation is the Honourable David Tod. He has been twice a candidate for the governorship of Ohio on the democratic ticket ; and though not as yet elected, every one calls him Governor, and as it is the title by which he is best known, we got into the way of using it too.

We had to breakfast between six and seven, as the Ohio and Pennsylvania railway train, by which we were to proceed so far, started at eight ; and, as usual, we were hurried to the station in Alleghany city long before the time. I had put what things I wanted in a little handbag, and had left my other effects loose, with my boxes unstrapped in my room at the hotel. Fancy my astonishment and annoyance to find, on reaching the station, my collection of maps and plans at the bottom of a pile of luggage in the hotel baggage-cart ; my writing-case, without the cover, tossing about among the ironbound and nail-studded boxes peculiar to the States ; and, mounting guard over all, on the topmost trunk, my old slippers ! The blackie who

drove the cart said he had nothing to do with it, so there was nothing for it but to order them back again.

After the rain of last night, the morning was balmy and delightful. The fields on the rich bottomlands of the Ohio, which, two days before, Mr Tod told us, were innocent of a single blade of grass, and presented nothing but the black surface of the mould, were to-day of a bright green with the springing grass. So rapid is the vegetation at this season, after rain, that one fancies he can note a daily progress. The railway runs along the north bank of the Ohio for some miles to Rochester, where the Beaver river enters it. The Ohio here is about half a mile broad, bordered by low alluvial plains. It flows in a narrow valley scooped out of the coal-measures. Sometimes the abrupt cliffs of these measures rise at once from the river; and at other points, a space more or less broad extends between the water and the hills. At several places, the coal is worked in from the face of the cliff on a level drift. The seam is a considerable way above the water, and the coal is shot down by means of slides, or lowered in waggons on a steep incline, the loaded waggons taking up empty ones.

At Rochester, the Ohio turns south; and the railway follows the course of the Beaver for a short distance, and then goes west. It gets up from the river levels to the level of the table-lands, by grades of twenty feet to the mile, for ten or eleven miles. The whole of Ohio forms part of an upraised basin of the coal-measures, extending from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, and all the rivers flow in deep valleys cut in this table-land. The table-land is also varied in surface, but the general level is high. The soil is good, and generally cultivated.

Shortly after we left the banks of the Ohio, it began to rain, and became much colder. This continued till about twelve. Torrents of rain fell, accompanied with thunder and lightning. We reached Enon Valley, a station on the railway forty-four miles from Pittsburg, about half-past nine. Mr Tod had a "team," that is, a carriage and two horses, waiting for us here. The driver, also the owner of the horses, was a most original fellow. We waited about an hour to see if the rain would abate ; and he came down and sat at the fire beside us with perfect freedom, and entered into a conversation with Mr Tod, which was very amusing to us, displaying as it did the utmost democratic equality, and unfolding a picture of social manners which was new and strange to us. It was continued in the same style in the waggon, but was sadly characterised by extreme irreverence. We left Enon Valley about eleven, and got to Lowell, on the Mahoning river, about two. The road was of the roughest kind—mud sometimes up to the axles. It lay, however, through a fine country, thickly settled and well cultivated, and at the present moment shewing a rich promise of the wheat crop being good. Much will depend on this year's harvest. Last year, owing to the unprecedented length of an unwontedly dry season, first the hay and then the grain crops entirely failed all over this district of Ohio ; and this so completely, that, till quite recently, the cattle were dying on the farms for want of food. Our driver emphatically declared, that one such season more, and there would not be a man left in Ohio.

The approach to Lowell is very fine. We got out of the waggon when we came to the brow of the bluff which overhangs the river, and walked down. A trans-

verse ravine leads from the river back into the country, and the road winds down the promontory formed by the union of the two valleys. The sides of the slope are covered with oaks, among which the road turns and twists down the face of the cliff. In the latter, some seams of coal crop out. The Mahoning river is of considerable size, and is artificially increased by its being made into a "slack-water navigation." One of the weirs for this purpose, thrown across the stream in the shape of a horse-shoe, is at the town of Lowell. There is a freshet in the river to-day, and the fall over the weir is considerable. Iron and coal are obtained over a considerable portion of the district through which the river flows ; and there is a furnace at Lowell, but at present it is not in operation.

We crossed the river, and stopped at a tavern kept by Squire Brown. The squire is a merchant, keeping a general store, a farmer, a proprietor of boats on the canal, a contractor, &c. &c. ; and he is now building a steam grinding-mill. He is also a magistrate. He is a good specimen of a thriving Ohio man. He was shaving himself in the bar when we arrived ; but he soon finished, and sat down for a long familiar chat with the Governor, in which our teamster, pipe in mouth, freely joined from the other side of the stove, around which we had all seated ourselves in a most democratic circle.

The regular dinner-hour was passed, but the Squire's third wife soon improvised a plentiful meal of fried veal, ham and eggs, apple-butter, elder-berry pies, maple-molasses, and tea, with home-made bread, and newly-baked *biscuits*. Biscuits, in America, mean a kind of hot tea-roll ; what we mean by biscuits being there called crackers. As we had breakfasted at half-past

six, and it was now half-past two, we did it ample justice, albeit the cooking was not the most refined. Our teamster, as always in the States, sat down with us. When it was finished, we got into the waggon again, and passed over the wildest and worst road I ever wish to see. It follows the course of the Mahoning river and canal, and is a mere track at the top of the bank, with a steep hill above. The torrents, swelled by the rain, had washed great ruts in it; it was covered with large stones, and, in some places, had not even been roughly levelled from the natural slope. Gullies, a foot deep and a couple of feet across, through which foaming rapids from the hill rushed athwart the road, were driven through as nothing; though the jolt of the wheels going down, first one set, then the other, was like to shake us out. As the fore wheels went in, we jolted forward; and then as they got out, and the hind ones went down, we were shook the opposite way. My companion and I looked at each other half in wonder, half in fright; but neither the Governor nor the driver would shew that it was anything more than they were accustomed to every day. These roads would soon make an end of an English carriage; but the waggons here are built light, with the tough hickory-wood, and rattle over them pretty well.

As we proceeded up the river, the valley widened out into a considerable breadth of fine meadow lands, on each side of which the wooded bluffs rise. Both in the valley and on the table-land there are very fine farms, now covered with the rich green of the wheat, which the last two or three days' rain and warmth have caused to make a wonderful start. Coal and iron are worked at several points along the course of the river, and sent to Cleveland by the canal. At

every turn of the ten miles from Lowell to this, there was some new feature. Wooded knolls, with verdant carpets of grass, freshly sprung ; deep ravines, with brattling torrents rushing down them ; reaches of the river, broad and studded with islands ; and the wooded hills, always in the back-ground, like the frame of the picture.

We saw, for the first time, a "sugar-camp"—a clump of beautiful maple-trees, tall and finely grown, on a slope between the road and the river. It was deserted, for the sugar-season is over ; but the spiles were still in the trees, and the troughs, short hollowed half-logs, for catching the sap, remained at the foot of the trees. The spile is a short piece of a small branch, with the pith scooped out, and it is inserted in the bark of the maple. We got down from the waggon, and jumped over a small stone-fence, surrounding the group of trees, to examine the arrangements for collecting the juice. None of the juice itself remained, as it is too late in the season.

Youngstown is a flourishing little town of 4000 inhabitants. It is the capital of an extensive mining and iron district, and has an active and improving look about it. Mr Tod's principal coal-mine, with his wharf, is about two miles further up. We got down at it to examine the coal. The seam is of very great thickness, and is a very valuable one. The coal has a fine, hard, bituminous glance, apparently very free from sulphur. Mr Tod owns the mine, and it costs him to dig the coal by contract 75 cents per ton ; the carriage by boat to Cleveland is \$1.75 per ton ; making a total cost of \$2.50 per ton. It sells there for \$4, leaving a profit of \$1.50, or 6s. per ton on a cost of 10s. As his two mines turn out about 250 tons



each day, coal-mining is a pretty profitable concern,—much more so, the Governor says, than diplomacy. This district produces a considerable amount of coal. Last year, the canal carried 112,000 tons to Cleveland ; and, had its capacity been greater, 150,000 tons would have been sent.

A short walk through a fine oak wood on the hill above the river brought us to Briar-hill. It is beautifully situated on a gentle slope overlooking the river and the western hills ; behind which we saw, from the piazza, the sun set in a blaze of glory. The house is a long wooden building of a storey and a half, with a verandah all the length of the west front, which looks out on what Mrs Tod is fast making a beautiful lawn. This slopes to the wood, which screens the house from the road at the foot of the hill.

We got here about seven, and papa was greeted by his young people, with whom we also soon got on intimate terms. The rooms are full of Gaucho implements and Brazilian curiosities, and the family full of South American recollections—so an extremely pleasant evening passed very quickly away, in conversation which never flagged, till it was nearly eleven ; when, as the Governor proposes to be astir again by six, he ordered us off to bed.

*Pittsburgh, Saturday, April 21.*—We got back here this evening at nine. Our host knocked us up this morning at half-past five ; and after a delightful breakfast with the ladies (who told us, by the way, that *they* did not usually rise so early), we walked down to Mr Tod's office, where the waggon came for us, and by half-past seven we were again on the road. Our destination was Warren, fourteen miles further up the

valley of the Mahoning. About three miles above Youngstown, we turned down to the river-side to see some works which Mr Tod is forming. Besides Briar-hill, he has another coal-bank on this river, called Girard. It is on the opposite side, and situated some little distance up a ravine. His arrangements here are an excellent specimen of individual enterprise. He has constructed a railway a mile and a half long, from his mines to the canal, to reach which it crosses the river by a wooden bridge of considerable length. Between the river and the canal he has formed a dock, and he has erected shoots around it, from which he can load four boats at a time. As the works are only in progress, he was not a little anxious to see how they had stood the freshet of yesterday, and was relieved by finding they had sustained no damage. At Nileston, a little below Warren, the coal-field ends, having extended thither from Newcastle. There is a rolling-mill of some extent here.

We reached Warren about eleven. The valley all the way up is extremely beautiful, and is rich farming land. The morning was fine, even warm, and the advance in vegetation since yesterday very marked. We had been coming through a quiet country, and saw more of the indigenous animals than we have hitherto noticed. Paddling about in a little creek by the wayside was a turtle; and running along the bars of a zig-zag fence by the road, I saw a bright little red squirrel. They are pretty little animals in their native woods. Near Mr Tod's Girard works, we saw, chained in the yard of a log-cabin, an American bear. By and by, we met a man carrying a large gray squirrel which he had shot. They are much larger, and not nearly so pretty as the red ones; still, running wild in the woods,

they are frolicsome, interesting creatures. They are reckoned a dainty, and squirrel-pie is fast depopulating the woods. Of birds, we saw the robin, a very different bird from our redbreast. Blue-birds were hopping about in the fields, their cobalt-coloured feathers glancing in the light. Woodpeckers were also abundant. I also observed a small flock of turtle-doves on a tree; and in the road, a covey of quails, so tame that they did not fly, but merely wriggled their fat bodies to the side, out of the horses' way.

In the freshets to which these rivers are subject, the canal-boats are not safe. We went to see one of the railway bridges at Warren, close by which is one of the slackwater dams, and over it the flood had shortly before carried a boat loaded with coals. It had gone up through the lock, but having been caught by the current, the tow-rope broke, and it floated over the breastwork. It dragged a hundred yards or so down stream, when it filled and sank. Besides the boatmen, two women, one of whom was ill, were in the boat when it went over. They were got out, and no one was lost or hurt. When we saw it, the water was pouring over it. The boatmen's kit had been got ashore, and the women's things, and lay about on the bank like the salvage from a wreck.

The town of Warren is prettily situated on a rising ground, in a bend of the Mahoning river. It is a county town, and has a court-house. It was gay to-day, for men and women flocked from far and near to be present at an examination of schoolmistresses. We dined at Warren at twelve, and set off immediately after in our waggon for Salem, twenty-five miles off to the south, which we reached about five in the afternoon; having passed through good farming country all

the way, although not nearly so fine as that in the Mahoning valley. It was plank-road the whole distance, and although at first this makes a pleasant road to travel, there is a want of elasticity in it, and a continuous jerk, which is most fatiguing. There were some curious gates on this road. At one the keeper's house was raised above the level of the path. He sat in the doorway, and collected his tribute with a long stick and a cup on the end of it. When he had secured it, he raised the bar to allow us to pass. These bars are usually a pole stretched across the road, balanced by a weight on one end, and pulled up and down by a string. We also saw a number of farm-gates, somewhat similarly balanced. They have no hinges, but the top bar is prolonged, and the gate, on one side, counterbalanced by a heavy weight on the other end of the prolonged bar, the whole being poised upon the gate-post.

They keep the toll-gates always shut, as the Ohians are fond of asserting their liberty by passing through free if they can,—a specimen of which we saw, in the case of a rather ancient portress, who incautiously raised her bar before receiving the cents leviable, and seemed to be utterly bereft of her few remaining wits by seeing her debtors disappear at a fast trot round a near bend in the road. We had very great difficulty in getting her to raise the bar for us, even after we had paid, she was so discomfited by the boldness of the fraud just perpetrated upon her senility.

We passed through several towns, Ohlton, Austintown, Canfield, New Albany, &c. Salem, where we got the train, is a Quaker settlement. It has the appearance of a flourishing town; and does a considerable trade in the purchase of dry goods from the

jobbers for country sale, receiving in return country produce for sale in the cities. We saw several of the Friends, chiefly women, walking about in their peculiar dress. The town has a neat, clean appearance. It is sixty-nine miles from Pittsburg. We bade Mr Tod good-bye here, as he was going west to take a train to Cleveland, while we were bound east, back to Pittsburg. He told us his history, which, as characteristic of many persons in America, I may state generally comprised hardship and struggles, surmounted by industry and perseverance, and crowned with affluence and honours. It would be a breach of his kind confidence to mention its details further.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### PITTSBURG TO CINCINNATI—COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS, *Wednesday, April 25.*—Got here last night. Sunday and Monday we spent at Pittsburg. Monday was devoted to railway investigations, which opened up to me much of the business capacities of the town and district around. Under the auspices of General Robinson and Mr Solomon Roberts, the projected connexions of the various railways east and west of the Ohio were traced ; and it was in the course of our peregrinations about these, that the remains of Colonel Bouquet's fort, already alluded to, were visited. In the course of the evening, I visited the reading-room of the Young Men's Christian Association,—one of a series of valuable institutions which we found scattered all over the Union. This one was organised in April 1834 ; and its object is to extend to the young men who are attracted to Pittsburg, "in form, as well as in spirit, the friendly hand ; forewarn and forearm them against their dangers ; offer them the privileges of a good library and reading-room ; invite them to a place in the sanctuary ; and seek, in all possible ways, to surround them with Christian influences. If they are 'brethren in the Lord,' then we will extend to them the hand of brotherly love ; direct them to

boarding-houses, where they may find pleasant abodes pervaded with Christian influences ; invite them to the Sabbath-school, prayer-meeting, and church ; and unite their hearts with ours in efforts to do good." Nineteen congregations belonging to Pittsburg were represented in this association ; and we found placed by it in the hall of the hotel a printed list of all the churches, and their ministers and hours of worship,—a very useful directory for the stranger.

Yesterday, Tuesday, leaving my companion to find his way to Cincinnati by the Ohio river, I took the Ohio and Pennsylvania railway train, at eight A.M., and got to Crestline, 187 miles, its western terminus, about five. Mr Roberts, the superintendent and engineer, accompanied me. It was a beautiful day, very hot, and slightly hazy. The route is of uniform character after leaving the Beaver river. At seventeen miles from Pittsburg, is the colony of German Harmonists, called Economy. It was established about 1814, by George Rapp, who came hither from New Harmony, on the Wabash river, when that settlement passed into the hands of Robert Owen. They hold their property in common, have a good many mills, some very fine farms, and are very industrious. We could not see their village, as it is above the railway on the bluff. It contains about 1400 inhabitants.

The first twenty-five miles of the railway lie along the Ohio river ; and the bluff in some places approaches so close to the water, that the passage for the railway is quarried out of the rock. After leaving the Ohio, it follows the course of the Beaver river, six or seven miles, proceeding then through a rolling country all the way to Crestline. There are numerous villages on its course, and some large towns, such as Massillon,

Wooster, Canton, and Mansfield, which have about 4000 inhabitants each.

At Crestline we caught a train from Cleveland, on the Cleveland, Columbus, and Cincinnati railway, and proceeded by it to Columbus, sixty-one miles. The section of country through which this line passes, on this part of its route, is flat, without the hills and hollows which characterise the rolling country. The lands are chiefly occupied as grazing farms. The soil is clay, and in this dry weather the train raised a cloud of fine dust which was very disagreeable. The dust is a matter of such serious inconvenience on American railways, that it is no uncommon thing to see it put forth in the announcements of rival companies, that certain roads are ballasted with broken stones or gravel, as an inducement to travellers to prefer them on account of the less dust to which they are liable.

There was a convention of railway presidents and superintendents at the Neil-house, where we took up our quarters ; so the whole evening after our arrival was occupied in listening to the merits of various lines, and the demerits of various others.

This morning, Wednesday, I was introduced to many more railway superintendents and engineers, and spent all the forenoon in conversation with them, at the offices of the Columbus and Xenia Railway Company. I may mention, as a specimen of their generous hospitality, that nearly every one presented me with a free pass over the line of railway with which he happened to be connected.

As the different trains left the central station in which all the lines entering Columbus are congregated, my railway friends dispersed to the scenes of their labour, and I was left to my own devices. The heat



was intense, and as the country all around is a limestone one, the fine dust which was blowing about in clouds was peculiarly irritating. Still I walked through the town, which is the capital of Ohio, and contains, (by the 1850 census) 17,883 inhabitants, to which it has attained in thirty years, by the following rapid progression :—1820, 1400; 1830, 2439; 1840, 6048; 1850, 17,883.

It is situated on a rising ground, in a bend of the Scioto river, and is built in square blocks, with very wide streets, crossing each other at right angles. In the middle of the town is a public square, ten acres in extent, and in it stands the State-house, a magnificent building of white marble, now in course of erection. It is not nearly finished yet, and, in the meantime, the State-offices are in a range of low brick buildings in front of it. The legislature is not sitting now, and the town is very dull. The streets are lined with trees, which are just beginning to come out in leaf, and the peach-trees, later here than in Carolina, are in full blossom.

Generally, people take things as coolly in Columbus as anywhere I have seen. There seems to be little or no business going on. I have been quite amused in walking about the streets to observe the people sitting listlessly at their store-doors, with their feet *up* on something, reading a newspaper, or more frequently doing nothing except smoking or chewing.

There are some good buildings here, in the shape of benevolent institutions, churches, and even private houses. But the superabounding limestone-dust makes walking in the streets very disagreeable, at the same time that the water is affected from its coming through the lime-rocks.

*Cincinnati, Thursday, April 26.*—In the course of conversation this morning, it was pointed out that the course of travel in the United States has changed very much of late years. The opening of the Erie canal and the New York railroads had directed trade almost entirely to New York. Now, however, since the opening of the Pennsylvania railway, and of the Baltimore and Ohio railway, going direct across from the Ohio to Philadelphia and Baltimore, the trade is returning largely to these cities. As yet, however, it appears that there is not enough of data to test the ultimate course of travel. The opening of new lines, shortening the direct distance to the sea-board, may do much to modify or change the routes now followed.

I was introduced to the Auditor of the State, who kindly furnished me with much valuable information as to its finances. He says they are proud of their State, as they may well be, for it is a very flourishing one. He claimed for it that, as it is a young one, youthful indiscretions should be overlooked. The population of the State has increased from 45,365 in 1800, to 1,980,408 in 1850. The aggregate valuation of taxable real property in the State, in 1846, amounted to \$324,495,772; and in 1853, to \$566,964,835; shewing an increase of \$242,469,063. The value of the horses, mules, cattle, sheep, and hogs, in 1853, was \$53,680,231.

The following is the comparative yield of wheat and Indian corn, and the average yield per acre, for three years, in bushels :—

	1850.	1851.	1852.
Wheat, total, . .	28,769,139	25,309,225	22,962,774
Average per acre,	17·3	15·2	14·1
Indian corn, total,	56,619,608	61,171,282	58,165,517
Average per acre,	36·8	36·7	33·6

The omnibus, to take us from the hotel to the train, came to the door at half-past twelve, and we were hurried to it as if there were not a moment to spare. It started at about a quarter to one. The distance to go was short, so that we were at the station by one, and had to wait, of course. But this is a specimen of the way in which time is lost here. In Columbus people seem to have nothing to do. They get up and breakfast early, probably by seven o'clock. Then they go to their places of business, about which they hang on till one, though apparently never harassed with work. Then after dinner they go back again, get into a chair with arms, tilt it up on its hind legs, put up their feet on the nearest available projection of the proper height, and, with cigar and newspaper, look the most comfortable, laziest, good-for-nothing fellows in the world.

The train at twenty minutes past one carries on the passengers which come from the east by the central Ohio railway. On the arrival of the train there was the usual commotion for two or three minutes. Then the passengers had either all gone away, or got settled down in the cars for Cincinnati; and presently we started—I, for one, very thankful to be out of Columbus, with its small limestone dust, bad water, nothing to see, and less to do.

We bowled along over the smoothest railroad I have yet been on in the States, and through a very rich but very level country. It was amazing to mark the change which two days added to our southing had made in the vegetation; as if by magic, the woods had put forth their summer dress. The trees were chiefly beech, and the pale delicate tint of their new leaves was exceedingly beautiful, and formed a refreshing

object for the eye to rest on. On through fenced fields of much the same character all the way till we came to Xenia, a pretty, flourishing town, situated in a spot of great natural beauty, undulated with knoll and hollow. Soon after passing Xenia, we enter the valley of the Little Miami. The valley is narrow, has a fine alluvial rich soil, and is hemmed in on both sides by the usual bluffs. These heights are all covered with trees, presenting at this season various shades of green, according to the kind of leaf newly unfolded. The settlements and villages along the banks of this river are beautifully situated. The Little Miami joins the Ohio river above Cincinnati; and from the point of junction, the railway is on the north bank of the latter stream. The valley of the Ohio, near Cincinnati, is enclosed by very high bluffs of Silurian limestone and shale. They recede with a bend to the north, at a spot where the river makes a sweep to the south; and on the widened space thus formed stands Cincinnati. The hills approach almost close to the river, on the east side of the town, so that it was with great difficulty the railway got an entrance. I believe the six miles of the line here cost nearly as much as all the rest of it put together. There is no view of the city, approaching it from this side; but a very fine one of the Ohio, and the opposite shore of Kentucky, beautifully undulated, clad with wood on the knolls, and dotted over with villas. The hills on the hither side are covered with vineyards; but, as the vines are without foliage at present, they look very formal and bare. The railway winds round the shoulder of the hill, and the cars are presently in the station-house.

The baggage-man had previously taken charge of my checks, and given me an omnibus ticket, with a

second ticket intimating that No. 6 was the proper vehicle for me to take to get to the Burnet-house. So when we arrived, I had nothing to do but to step into omnibus No. 6, and in course of time found myself at the side-door of this magnificent hotel. My companion had got here before me, but only this morning ; and though he had admired the scenery, he found the sail down the Ohio rather tedious.

By the time we got tea it was nearly dark, but we strolled down street to the levee, and got a dusky glimpse of the crowd of river steamers ; then up and down two or three streets, to catch an impression of the Queen City. When we came in, we found General Robinson and Mr Roberts, with Mr Kilgour, the secretary of the Little Miami Railway Company, waiting to carry us to Captain Straders. The captain is president of the Little Miami railway, and there were a number of railway people assembled at his house. Railways, wine-making, Henry Clay's farm, how to get to the Kentucky caves, were all discussed. We were introduced to the sparkling and still catawba, that is, native champagne and hock, made from the catawba grape, and grown in this neighbourhood. Long before the entertainment was over, we had made numerous friends, the circle of whom daily widened during our somewhat prolonged stay in this hospitable city.

As we were passing through the hall of the hotel on our return, in company with Judge Ellis of Vincennes, we met a tall fine-looking man on crutches, and were introduced to him as General Anderson. Paul Anderson was a major-general of the militia of this district. He has travelled a great deal. He fell last January on the ice and broke his thigh. He

is now recovering ; but he lay, he told us, for seven weeks, trussed up in a box, without moving an inch, the recollection whereof was not pleasant to him.

He was delighted to meet a couple of Englishmen, and invited us into his room, a sort of parlour-bedroom opening off the hall. He made the judge read to us from a Western paper a letter of his, written to contradict a report that he was lost in the *Arctic*, in which he had given some of his impressions of England and the continent, whence he had lately returned. The chief of them were two:—one, that Paris, after London, was like seeing a farce after one of Shakspeare's plays ; and the other, that England was only thus much less free than America, that a man when he committed a murder had very little chance of getting off without being hung. He and every one else whom we met, who knew England, spoke warmly of it—although some plainly shew a tendency to favour Russia, rather than the allies, in the present struggle. The general begged us to make use of his room to lounge in at all times,—a courtesy which the judge also pressed upon us with his.

We have been already overwhelmed with kindness and attention. Mr Anderson, a connexion of Mr Longworth, the chief wine-grower here, explained to us about the vines, and recommended us to see Mr Buchanan's vineyard. General Robinson and Mr Roberts returned to Pittsburg, to my great regret. Robinson was the first white man born west of the Alleghanies. Roberts' family, a Welsh one, came over with William Penn.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### CINCINNATI.

FRIDAY, *April* 27.—Went down to the river side. The boats here, as at Pittsburg, run close into shore, with their bows pointing a little up stream. There is no quay-wall; the bank slopes steeply down to the water. The great difference in the level of water in the river, at different seasons, makes this plan the only one which is at all suitable.

The station and offices of the Little Miami railroad are at the upper end of the town; and immediately behind them the hills approach the river. From an insulated peak of these, a sort of huge mud hillock, we were able to see over nearly all the town; the view embracing the windings of the river, the Kentucky hills, and Covington city, on the opposite shore.

These hills are composed of strata of mud and limestone, belonging to the Silurian group. The thin bands of limestone are full of characteristic fossils. Slabs of it lie about everywhere, perfect masses of *cerat*, *orthes*, *trilobites*, &c. I picked up two fine specimens, and carried them to my room; the maid, however, did not appreciate them, and threw them out. The streets are paved with great blocks of this limestone, and one walks on the sharp backs of countless *atrypæ*,—a mode

of proceeding which is, however, more interesting than comfortable, as the surface is very rough.

In the afternoon we went out to ride with our friend the general. The carriages which are to be got in Cincinnati are very capital ones. We had one which was roomy and easy; and, with two very good horses, we were carried along at a comfortable rate. It was excessively hot, so we were glad to look forward to getting to the top of those hills which surround the city, and which seem to reflect the heat upon the houses below. On these hills are built the residences of many of the merchants. We drove to one of the suburbs, called Clifton, to the north of the town, ascending the hills which encircle it, and getting to the valley of the Muscatawas, or Mill Creek river, on the other side. The view back over Cincinnati is very fine, but the country beyond the hills is indescribably beautiful. Wooded hills, and cultivated valleys, alternate as far as one can see, each knoll almost occupied by a picturesque country-house. The beechwoods, in all the freshness of the first outburst of leaf, as yet pale green—the darker hue of the now luxuriant grass—the balmy summer-like afternoon—all made up a scene of extreme delightfulness.

One of the beautiful knolls in this neighbourhood is occupied by the residence and vineyards of Mr Robert Buchanan, a merchant in Cincinnati, an ardent naturalist, and the author of a little work entitled "The Culture of the Grape, and Wine-making." From him, with the general's introduction, we had a most hearty reception. He has eight acres of vineyard, his place altogether containing about forty acres. On the summit of a gentle hill stands his house, buried among trees, the shade of which is a great luxury in the hot



## THE RIVER AND RAIL.

South and west are the vine-  
yards, and to the east is an orchard; seventy varie-  
ties of apples, one hundred kinds of apple,  
towards the east and north, a wood,  
a deep dell, skirts the grounds. It is a  
commanding panoramic views of the coun-  
try on every side.  
The vines are planted in rows, five to seven feet  
apart, and the vines in the rows three and a half to  
four feet apart. Stakes from six to eight feet high are  
driven into the ground at each vine. In autumn the  
vine is cut down to a short stump, leaving only two  
branches. One of these is left about eight inches long,  
to produce the growing wood for the following year.  
The other is left longer and trained, with fastenings of  
willow twigs, in a bow form. From the bow, long  
shoots grow, which are trained up the pole, and when  
they reach the top, are then trained over to the next  
one. These shoots bear the grapes. When fully  
grown, the rows are continuous, each vine meeting the  
one next it. At present they are only beginning to  
sprout. In October, when in full bearing, the vine-  
yards look very beautiful.

Eighty-eight varieties of native American grape are  
enumerated. Those which are chiefly cultivated are  
the Catawba (originally from the district of that name  
in North Carolina), the Cape, now called the Schuyl-  
kill grape, the Herbemont, the Isabella, and the Mis-  
souri grape. Mr Buchanan places them in this order  
of value; but adds, that he can only recommend the  
Catawba and Cape for profitable cultivation. The chief  
wines produced are very good imitations of champagne  
and hock, and a red wine resembling claret. They are  
known as sparkling and still catawba, and sparkling  
Isabella.

In July 1796, Volney, while visiting the French settlers at Gallipolis, Ohio, tasted wine made there from a red grape, found on the islands of the Ohio river, and planted in a small vineyard. Dufour mentions, that in journeying down the Ohio in 1799, he found at Marietta a Frenchman, who was making several barrels of wine every year, out of grapes that were found growing wild and abundantly, on the heads of the islands on the Ohio river, called sand-grapes. He adds, that he tasted some of the wine when four months old, and found it equal to that produced near Paris, if not better. Partial as the early attempts made to cultivate wine were, even they were regarded with jealousy by the home government. The same traveller says, "He went to see all the vines growing that he could hear of, even as far as Kaskaskia on the Mississippi, where he was informed the Jesuits had planted a vineyard, shortly after the first settlement of the country; but that the French government had ordered it to be destroyed, for fear that vine-culture might spread in America, and hurt the wine-trade of France." The cultivation of the grape, and wine-making, now occupy a very prominent place in the industry of Ohio, Missouri, and some of the other States. Mr Longworth of Cincinnati has given most attention to it. He receives the produce of most of the vineyards around the city; and, in his large and commodious vaults, carries on the processes necessary to produce the wine, for which he is famous all over the States. His production in 1854 was about 150,000 dozens.

So much for wine-growing. It was much more interesting to learn these and other details amidst Mr Buchanan's woods, in the warm light of the afternoon

sun, than it is to dwell upon them on paper. So let us back to the woods again.

A tree called the red-bud, at present covered with rich red flowers, although the leaves have not appeared yet—and of which several were scattered through the orchard—shews in fine contrast to the white blossoms of the other fruit-trees. The plant grows in England, though usually as a shrub. Here it becomes a tree, and is a very beautiful feature in the woods. The dogwood is also now in flower. Its large white petals, with greenish and pinkish tinges, is also a prominent tree among its fellows.

We strolled down into the wooded dell I have mentioned, and picked up various wild-flowers,—white, pink, blue—anemone, dentaria, Virginia, &c. Our own wood-violet and other species were there,—the May-apple in profusion. The butternut-tree, a chestnut with yellow flowers, and yielding a nut which is prized, grew in the dell; and on the more upland lawn, the honey-locust, with its wonderful thorns, attracted our attention. Some of these thorns are eight inches long, with numerous side spines. They are hard and sharp, and are attached to the bark of the stem in such a way that they hang loosely, with the points downward. The difficulty of climbing a tree of this kind has given rise to a western proverb. They say, "Such a one is ugly enough to scare a bear up a honey-locust, stern foremost." We brought away some of the long seed-pods of the beautiful catalpa-tree; and had also the opportunity of seeing the alanthus, a tree much planted for shade, because of its quick growth, but disliked in towns, from its sickening perfume. It is a fine tree in appearance, with long pinnated leaves. Although almost unbearable in

towns, in the country it is not so offensive,—the air diffusing the strong perfume of its flowers.

Among the birds common here are the scarlet-tanager, the swamp-blackbird, the mocking-bird, the rufus-thrush, the singing-sparrow, &c. We listened long, but in vain, in hopes the mocking-bird—which frequents Mr Buchanan's grove—would favour us with a song ; he was obstinately silent. The pretty little singing-sparrows, however, hopped about plentifully, and kept twittering away with their sweet note.

Then to the wine-house, armed first with great glasses. It is a house of two storeys—the upper level with the ground. Here the grapes go through a double process, being first roughly bruised in a small crushing-mill, then pressed in a screw-press ; from this their juice passes into the vat in the cellar below. The still-catawba is the simple juice of the grape after fermentation. To produce the sparkling wine, the fermentation is checked at a certain stage, and sugar added. When we reached the cellar, we drank our host's health on the spot, in a bumper of home-grown hock. It is very pleasant—slightly acid.

Beyond Mr Buchanan's a little way, is the summer residence of Judge M'Lean, one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. It commands a fine view also. On the library table were two good busts ; one of Henry Clay, the other of the judge himself—similar to one we saw in the congressional library at Washington. In another room was a portrait of Mrs M'Lean—a very fine picture of a very fine subject. The artist—Carpenter of New York—gives good promise.

On still, amid beautiful scenery and tasteful residences ; past the modest retreat of Bishop M'Ilvaine,

the suffragan of Ohio, till we reached Mr Bullers's ; and I think the situation of his house could hardly be exceeded. Occupying the extreme point of a ridge, which juts out into the champaign, like a promontory into the ocean, it commands on three sides a most extensive expanse of beautiful country. The drive up to the house, and on around it, descending the hill side, and rising again to the upper level, is laid out with great taste. Conservatories full of fine flowers, add the floral varieties of other climes to the natural beauties of this lovely spot.

We have seen no district in America, as yet, at all to be compared to the vicinity of Cincinnati. Land is worth \$1000, or £200 per acre, and upwards. It is rich, but its value is chiefly owing to its adaptability for villas. It is exquisitely various ; and the woods, and fields and streams, with the background of wooded-hills, all make up pictures of sylvan beauty rarely paralleled. We enjoyed it this afternoon for five hours.

*Sunday, April 29.*—Went with Judge Este this morning to Christ-church (Episcopalian), Dr Butler's. He did not preach, but Mr Nicholson, of St John's, preached a most admirable sermon from the words, "If the righteous scarcely be saved." He shewed that the "righteous" evidently mean God's children, as opposed to "unjust" and "sinners" in the next clause. He then pointed out that the expression is an intensified affirmation, that they are *scarcely* saved ; that there is no supererogation about this salvation. It is attained, but no more. There is nothing to spare. This, he observed, did not allude to the atonement of Christ, by which justification was secured, but to the being made

meet for heaven—the walking with God, which is the believer's duty. Heaven is a character, as well as a place ; and it is not enough to have a title to it, which the believer has through his union to Jesus, but he must be made fit for it. He must be sanctified. This being made perfect in holiness is not accomplished easily, or at once. It is a daily striving after it that is needed. He must agonise to enter in. It is a constant and laborious struggle ; and, in respect of it, it is true that the righteous scarcely are saved. But it is a glorious consolation, that the work of Jesus bringing salvation to the sinner, is the basis of this work of sanctification ; and secures its perfect and complete attainment. Therefore, while the believer is stimulated to earnestness and diligence, he has great comfort and consolation that, continuing in the faith, God will perfect that good work which He hath begun in him. On the other hand, to those who reject the Saviour, and do not heed his promised help and offered mercy, there is but the solemn question—Where shall the unjust and sinners appear ?

We went in the afternoon to hear Dr Butler address the Sabbath-school children. The school usually meets in the morning. This afternoon meeting, so far as I could make out, takes place, and is addressed by the rector, once a month. It was held to-day in the school-room below the church ; but it was announced that in future it would take place in the church itself, that more of the congregation might be induced to attend it. There were about a hundred boys and girls. They sat in their classes, with several teachers beside them ; and were, on the whole, pretty quiet and attentive. The meeting was commenced by the Sunday-school

liturgy and a hymn ; after which Dr Butler addressed them from the beautiful simile in the ninety-second Psalm, " The righteous shall flourish like a palm-tree." He spoke of the orchards and vineyards around. The planting and training of the trees he made to signify the teaching of the scholars in the Sabbath-school ; and in the transplanting of the young trees from the beds of the nursery to the open orchard, he found an analogy to their admission into the Church, by baptism, confirmation, and the partaking of the communion. All this sounded to me rather High-church. There was nothing about the love of Jesus ; consequently, nothing to draw forth love. A hymn, and another prayer from the little prayer-book, concluded.

In the evening, at half-past seven, we went to "The Old-school Presbyterian Church, Fourth Street, near Maine," and heard an excellent sermon (I did not hear by whom) from the words, " It is finished." The principal topics were—that the atonement was completed ; the prophecies were fulfilled ; the typical ceremonies were consummated ; the working out of a righteousness for the sinner, as well as the payment of his debt to the law, was accomplished.

We were much struck with the smallness of attendance in both churches. Indeed, nowhere where we have been have we seen the churches anything like full.

It has been excessively hot all day. When we came out of church in the evening, it felt pleasantly cool. It is nearly full moon, and a lovely evening. We walked up and down Fourth Street, one of the finest in Cincinnati, mostly of private residences, and lined with trees, enjoying the cool moonlight, and not lacking topics of conversation.

In talking with him upon the subject of slavery, Judge Este mentioned, that he had been informed by the professor of political economy in New York university, that the average length of life among the free blacks in the State of New York is seven years ; and that the negro population is dying out rapidly in all the free States. He asserted—a conclusion at which I had myself already arrived—that the whites suffer more from the system of slavery, than even the slaves, owing to its enervating and demoralising effect.

*Monday, April 30.*—Railway business in Cincinnati : then over to Covington, on the Kentucky side, and railway business there. Then up to the summit of the hill to the west. How dusty it was, and hot ! Down into a hollow—a stream to leap, not without some straining of ancles—and then a pretty tough climb, the hill-side being just about as steep as the loose *debris* forming its surface will lie on the slope. They are of similar character to those on the Ohio side—Lower Silurian, and full of fossils. From the summit of the hill there is a glorious view of the Ohio river, with its tributary streams, and of Cincinnati. We threw ourselves on the grass, our feet dangling over the edge of the cliffy slope, and enjoyed a rest in the cooling breeze, with the beautiful view before us. Below us were some fine elms ; buck-eyes, or yellow-flowered chestnut, —a tree very like our horse-chestnut, but the leaves are smaller, as also are the spikes of flowers, the flowers themselves being yellowish, and more labiate. There were also plenty of honey-locusts or acacias, and a hawthorn very like ours, only the leaves are larger, and less deeply cut, while the flowers are also larger.



Having descended, we walked through the city of Covington, to see a suspension bridge over the Licking creek, a stream which divides the city of Covington from Newport. It is a light handsome structure, of very considerable span, and at some height above the water. We paid three cents each to get upon it ; and observed that the passage of a lad made it vibrate considerably.

I went in the afternoon to visit Mr Joseph Clark, for whom I had a letter of introduction from an esteemed mutual friend. The hour, which was all I could spend with him to day, was exhausted long before I had cast even a cursory glance over half his natural history treasures. In the little garden, at the back of his house, I learned more about native American plants, than I could have found out in an extensive journey ; while his cabinets contain a most complete collection of plants, unios, helices, and fossils, chiefly from the Silurian rocks around.

We looked about the town a good deal in the evening, and made a call on a friend, who came here from Scotland in 1818. Cincinnati then contained about 4000 inhabitants. In 1850, there were 115,000 ; now, there are said to be nearly 180,000.

Between ten and eleven, we went into a shop to eat ice. Many parties—the ladies without bonnets—came in from the adjoining houses for the same purpose, even at that late hour. It was jolly, for the heat all day has been oppressive ; and it does not seem to abate any, even now that it is night. Doors and windows, fast shut all day to keep out the dust and glare, are now open to their widest extent ; and window-sills, and door-steps, are tenanted by groups of gaily-dressed and tinkling-tongued damsels, and their swains. So that

to walk along the streets where the private houses are, at night, in the hot season, is the best way to see the beauty and chivalry of Cincinnati.

Cincinnati has the air of a flourishing place. There are good shops, and the people in them are civil, and try to help you to what you want,—a thing we did not find them careful to do in some other towns.

## CHAPTER XXX.

“SAILING UP DE RIBBER, DE OHIO.”

MARIETTA, *Thursday, May 3*, 10 P.M.—Waiting for the steamer to Cincinnati.

From its commencement at Pittsburg, to its junction with the Mississippi at Cairo, the Ohio river is 959 miles in length. Marietta is situated on its banks, 302 miles above Cincinnati. It is the point where the Marietta and Cincinnati railway reaches the river; and I came up here to meet the president of that road, in hopes that it might be possible to return to Cincinnati over the line of the railway from this. We are prevented doing so, and are now on our way back by the river.

The member of our party who left us at Charleston, joined us from New Orleans early on Tuesday morning, and was my sole companion on this trip. The *Pennsylvania* steamer was advertised to sail that morning at ten A.M. for Pittsburg. There seems, however, to be a regularly understood deviation from the announced hours, as they told us at the Burnet-house we should be in plenty of time if we left the hotel at half-past ten. We walked leisurely down and went on board; watching, with no little interest, the receiving of cargo, which went on, as cart after cart drove down to the levee. The steamer had three decks. The hold of the first deck was appropriated to

goods, to the engines, and to the lowest class of passengers. The second deck has the passengers'-saloon upon it, surrounded with sleeping-berths; and on the roof of it is usually one, and sometimes two, more tiers of sleeping-cabins. The passengers'-saloon extends the whole length of the vessel, is lighted from the roof, and lined with sleeping-cabins. Outside is a gallery, into which the sleeping-berths open as well as into the saloon; and, in fine weather, this gallery is the favourite, as it is a pleasant lounge. A portion of the saloon, towards the stern of the boat, is appropriated to ladies exclusively, or parties with ladies in them. It is a little better carpeted, and a little better furnished, than the rest; and at night it is shut off from the outer cabin by a heavy curtain.

They continued to take in goods as fast as they arrived, till about twelve; when we got under-way and were fairly afloat, "sailing" not *down*, but *up* "de ribber, de Ohio." And a beautiful river it is—broad and placid; though to-day, with the recent rains, rather turbid. It winds in the gorge or valley of denudation in which it flows, now to one side of the alluvial meadow, now to that opposite.

The State of Ohio is for the most part a highly elevated table-land; separated from Virginia and Kentucky, which rise in hilly masses, by a deep depression excavated by the Ohio river, and in which, as I have just said, that river runs. This depression is of varying breadth. Its sides are generally abrupt, and its bottom a flat rich loamy plain. From the base of the high grounds on the one side, to the base of those on the other, the current constantly alternates. Continuously along its course, transverse glens open into it, and run northward and southward into the interior; each the

channel of streams of greater or less volume. The rounding of the points of high ground between these times and the Ohio valley gives great beauty to the scene. It is a soft and luxuriant beauty: characterised by hills of every outline, covered with wood; and fields at the base of the high grounds with farm-houses and their outbuilds and pastures. The slopes of the hills on the north bank for some miles above Cincinnati are cultivated as vineyards. These give a very artificial and formal character to the landscape: and though they add in an industrial sense to its interest, they do not add to its beauty. Perhaps on the whole, the scenery on the Kentucky side is the finest.

There are a good many towns and villages on both sides of the river, some of them of considerable size. By and by, coal begins to appear, and is mined. At some places, we could see the seams exposed along the river bank. Paducah, on the south side, and Portsmouth and London on the north, are iron and coal villages of some rank.

It is monotonous sailing on these rivers. The scenery is very much the same all the way. Now and then some slight incident occurs to vary the scene. Boats and rafts pass and repass. At one place we saw a couple of pigs making a piggy meal, not without approving grunts, on the carcass of a drowned cow; when suddenly the wave from the steamer washed up upon them, and while it nearly swamped the living, washed beyond their reach the dead carrion.

The day was sultry. I sat reading in one of the galleries most of the time. By and by, as night fell, the moon arose. Warm and sultry, still there were yet *light clouds* flitting over the sky, and gathering darker clouds. And now the moon begins to shew a dark

line on the lower side, which advances till the eclipse is total. When it was so, the moon was not hid. Its full outline was distinctly visible, but it appeared as if seen through a dark brown glass, and it gave no light. The night was dark. Every now and then, a flash of sheet-lightning faintly illumined the sky ; and after I had gone to bed, the wind rose, and by and by there was heavy rain.

To bed, but not to sleep. Glad to divest myself of every article of dress save a light cotton shirt, I did not get quit of a quilted coverlet, which took the place of blankets. Though it was light, it was warm ; and notwithstanding that we had open windows on both sides of our state-room, it was very hot, and ere long the clothes were wet with perspiration. But after the rain commenced, it grew colder ; and when I got up, between five and six, it was cold. This only lasted till the sun was up, and Wednesday was even sultrier than the previous day. There was mist over the hills, which added to, rather than took from, the fairy beauty of the river, enveloping wood and wold in a hazy indistinctness, which gave massiveness to the curtaining hills.

Towards night it grew closer and closer, till at last, about seven o'clock, and from then on till eleven or twelve, there raged a perfect storm, with most magnificent lightning. When we were opposite the mouth of the Hock-Hocking river, it was at its worst ; and so bad, that the steamer came to anchor. The wind was high, blowing in gusts, fierce and cold ; torrents of rain fell, pelting angrily on the roof of the boat, and splashing in the water with a peculiar hiss. Lightning, both lambent and forked, lit up for seconds at a time with yellow and purple flashes, displayed

and hid the scenery around. There was thunder too, but it was distant. It was very fine. The lightning coloured the hills and houses with such lovely hues of pale purple and yellow light, for a few seconds at a time—then all was dark, till another flash startled the picture into momentary being again, only to wipe it out as it vanished instantaneously with its coming. Often did Newton's lines recur to my memory :—

"The Voice that speaks in thunder,  
Says, Sinner, I am thine !"

Those who are much in Nature's presence, see God's works and wonders. I watched the storm with interest and awe. It died away again, and we went on our journey. I fell asleep on a chair, and awoke about one in the morning to find we were opposite Marietta.

We were landed, not at Marietta, but at Harmar—a town separated from Marietta by the Muskingum river, which joins the Ohio at this place. I suppose we were "done." They said there was not water enough to land us at Marietta, which was not true. At all events, we found ourselves, some eight in all, standing on the damp deck of a wharf-boat, moored in the stream, at one in the morning ; with a most indistinct idea of both where we were, and how we were to get to our destination. After some chaffering, a little skiff was chartered to carry us across. We were left, with our baggage, to the second trip ; and had to stand shivering (what an inconstant climate it is !) on the wharf-boat, till the skiff came back for us. However, it came at last, and, after ten minutes' rowing, we were across. We had to lug up our portmanteaus ourselves, and no joke it was, for they were heavy ;

and the point on which we were landed was soft and slippery too. However, the Stanwood-house was not very far away, and about two in the morning we were housed, and shortly afterwards snug in bed.

The bell for rising this (Thursday) morning rang at six, and the breakfast bell at half-past ; but, resolutely regardless of consequences, I slumbered gloriously on till half-past seven. When I started up, dressed, and descended to breakfast, alas ! it was long since it had vanished. However, they did their best to improvise me some. The handmaiden was German, but, luckily, she could speak "some" English. She brought me tea—ugh ! muddy water warmed : a mouthful was enough ; ham—it was fat, salt, and sour, as was also the butter. The eggs were good ; so I breakfasted on two eggs, a slice of stale bread—without any butter—and a glass of water ; and, after all, I am not very sure but such would be a very good breakfast to stick to every day.

The landlord went round to the bank, just round the corner, and soon returned with our friend. We had parted in England, and were very glad, both of us, to meet again in Ohio. As soon as my companion was ready, we went out to see Marietta. It is built on the point between the Muskingum and Ohio rivers, and contains about 3500 inhabitants. It was founded in 1788, by some of the heroes of the Revolution, and named after Marie Antoinette. It is built in rectangular blocks—the houses pretty much apart. It is the county seat, and has a court house, and a Presbyterian college, besides churches. There is an iron foundry, a woollen mill, and several timber and grain mills. The valley of the Muskingum is considered the finest wheat-growing valley in the United States—not second even



to that of the *Genesee* itself: and the flour from the Muskingum brings always the highest price in the New York market. Flour is at present worth here \$10½ or 46s. per barrel. Usually it is worth \$6 to \$8. or 24s. to 32s. This is in consequence of the drought of last year. Wheat usually worth 10 cents or 5s. per bushel, is worth now 60 cents, or 2s. 6d.; and hay has risen from \$4, or 32s. per ton, to \$28. or 112s.

After making a call, we continued our tour of the town. Up Putnam street, is up the hill at right-angles to the Muskingum river; a street, crossing a little way up, leads to the cemetery, in the midst of which, in perfect preservation, is one of those relics of a former age and nation, usually called Indian mounds. They are believed here to be, not of Indian, but of Aztec origin, as there is no known work of Indian construction, either ancient or modern, which is at all so structural. There are numbers of similar and dissimilar remains throughout America. They are well described in the "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge."

The mound at Marietta is very perfect. It consists of a simple cone of earth, surrounded by a ditch and turf embankment; with great taste, the cemetery has been formed around it, so that the primeval mausoleum (if it is one) guards, as it were, the recent graves. Trees grow around it, and upon it. Stone steps have been carefully let into it on one side, and a seat erected on the top. From its apex, there is a good view of the site of Marietta, embosomed among hills. It is a beautiful spot: a place where, apart from the excitement of a great city, yet not shut out from the amenities and responsibilities of life, one might be fain to pass their days pleasantly and peacefully. In this cemetery rests the

remains of more of the actors in the revolutionary struggles, than are contained in any other graveyard of the Union.

Unfortunately, it began to rain, and it kept on raining all afternoon. This prevented us seeing some points of interest in the neighbourhood.

Ships used to be built at Marietta, loaded with flour, or wheat, and sent down the river, 1750 miles, to New Orleans, and thence to sea. The district around was very much affected by the drought of last year; and, in consequence, the trade of Marietta very much depressed—probably never more so. It seems, however, to be an enterprising and thriving town, and must become still more so when the railway hence to Cincinnati is opened.

We sat chatting with our esteemed friends till half-past nine; when, resisting (very loath to do so) their kind entreaties to stay with them over Sunday, and return to Cincinnati on Monday, *via* the Muskingum river and Zanesville, which other engagements would not permit us to do, we came down to the hotel, where these notes have been written; having been told the boat might pass any time between ten and twelve. The “office” of the Stanwood-house, where I am writing, is a bar-room, with a stove in the middle, around which are a few wooden-seated chairs. Half-past twelve, and no symptom of the boat.

*Friday, May 4.*—On board the *Philadelphia*. Instead of the steamer reaching Marietta last night, “any time between ten and twelve,” it did not arrive till seven o’clock this morning. We spent a weary night, trying to get snatches of sleep, alternately on the hard chairs in the office, and the equally hard

benches in the hall of the Stanwood-house. The porter, or waiter of that establishment, a fine open-faced German, had his humble couch in the office; and there he coiled himself, and slept from about eleven till three, without taking off his clothes. This, he told me, he did every night. It seemed a hard lot, and yet he toiled on uncomplainingly. It was broad daylight between three and four, and we went down to the wharf-boat, and walked up and down there, preaching patience to each other, very satisfactorily, till seven, when the *Philadelphia* hove in sight. But she was saucy, and would not come up to the boat which served as a wharf at Marietta, on the ground, I suppose, that there was not enough of water. The wharfman said there was, and that if he were us he wouldn't stand it, and would make her pay for her "sarce" by not going at all. As we wanted to get to Cincinnati, his logic appeared very bad; and as the steamer had come to at Harmar wharf, we got into a yawl, ten of us, with "some" luggage; and after some hard pulling, got on board.

*Cincinnati, Saturday, May 5.*—We got here again this morning about nine, having come down stream in less time, "considerable some," than we went up. There was nothing of incident on the voyage, except that we got aground on a sand-bank, a few miles below Pomeroy, and had a specimen of what is technically called "walking the boat." Long beams or poles, attached to the boat, were put out and rested on the bottom, and by means of these, with ropes and windlass, the steamer was pushed over. It detained us some time, but we got safely off at last.

The steamer was more than full before we got on

board, and all our applications for state-rooms were met only by an impertinent and contemptuous stare. This was very uncomfortable, as we could not open our boxes, nor get fresh clothes, which we much needed, after the wet day previous and sitting up all night in the dirty office of the Stanwood-house. We could not even reach our towels; and the common washroom, and its common towels, two or so to two or three hundred not overly clean faces, were not inviting. I do believe if we had got berths we should have gone to bed at breakfast time, we were so tired. I fell asleep several times during the forenoon; and no sooner was tea over at seven, than, stretched on three chairs, I went off sound as a top. About ten, beds were made on the floor. Such a scene! Through the whole length of the saloon, a number of chairs were placed upside down in a row, and against the slope formed by the inverted backs mattresses were placed. The turn-up of the mattress at one end, against the chair, was all the pillow there was. Thin sheets were spread over them, two sheets to three mattresses. It was a huge joint-stock sleeping company,—not at all to our taste. It might be said to be one continuous bed, with fifty occupants. Luckily there was a quilted coverlet for each, without partnership. So seizing the first that was ready, I rolled up my greatcoat for a pillow; and, without taking off any of my clothes, not even my boots, tucked myself up, defensively, in the quilt, and was asleep in three seconds. Even from this couch, such as it was, we had to turn out at half-past four in the morning, to make way for preparations for breakfast,—the black rascal of a steward wakening the various sleepers with a by no means gentle admonition. There was not much rest in it, and one rose

satisfied that they had a spine, for the mattress was thin, and the floor hard.

The company on board these boats is rough enough. Such rushing at feeding-time! such grabbing of dishes! such "liquoring up," smoking, chewing, and spitting! Avoid steam-boats, when you can, say I. One man, who was well dressed, and professed to be a gentleman, having addressed me, in a mistake, for a friend of his own, on discovering his error, merely laughed in my face — remarking, "I took you for my friend, you are very like him;" and, turning to a person who was standing by him, he said, "Look here, did you ever see anybody so like my friend ——?" I walked off, however, without giving them the opportunity of making further comparisons.

Once safely arrived at the Burnet-house, a hot bath, half an hour under the hands of the hairdresser, and clean clothes, set one up wonderfully.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### CINCINNATI—MORE SUNDAY-SCHOOLS—A GEOLOGICAL EXCURSION.

SABBATH, *May 6*.—I went this morning, at half-past nine, to the Sabbath-school in connexion with Dr Fisher's church, the second New-school Presbyterian church. It meets in a commodious lecture-room below the church. When I entered, there was hanging above the superintendent's desk a large placard, with the words, "I am early." When the proper hour of assembling is past, the placard is reversed; and then rebukes those who come in after, with the words, "I am late." The superintendent tells me that, in addition to this school, which consists of twenty classes, one infant-class, one Bible-class for girls, and one Bible-class for boys, and numbers altogether about one hundred and fifty scholars, their congregation supports two mission-schools—one in the morning, and the other in the afternoon. "The Young Men's Christian Union," a society somewhat similar to the "Young Men's Christian Association" of London, supports eight Sabbath-schools, in most of which some one or other of Dr Fisher's congregation teach. In the young men's Bible-class I observed several youths whom I found in the afternoon teaching classes. This is an excellent feature. These Bible-classes are, in fact, training-schools for teachers.

Mr Gamble, the superintendent of the Sabbath-school, kindly found me a seat in the church. After the performance of the 23d Psalm, prose version, by the choir, with the organ, and the usual opening services, Dr Fisher preached a sermon (preparatory to the communion, which was to be dispensed in the afternoon) from the words, "Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, . . . took upon him the form of a servant." The argument being, the union of the true divinity of Jesus with his true humanity, for man's salvation.

In the afternoon, Mr Neff, one of Dr Fisher's teachers, and a merchant in the city, came to conduct me to some of the other schools. He carried me first to one which he superintends in one of the poorer districts to the north-west. We found about one hundred and fifty scholars, and fifteen teachers, assembled in one large room ; to which, however, they are about to add another. These children get no instruction elsewhere. Many of them, most indeed, are German. They were neatly and cleanly clad, and looked quiet and attentive. Mr Neff tells me they were very unruly when first collected ; and that they had great difficulty in preventing them mocking during prayer. My attention was particularly drawn to a class of grown women, one of whom was a married person. The teachers in this school have been much encouraged by its marked improvement. The first time Mr Neff spoke to them about missions, one boy gave his donation by placing a cent on his forefinger and chucking it at him across the room. As we left the room, they were just commencing to sing, quietly and beautifully, Heber's hymn—

"From Greenland's icy mountains."

We then crossed to the north-east district of the

town, to visit one of the schools supported by "The Young Men's Christian Union." This school has teachers from all denominations. It had but a small attendance to-day, about 250 ; usually it numbers 350 to 400. The children are almost entirely German. Here, too, there is an infant-class, and Bible-classes for lads and young women. It is superintended by Mr Neff's brother, and many of the teachers are occupied in other schools in the morning. Thus here, as well as with us at home, there exists the practice, prompted by necessity, to devolve accumulated labour on the few who are willing and suitable.

We arrived at church again shortly after three. During the whole of this afternoon's service, the singing was without the organ—simpler, and more generally joined in by the congregation ; a proof that, after all, the organ is not necessary, and the want of it no great loss. There was a baptism, after which Dr Fisher proceeded to dispense the communion. He first read over the names of persons who had come to join his congregation by certificates from other churches. These then stood up, and he read the Church covenant, to which they acceded. Then the congregation stood, and he went on to read an acceptance by them of the new members, ending by invoking a blessing upon both.

He then read part of John vi. and xx., and 1 Cor. xi. This done, he descended to the table on which were the bread and flagons, the communicants being seated in the centre pews. After a short address, he invoked a blessing and distributed the bread, which the elders handed, amidst prevailing stillness, to the communicants, who remained in their pews. After a few more words, he gave thanks ; and in like manner



sent round the cup. After a pause, as before, he delivered a short exhortation. A collection was then taken up, a psalm sung, and the benediction pronounced.

The service was very solemn and impressive. The quiet and orderliness of the whole were very delightful. We ought to introduce the practice in our Presbyterian congregations at home ; and so get rid of the needless bodily excitement and weariness of our protracted communion ordinances.

A monthly concert for prayer took place in the evening. I went, however, with Judge Este to Christchurch, and heard an excellent sermon from Dr Butler, on the three texts—"I was afraid and hid myself." "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." "Perfect love casteth out fear." His object was to shew how the fear of wrath was made to produce a fear leading to reflection, and eventuating in that love which fears to offend—that perfect love which casteth out the fear that hath torment. He justified the appeal to fear of wrath, as one of the means appointed by God to induce the fear which is the beginning of wisdom, and ends in love.

*Monday, May 7.*—Spent this forenoon with Mr Clark on the hills. We reached his house about nine, and found him ready to accompany us. As we walked along, he mentioned that he had a fine dwarf buckeye in his garden, the blossom of which had, last year, been destroyed by a caterpillar. Two or three days ago the caterpillars appeared upon it again ; and his nephew, to destroy these, had sprinkled salt over the tree and round it. Rain having come on, it melted the salt, and washed it in amongst the roots of the tree,

and this has had the effect of withering it, so that it appears quite dead. This morning Mr Clark dug away all the earth from about the tree, washed the roots, and filled in fresh earth, to give it a chance of recovery. This curious effect of salt upon the buck-eye has been noticed before, and announced in the *Farmers' Magazine*, which was once published here.

Mr Clark lent me a hammer, and armed himself with a strong Spanish dagger—a first-rate weapon for digging out fossils. Continuing straight out Race Street, we soon came to the hills. From the river to the platform, on which the lower part of the city is built, is a gently ascending slope; then there is a steeper rise from Third to Fourth Streets, after which there is a second platform. Beyond this the ground slopes up still more steeply, till at last the cliffs rise, almost perpendicularly, presenting good sections of the strata. These consist of alternate layers, in varying thickness, of blue limestone and a yellowish clay, both full of fossils. The formation seems to be the equivalent of the Lower Silurian, but not the lowest beds of the group. The beds are nearly horizontal, and pass under the channel of the Ohio. We spent several hours among them very pleasantly, collecting fossils, notwithstanding that the intense glare of the hot sun on the light-coloured rocks was very painful. Among the specimens obtained, were good examples of the profusely scattered trilobites, and portions of encrinites, strophomena, orthes, atrypa, spirifer, orthoceratites, and corals.

In the afternoon, Mr Gamble came to take me to the cemetery at Spring-grove. We went by pretty much the same route we had gone with General Anderson; passing Mr Buller's, and turning north round his grounds, we

got into the valley of the Muscatawas, or Mill-creek. A little way up this valley, at Spring-grove, is the cemetery. It has a fine situation, and is well laid out; the drives round it are five miles in extent. The Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton railway passes through it. We were obliged to hasten home, as it threatened rain. We returned by a new route, approaching the city by the Mill-creek valley. All the views of Cincinnati from the approaches through, or rather over, these hills are very fine. We had a new view of it this evening, through a thunder-shower.

Where Cincinnati now stands, territory was purchased for about one dollar or four shillings per acre in 1787. The first house was built in 1779. Now, the population on the north side is above 180,000; and taking both sides of the river, it is above 200,000. The price of the thirty-three acres possessed by Mr Buchanan was not long ago \$1700; and it is worth now above \$1000, and probably \$2000, per acre. We were introduced to-night to Mr Philips, the pioneer of Dayton. He felled the trees and grubbed up the stumps on the ground where his house stands, the centre of the flourishing town of Dayton, containing in 1850 a population of 10,977. So rapid is the growth of cities in these new States!

*Tuesday, May 8.*—While dressing, Mr Wilson came in. He and Mrs Wilson had come down from Marietta by the river, and had been more fortunate than we in their boating, for they caught the steamer at two A.M. yesterday, and arrived here this morning between three and four. Most busily engaged the whole day till six, when we all met at tea. In the evening, I attended a meeting of the Home Missionary Society of Dr Fisher's

church. There was an interesting report from their missionary as to his labours. The society has two mission-schools, and they proceeded to discuss the propriety of establishing a third. They had funds enough to pay the expenses, and faith enough to feel that they would get teachers; so it was resolved, after some interesting and encouraging remarks from Dr Fisher, and other members, to set about it at once. I like this characteristic of our transatlantic brothers. When they make up their minds to the desirableness of a thing, they don't stick at difficulties. They begin, and find the truth of the old Scotch proverb, "A thing begun is half done." These men were all overburdened with work, still they had faith that they "would get teachers,"—so they took the preliminary steps at once. Their kindness towards myself, as a fellow-labourer from a far land, I shall not soon forget.

There has been quite a change in the weather to-day. Yesterday, when we were out on the hills, it was intensely hot, but it became colder after the thunder-storm in the afternoon; and it seems there was frost in the night, sufficient, Mr Buchanan says, to materially injure the grapes. To-day it has been excessively cold. These sudden alternations from great heat to extreme cold must be very prejudicial to health.



## CHAPTER XXXII.

### CHILLICOTHE.

CHILLICOTHE, *Wednesday, May 9.*—We left Cincinnati at nine this morning, Mr and Mrs Wilson accompanying us. Our route was by the Little Miami railway to Lovelands, twenty-three miles; then by the Hillsborough railway to Blanchester, sixteen miles; where we joined the Marietta and Cincinnati railway, and travelled by it to Chillicothe, fifty-seven miles; making the whole distance ninety-six miles.

At Blanchester, the superintendent of the Marietta and Cincinnati railway, accompanied by several of the directors, and a party of friends, met us with a special train; so that our trip over the line partook of the nature of a directors' excursion. I cut from the *Scioto Gazette* this evening the following account:—

#### "EXCURSION TRIP TO BLANCHESTER.

"By invitation of the superintendent, Mr Waddle, about thirty of our citizens, including several officers and members of the railroad company, took an excursion-trip to-day to Blanchester. The new engine, 'Henry Clay,' and an elegant passenger-car just purchased, were used for the occasion. We left the city about

half-past eight o'clock in the morning, and reached Blanchester about eleven. There we were met by Noah L. Wilson, and Beman Gates, Esqrs., accompanied by three English gentlemen, who are on a tour of observation through the States. We had a most delightful excursion. The day was fine, the spirits of the company jovial, and nothing occurred to mar the enjoyment of the ride. Adequate provision for the inner-man was made by our excellent friends, D. A. Schutte, B. P. Kingsbury, and J. H. Holcombe, Esqrs. We would be willing to serve in the army with such excellent purveyors at the head of the commissary department. The in-coming trip was better than the out-going, the air being more salubrious, and the appetite less clamorous. Seldom, if ever, have we participated in an excursion in which the general joy was more complete. Such pleasant incidences give zest to life, and round it with a joy."

Leaving Blanchester, the railway runs for several miles in a straight line through an oak forest. From thence to this it is through an exceedingly rich and cultivated country. The line is more expensively "located" than is usual, going straight through hills with cuttings, instead of winding to avoid them, as is very customary here. The road will be a link in a great through-line, and the feature which I have just mentioned, although adding to the cost, seems to be an element in its future success; as it secures a straight road, on which high speed, which will be wanted, may be obtained without endangering security.

There are several glens of great beauty crossed by the railway: in one is a very picturesque little waterfall. A few miles west of Chillicothe, occurs a cutting

through clay, so hard, that it was found necessary to blast it. Still nearer the city, the railway passes through a deep cutting in slate rock ; emerging from this, the view is most charming. The road comes out over an extensive plain of rich farming land. The Scioto river winds through this expanded meadow, and on its banks the city of Chillicothe nestles among trees. South of the town, an abrupt bluff, three hundred feet high, rises, rocky and wooded, hemming in the view on that side. To the north, but withdrawn some miles, a range of hills, of considerable height, and covered with wood, forms a fine background. The central, and highest peak, is named Mount Logan, after the famous Indian chief of that name (already mentioned), the last of the Shawnees. Beyond the town, the rich valley of the Scioto stretches far ; the horizon broken by a conical hill which appears in the distance, and pleasingly varies the uniformity of the line, where the blue distance merges in the fainter blue of the sky.

We reached Chillicothe about half-past two, and found a spacious and convenient hotel in the principal street, where we got large airy rooms. Dinner at four, and tea at six. We spent the time between in tracing out the course of the railway, by the engineers' maps in the railway office, just over the way. After tea, we walked to the hill south of the town ; and the beauty of the place, and the sweet calm of the evening, were charming. There was a fine sunset—the sun disappearing behind the woods in the west amidst a flood of purple light.

Near the top of the hill is a mineral spring, a strong saline chalybeate. A rocky path leads slantingly up the face of the bluff, commanding beautiful views of

the rich valley to the west ; then it winds round a shoulder of the hill, till you lose sight of the city ; and skirting the brow of the brae in a westerly direction, between a field on the left, and a copse on the right, it reaches a little ravine, in a gloomy nook of which, lies the spring. It is a small pool of dull-looking water, covered by a huge stone. There is no run, only a moist sipping from the pool, enough to redden the stones, and collect in little "dubs," which are coated over with "iron ore." The water tastes very badly, and has some reputation for curative qualities. The spot, at least, is prettily romantic.

We then wended our way eastwardly, along the crown of the hill. When we got up to it, we found it to be a table-land, receding south at that elevation, as far as we could see, with low hills beyond. Wooded with groups of trees, and covered with a rich sod of grass, this elevated plateau looked like a fine old English park. We extended our walk till nearly dusk, and descending, re-entered the city on the side opposite to that by which we had left it, coming along some of the principal streets on our way back to the hotel. There are many capital houses in Chillicothe. The streets are broad, and lined with trees. There is an air of quiet, and comfort, and affluence about the whole place. Part of the town suffered sadly from a fire about three years ago ; but it is being rebuilt.

*Saturday, May 12.*—Just returned from an excursion to the coal and mineral districts to the east of this place.

We were roused yesterday morning by five ; and, having breakfasted, we left by a special train on the



eastern division of the Marietta railway, getting to the end of the road so far as it is made, namely, twenty-one miles, about half-past eight. We went out very slowly, stopping wherever there was a bridge, or any particular feature to examine. The line runs through a fine flat farming country, till it reaches the Scioto river, which it crosses by a bridge of wood. Several other creeks are crossed by similar lofty bridges, such as Walnut-creek, and a little further on Salt-creek. By the time we reach these creeks, we have got into a rough country, of quite different character from that which prevails further west. The hills are several hundred feet in height, and steep ; many of them too steep for cultivation, even if they were cleared, which few of them are. They are still clothed with their native woods, principally oak, mixed with maples, buckeyes, poplars, dogwood, wild-apple, wild-pear, pawpaw, &c. &c. Between them are valleys with flat bottoms, or meadows. These are very rich, and make fine farming land. The farming here has been chiefly confined to grazing and the feeding of hogs, as there have been no facilities hitherto to carry grain to market, and the produce of the farm required to be put into something which would carry itself thither. We met several herds of hogs being driven in this way towards market. Two droves had probably one or two hundred hogs in each. Three or four men, one and sometimes two of whom were mounted, accompanied each.

The rails were laid no further than Raysville. The "city of Raysville," as the Chillicothe newspapers called it, is somewhat difficult to find, being only in embryo as yet, and consisting of precisely two log-huts. Here a waggon, which had been sent on the previous evening, was awaiting us. It was a long spring-cart

on four wheels, with three seats across, and two horses, and it held us excellently. The driver was a Dutchman, named Peter ; *i. e.*, he is a German, but all Germans go here by the generic term—Dutchman. For eight miles and a half, to a small village called Allenton, our road lay through woods, “the forest primeval ;” amidst which were here and there a few fields newly cleared. It was a very rough road, being little more than a mere track, often just the channel of a stream, winding through a series of valleys among the hills. The scenery was very beautiful, wild, and solitary. It was a lovely day. Many pretty plants were coming into flower. The foliage is not so far advanced as it is on the banks of the Ohio ; still, it is well out, and the dogwood is in full flower. The flower is large, white, an inch and a half across, with three petals. It comes out before the leaf, but remains long.

At Allenton we got upon what is by courtesy called a county road, for seven miles and a half, to Macarthurstown, where we arrived about twelve, and stopped to dine ; amused, while waiting for that meal, with the antics of a little daughter of Hulbert, “mine host,” named Dora, as well as with two or three specimens of “The Press” of Macarthurstown. The village is the county town of Vinton, contains some 400 or 500 inhabitants, and has several weekly papers.

Dinner—a country dinner of boiled ham, set off with eggs, potatoes, peach preserves, and tea—discussed, we mounted our waggon again, and, after five miles of rough driving, reached the Racoon-creek, on the banks of which are the mineral lands we wished to see.

The Racoon is a small stream, winding in a narrow fertile valley, between timber-covered hills. We con-

found our waywardness to lead us to the north side, and were surprised and gratified at the discovery of coal and iron which even a cursory survey of the road and neighbouring hill-side indicated to us. The first point at which we saw the coal was in a little ravine to the left of the road, where the farmer on whose land it occurs lies it for his own use. The bed of coal is about two feet in thickness, but it is excellent. There was a pit at the place, and we each mined a piece of excellent main coal. Immediately above the place where it is dug there is a well of fine water, fringed round with moss and ferns.

The road, which had ascended over a spur of the hills, now descends into the valley of the Racoon; and, continuing on a little way, a feature in the contour of the hill gives two little bays as it were: and, in the dividing spur, we find the coal again.

In this section the coal shows in two beds, divided from each other by nine inches of shale—say, first coal, 14 inches; shale, 9 inches; second coal, 29 inches; shale, 4 feet 3 inches for a mine. Further on, the coal crops out on the road-side. All these out-crops are at a considerable elevation above the general level of the valley-bottom.

A little way on from this the railway cuts through the seam of coal, which actually forms the foundation of the road bed. Piles of the coal, cut out in forming the railway, lie about; and it has been carted into the embankment in more than one place, shewing dark amongst the new earth-work, even from a considerable distance. We saw coal similar to this in use at Macarthurstown. It burns well, with a clear cheerful flame, and has but little ash.

Still further on the valley narrows. The stream

flows through a gorge, and the railway finds its exit through a deep rock-cutting. Before reaching this point, a tributary valley comes in from the north ; and on the projecting hill between, is a valuable vein of ironstone. It occurs about five or six feet below the surface, and is about twenty-six inches thick. The clay above it is dug off, and the ironstone quarried on an open section. It contains lime, and may be smelted as it is. It was dug when we were there for a furnace close by. The slope down which the ore is dragged to get into the county road is so steep, as to be inconvenient for a person to walk down on foot. It is hauled by bullocks, which, on this part of the road, have more to do to keep it from coming down too fast, than to help it down.

We got finally into our waggon at this point, about five, and had a delicious ride back to Macarthurstown, which we reached soon after seven, just as it was getting dark—and cold too ; so that a fire, of that same coal, was not unwelcome. Supper was a repetition of dinner ; and we were all so sufficiently tired, as to make bed welcome at half-past nine. The main body of the hotel formed two sides of a square, and a third was occupied by the eating-room,—a separate building, of one storey, with a kitchen at one end. There was a little garden in the court, with shrubs. A wooden passage ran round the court-side of the house ; and we went up a stair outside to an open gallery, from which our bedrooms entered. The whole fit-out was quite wild. We had three rooms to five people ; luckily they were double-bedded. The landlord told us that here people would rather sleep three in a bed, than be in separate rooms ; nor could he understand our English repugnance at having to club our sleeping

accommodations. Wilson was my companion, and he attempted to carry on a conversation, after the lamp was put out, from his couch in the other corner ; and I suppose I answered Yes and No, with sometimes a forced attempt at a longer reply, most absurdly inappropriate, till at last sleep overpowered me ; and he tells me to-day, I answered his last remark with such an unmistakable and provoking snore, that he gave in, and followed my example.

Turned out again at half-past three. Breakfast as before. All the meals seem to be stereotyped at Macarthurstown—everlasting pig. By five, we were once more in our waggon on the way to Londonderry, a station on the railway, twenty miles from Macarthurstown, and thirteen from Chillicothé. Part of this country we had passed over yesterday, and the remainder partakes of the same character. We were nearly an hour too soon for the train ; so, leaving such traps as we had to be put “on board” when it came up, we walked on the line for a few miles, till it got so hot we were glad to sit down and wait till the train should pick us up. While waiting thus, in a wild wood, we were much amused watching the proceedings of the red-headed woodpecker tapping the trees. The noise he makes, and which was resounding on all sides of us, is wonderfully disproportioned to the size of the bird. It may be heard a long way off. At last the train came up ; and about half-past ten we were landed once more in Chillicothé, the trip out and back having extended to about eighty-eight miles. The whole of the rest of the day we spent in-doors, except a pleasant hour in the cool of the evening—the still eve of the Sabbath—when we strolled all together, once more, to the beautiful hill south of the town.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### CHILLICOTHE.

SABBATH, *May* 13.—Very different from some of the Sabbath-schools I know, was that visited this morning, belonging to the first Presbyterian church. There were about a hundred and twenty children, for the most part dressed entirely in white, so quiet and attentive, so clean and neat, grouped around some dozen of teachers, in a large airy lecture-room, the open windows of which were shaded by trees planted thickly around the church. It was a specimen of a school where abundant employment leaves no one poor,—a characteristic of many of the inland smaller towns in this prosperous land. Appropriately, in the midst of so many bounties, were the services concluded by the hymn—

“Come, children, hail the Prince of Peace.”

We went up-stairs after school to church. The services were more “American,” than I had yet heard. The discourse was on the evidences for the authenticity of the Bible as a revelation from God. The text, “All Scripture is given by inspiration of God.” It was one of a course on the doctrines of the Church. Last Sabbath the subject was, “Nature’s testimony to God.” To-day it was, “God’s testimony of himself.”

The eloquent lecturer is strongly republican. His

prayer contained a petition for the spread of republican principles ; and he instanced these, in the course of his sermon, as one of the branches of instruction revealed in the Bible. Withal, he is not blind to the faults and dangers of republicanism ; for he referred in this way to the lawlessness to which it too often leads :—He had been speaking of the improbability of the gospel narrative, from its nature, and the circumstances under which it was first promulgated, being a forgery. This he exemplified by supposing a similar attempt here, and now. If a book was to come out in Cincinnati, professing to be the life of a man belonging to Chillicothe, and were to describe the circumstances of his birth, assert that he lived for thirty years in the immediate neighbourhood, fulfilling all the laws of God in a most remarkable and extraordinary way,—that he next spent three years in teaching and preaching in and around the city, healing diseases, and doing all sorts of wonderful actions,—that, at last, he was arrested, arraigned, tried, and acquitted ; yet, notwithstanding, was taken by a lawless mob, led out to one of the Indian mounds near, and there executed. Would such a book, if it were not true, live an hour ? At the remark, “ taken by a lawless mob,” he could not help saying parenthetically, “ a proceeding, by the way, not at all unlikely in this country.”

*Monday, May 14.*—Some of our new friends were with us this morning by half-past seven, to arrange excursions for both to-day and to-morrow ; and by half-past eight we were abroad in buggies. I found myself driving one of them—one of those unturnable articles, with four very high wheels very far apart. Leaving the town on the west, we turned into a deep glen ; the

hills on both sides wooded down to the road-side. We entered the wood on the right, and drove up the steep side of the hill among fallen logs, and through fields, till we reached the table-land, already so often referred to.

While others were knowingly punching the fatty parts of heifers, I stumbled upon the nest of a field-lark. It was built with dried grass, in a tuft of grass, very like our own lark's nest, but larger. It contained five eggs, also larger, as is the bird itself, than ours. The eggs are dull white, speckled with red. The bird is brown, with white feathers in the tail, which spread out conspicuously in flying.

From this field we found an exit into one of the farm-roads, by simply throwing down the snake-fence, or zig-zag. These are built of splits of wood, laid diagonally one over the other. They are easily thrown down, to pass, and easily built up behind you. The road ended abruptly at the edge of a very steep slope, at the bottom of which was the public road. So down went the snake-fence again; and down went we, rather perilously, amid and over logs, ruts, and all sorts of brushwood; but it is remarkable what places American buggies can be driven through.

We were now in the valley of Paint-creek, where the land is deemed even richer than that in the Scioto valley. We visited a large farm, worth \$100 or £20 per acre; and found on it bulls, and other stock, imported from England. One of these bulls had been bought in England for \$1000, or £200; and, sold at auction in Ohio, fetched \$2100, or £420. Cattle are fed cheaply and well on Indian corn. It is crushed, cob or heart and all, in a mill, and given in this state. The productiveness of this crop is immense. A bushel



of Indian corn sows seven acres ; and one acre produces from thirty to one hundred and fifteen bushels. The average on these fine bottom-lands is fifty bushels, while a great proportion of them produces seventy and seventy-five bushels. If the produce is fifty bushels per acre, the reproduction is three hundred and fifty fold.

After a long afternoon of railway business, we formed a merry party in the evening to ascend Mount Logan. There is a steep zig-zagging road up the face of the hill, and we set out in carriages, but when about half-way up we got out and walked, managing, however, to take the vehicles with us to the top. The hill is said to rise 630 feet above the level of the Scioto river. There is an Indian mound on the very summit. The view from the top, obtained through the trees, surpassed any thing we could have imagined ; commanding varied and beautiful peeps of the town and plain, and hills beyond. We descended on the east side, which is more abrupt, and cut up by some fine ravines. The most striking scene of all is where the road winds round the base of the hill, and meets a bend of the river ; which, far down below, washes so close into the mountain, that from the road-way you could fling a pebble, indeed, almost drop it into the water. There are rugged blue slate-rocks above, and the same below, with a fringe of trees by the river bank, while, at the further extremity of a long smooth reach of the water, rise the roofs and spires of the town. I noticed with interest, in ascending and descending this hill, that zones of vegetation were observable to a limited extent, the prevailing character of the smaller plants being different at different heights. The black-locust (*acacia* ?) is in full flower, and the trees are loaded

with large drooping racemes of pea-shaped blossoms. Although the leaf of the black-locust is much like that of the honey-locust, they are quite different trees. The former has not the spines which the latter has; and the flower of the honey-locust is very small, greenish, and arranged in a catkin, like the alder. The wood of the honey-locust is quite useless, while that of the black-locust is hard and durable, and very valuable. It is said, that if cut in season, and when used for posts, put into the ground with the growing end downwards, it will last for fifty years. It is of very rapid growth, and on this account, as well as for its lasting qualities, it is a favourite tree with settlers on the prairies, who raise it from seed.

The engagements of the day were not over. There was a supper-party. Negro melodies and Scotch songs varied grave conversation. Slipping out in the course of the evening, with our friendly host, to enjoy the coolness of the verandah, I made my first acquaintance with fire-flies. There were but two or three flitting about among the trees. It was as if a star of small size, but intense brilliancy, had appeared for a moment, and sailed away again into darkness.

*Tuesday, May 15.*—This day was devoted to an excursion up the valley of the Paint-creek. We started about nine, and reached our destination, seventeen miles, about half-past eleven. The way lay through a succession of fine farms. The scenery did not present any new feature: meadow bottoms, bounded by wooded hills, approaching now nearer, now less near, to the stream. The bottom lands are peculiarly rich. There are two levels in these bottoms—called, locally, the first and second bottom—indicat-

ing that at such periods as these vales were the beds of lakes (if they were so), the water has stood at two different levels for long periods.

This valley is peculiarly rich in Indian mounds and ancient fortifications. In one field we saw three of them. There are trees on some of them, of the growth of centuries. We also passed, in a very fertile and beautiful nook of the valley, an embanked fortification—probably of the same period. These memorials of a race, the very tradition of whom has vanished, are extremely interesting.

When we arrived at the farm, it was proposed we should dine before strolling out to examine it—a bad plan, as it turned out—because, first, we lost all our time waiting for dinner; and then, when we had dined, we were much less inclined to tramp about in the hot sun. We sat in the porch, and lay about on the grass, for nearly two hours—till the pig should be roasted. It seemed to come quite natural to our American friends, but it was rather galling to us, to think how the day was slipping on, when there was so much we wished to see—fine geological sections, Indian mounds, Aztec fortifications, &c. &c.

At last dinner was announced, and we sat down to a farm repast—almost entirely of local production—and of Kentuckian hospitality. There was roast pig and ham; fish from the Scioto river; potatoes, peaches, &c., from the farm; home-baked bread, milk, and tea and coffee for beverages—far better than beer or wine. In fact, it was a dinner on and from the farm. We *men* all sat down at the board, while our hostess, with her maids—one white and one black—waited. We found this a prevailing practice in the west, among the farmers—induced, I suppose, by the habit of self-

dependence—rendered necessary by the impossibility of getting help.

Dinner over, we sallied out ; but time was up. We got to the brow of one of the hills, whence we overlooked the valley, and a small thriving town, about two miles further up the river. The farm, originally 2000 acres, is now held between an uncle and nephew—the latter farming 1100 acres. Around the original farmhouse—a substantial stone building of fifty-seven years' standing, and probably the first of so massive a character, far or near—is a fine group of black-walnuts and elms, full of beautiful gray squirrels, very tame. We saw lots of them running up and down the trees, and along the fences ; peering at us round the branches, and bobbing in and out of sight most playfully. One of the fields we passed through yielded, the season before last (1853), one hundred and fifteen bushels of Indian corn per acre.

The planting of Indian corn was going on. A man with a plough, drawn by two horses, goes first, and makes a furrow ; a second follows, and drops the seeds, two at a time, a little way apart ; a third succeeds him, with a light plough, drawn by one horse, and covers the seed. When sprung a certain length, the corn is thinned and hoed—the latter usually with a horse-hoe. Already, in some fields, the corn is sprung ; and we saw rye, too, in ear.

The carriages met us at the extremity of the farm, and two hours and a half brought us back to town, with sufficient time to rest before going to a large evening-party, to which we had been kindly invited. So our stay at Chillicothe was wound up with a ball. Unfortunately, however, none of us were dancing men.

*Cincinnati, Wednesday, May 16.*—We left Chillicothe to-day. As the papas and brothers had a trip the day we arrived there, so the mammas and sisters shall have one the day we leave. Of course, the belles must have beaux. Notwithstanding that the rain poured in torrents, a goodly party mustered at the station; the bran-new car was put on and made special; there was fruit, and champagne, and biscuits—so we had a merry convoy as far as Blanchester. Travelling so rapidly as we were forced to do, we had to say “good-bye” very often. To-day we said it with sincere regret. We had not much time to say it, however, for the Hillsborough train was waiting; so we hurried into it, and in due time caught the Little Miami train; and, late in the afternoon, safely reached Cincinnati. Then there were calls to make, and letters to write, and a run to Covington, to arrange for an excursion to Lexington—whither away in the morning.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### LEXINGTON—CINCINNATI.

THURSDAY, *May* 17.—Astir at half-past four; which gave ample time to breakfast, and walk leisurely over to the depôt of the Covington and Lexington railway, at Covington. This railway, ninety-nine miles in length, runs from Covington south to Lexington, one of the larger cities of Kentucky—one of the oldest, and formerly the capital, before the seat of government was transferred to Frankfort—dating its settlement from about 1779, when some hardy pioneers from the Carolinas penetrated thither. It is now a considerable town.

We left Covington at 6.25, and got to Lexington about 11.15. Between Covington and Paris, the railway is hemmed in between the mountains and the Licking river; and the scenery passed through is very fine. The valley of the Licking is narrow and winding, inclosed by high hills, clothed with a profuse vegetation. For the first forty miles, woods predominate; then the railway approaches the bank of the stream, and it lies mostly on a ledge cut in the side of the cliff, a steep bank, at some height above the water. The banks of the river are fringed with beautiful trees, and the level meadow-grounds are covered with corn. From Paris to Lexington, eighteen miles, the country

is more open and rolling. It is a very fine farming country. The subsoil is a blue limestone rock, of the Silurian group, very open, and disintegrating rapidly on exposure to the air. The soil formed by it grows with great luxuriousness a fine grass, called blue-grass, which gives to stock fed upon it a peculiar and highly appreciated flavour. This grass grows all under the trees, giving the character of English park-scenery to much of the country, and in beautiful contrast to the grassless and leaf-covered soil of more northern forests. The ride altogether was through a fine and interesting country. The situation of Paris is very fine indeed. In a field near it, there was a man ploughing with a pair of horses. They became frightened with the noise of the train, and struggled violently ; at last one of them fell, throwing down the driver also ; and the other one broke loose altogether, and galloped off through the field at a wild rate. Very foolish looked the man as he gathered himself up, and stared after his steed.

Paris is a town of considerable size and some activity. It is built on the slope of a gently rising ground, approached from the railway on the north over a lofty viaduct and bridge. An annual State fair, or agricultural show, is held at it. This lasts four days, one of which is set apart for the exhibition of "ladies'" work (*sic*), that is, home-made cloth, cheese, butter, and such like. This day, and a day for the show of horses, attract all the beauty of Kentucky. The other two days are for the exhibition of cattle. It is held in September.

A mile and a half from Lexington is Henry Clay's farm of Ashland. We drove there. It is a fine place. His son, to whom it now belongs, is pulling down the

old house, and building a fine modern mansion instead—a course some regret. They would have liked their favourite statesman's house to have remained as it was. The houses are well embosomed among trees, on a gentle eminence, swelling up from the public road. On our return, we drove a little round Lexington. The town covers a square of two miles, and is a pretty retired country town. Most of the houses have large gardens round them, with well-grown trees; and, as the site is rolling, there is considerable variety in the general appearance.

We dined at the Phoenix hotel, and were waited on by a fine old negro called Sam. Sam is privileged to be familiar. One day having, for more than the first time, forgotten something he was ordered to do, his master told him he had earned a fine fifty, (meaning lashes, for in Kentucky we are in the land of slaves again). "Dat all gas, massa," was Sam's cool reply,—"gas," in Yankee, being equivalent to our "moonshine," or "boasting."

Adam, our negro charioteer, drove us down to the train; and I got back to the Burnet-house about nine, the day's trip being about 205 miles.

*Friday, May 18.*—As an instance of the extent of business here, I may mention, that wishing to get a railway-guide interleaved to replace one I had lost, I went to two shops for that purpose; but both were so busy, they would not promise it to me within the three or four days I have yet to stay.

A considerable part of the forenoon was occupied in examining the works at a tunnel, which is in slow progress, through the hills to the north of the town. The only mode of access to Cincinnati on the north side of



the river is to go round the enclosing hills at the east or west side of the town. The projected tunnel provides a direct access in the north. It is being prosecuted by a railway company, called the Dayton Short-line. It emerges from the hills at the head of Deer-creek, a deep narrow ravine, which is to be filled up to a certain level to be fixed by the city: and it will be well when this is done, for a viler nuisance can hardly be imagined than this Deer-creek, as it is occupied from one end to the other with slaughter-houses. I had detailed to me two projects for uniting all the railways centring in Cincinnati in one terminus. One assumes this object by bringing longitudinally with open framework a canal which traverses the city: the boats going below, and the cars above. The other mode is by a tunnel underneath the town. At present both plans are to use a native expression already explained, "gas."

As we came along, we looked into Gardner's pork-packing place. Such quantities of hams as were hanging from stork frames, everywhere! This is not the season, however, to see in all its extent the trade which gives Cincinnati its sobriquet of Porkopolis.

Then there was Niles's engine-works to see. They resemble most other engine-works: only there are now building here two monster locomotives for the Coal-Burn railway. They have eight driving-wheels, and, underneath, two friction-rollers to clasp a central rail. Four cylinders work these wheels, and the water-pumps have separate engines to drive them. They are contracted for at £3400, which will hardly pay cost. They weigh twenty-six tons each, and are expected to be able to drag up an incline of 500 feet to the mile a train of twenty loaded waggons, each waggon weighing with one ton of coals eight tons, or a train of 160 tons.

Then there was the Ohio exhibition of arts, manufactures, &c., to visit,—a small collection of good machinery, and the usual amount of papier-mache, daguerreotypes, furniture, &c.

The destruction of cattle on the railways in this country is immense. It arises from the roads not being fenced, or imperfectly so. The Little Miami railroad in four years has killed upwards of 1600 head of cattle. Last night's train killed five horses and four cows. The horses were standing together on the rails, and were struck in a heap—two killed on the spot, and three had their legs broken, and had to be killed. It is impossible to prevent it, except by perfect fencing; and lately, near Columbus, where it is fenced, a farmer even turned his horses purposely on to the line at night to graze,—a thing he had no business to do. It so happened, that that very night an additional train had been put on, and it killed every one of the poor man's horses. On road-crossings, and where there are no fences, the railway has to pay half the value of cattle killed. When they stray through fences, the loss falls entirely on the owner. The railway company fence the road at first, but the proprietors of the farms along the line have to keep the fences in repair. This is in Ohio. Indiana is considered still a frontier State, not expected to be fenced, and there the railways are liable for the full value of the cattle they kill.

While in the Miami office to-day, there came in a Scotchman from Falkirk. This man came out here six years ago, with nothing. He applied to the railway for work, and was employed for a while as warehouseman. By and by he was set to drive a stage at an uncompleted portion of the road near Xenia. Then he became part-proprietor of the stage line, his share

in which he ultimately sold out, and with the produce purchased a farm of four hundred acres near Columbus. By dint of industry he has paid for this land ; and having finished planting eighty acres of corn, he has leisure to take a two months' trip home, and starts for Scotland on Monday week ;—an example of what persevering industry can do in this country.

*Saturday, May 19.*—To-day we had a long excursion out on the Ohio and Mississippi railway, as far as Seymour, eighty-six and a half miles,—the length to which this portion of the road is opened.

The station is on the banks of the Ohio, at the west side of the town, and forms a very fine entrance to the city. Off at half-past eight, in the commodious cars of this broad gauge, we follow closely the course of the river for twenty-four miles, till we reach Aurora. The scenery is very pretty. The hill hugs the river on the north side. There is but a narrow strip of level land between the water and the slope of the rising ground. On the opposite shore the Kentucky hills rise close to the river, also wooded to their summits. There are many country residences scattered all along. The railway and the White Water canal lie alongside of each other for thirteen miles, the canal being on one side of the line, and the river on the other.

At thirteen miles out we come to North Bend, interesting as the residence and tomb of General Harrison. It is a pretty spot. The canal turns to the north here through a narrow valley, which enters that of the Ohio at a right angle ; and in a recessed hollow of the hill lie the general's grounds, with the "log-cabin,"—a picturesque, old-fashioned wooden house, embowered among trees. On a little wooded eminence

close by is his tomb. It is the point of meeting of three States. It is in Ohio; beyond the canal is Indiana, and over the river Kentucky.

Near Laurenceburg, twenty-one miles from Cincinnati, we cross the valley of the Great Miami river, by a bridge and trestle-work, two thousand feet in length. This is one of the most dangerous rivers in this part of the country, as it rises sometimes twenty feet in an hour. At this point another railway branches off to Indianapolis. It is narrow guage; and to enable its cars to use the Ohio and Mississippi track, a third rail is laid down between the junction of the two and Cincinnati,—a piece of awkwardness and expense which might have been avoided here and elsewhere, had a uniform guage been adopted all over the States.

The broad valley of the Great Miami is very rich indeed. Beyond it we get into a higher table-land, not very generally cleared; and as we proceed west, we traverse some of the unbroken forest of Indiana.

The train waited to afford us time to run through the workshops of the company at Aurora; and at Laugherry-creek, forty-eight miles out, we got down again to see a fine bridge which is there thrown across a deep ravine. As we returned along this bridge at night, the moon and stars were visible. The train stopped for some purpose at the end of the bridge after crossing the ravine, so that we from the end of the last car looked back across it. The perspective of the cross-ties atop of the bridge, as seen by the moon's rays shining down upon them, formed a series of geometrical figures receding and lessening, the pictorial effect of which was very pretty. The scenery around, too, was beautiful. The wooded banks reposed in the stillness of a moonlight, mild with mist, a single light

appeared from the cottage of some solitary settler upon the bank, and there was a sudden contrast between the noise of the train and the quiet which reigned when it rested. The music of the piping-frogs alone broke the stillness.

The latter part of our journey was almost entirely through unbroken forest. Around Seymour there is a good deal cleared, and it is a good farming country. There was not a house here when the railway first reached it ; now there is a considerable village. The railway from Indianapolis to Jeffersonville, opposite Louisville, crosses at Seymour, and about two miles off is a flourishing little town called Rockford ; it is on the White Water river.

We reached Seymour about half-past twelve, and had a "Hoosier" dinner at the McCallum-house,—a small hotel, where they gave us plenty of dishes, but miserably cooked, and worse served, with wretched tea. Still, we had breakfasted at half-past seven, and had little chance of feeding again till we got back to Cincinnati, so we had to do our best.

Five and a half hours to fill up, we strolled down the track of the road some three miles. The day was hot. There were a few cleared fields about ; but everywhere the view was closely shut in by the wall of wood.

We went up to a small log-hut, in the midst of a wheat-field, ostensibly to get a drink of water, but really to see what sort of a place it was. It was a single small room, built of logs, the crossed ends of which are dovetailed into one another, and the interstices plastered with mud. At one end is a huge fireplace, capable of holding a good-sized log. These fireplaces, projected from the end of the house, are also usually built of spars, but are coated with clay inside to pre-

vent them taking fire. There was not much furniture in the house, nor much accommodation, yet it held a man and his wife, five children, four or more dogs, and probably some pigs, but we did not see the latter.

Madam lent us a "tinnie," and we went to the well ourselves. It was about sixteen feet deep, and the water was got at by means of a bucket attached to a long pole. So we drank, and I emptied my pockets of all the odd cents I had to one of the smaller urchins who was playing about, and who seemed to appreciate the "pennies."

We continued our walk, and then struck across a country lane, three miles to Rockford—passing wheat in full ear. A garter-snake, about two feet long, was lying coiled up in the middle of the road. When poked up with a stick, it bit furiously at it, trying all the while to make off. A very slight blow killed it. They are pretty, though the colours are dull.

Rockford is on the White Water river, a stream of considerable size. We watched boys catching minnows with a basket at the end of a stick, and Indian corn in it for bait. A freight-train passing on the Jeffersonville railroad, while we were "loafing" about, we got upon it, and were carried slowly back to Seymour, where we whiled away the remaining time we had to wait in examining one of the lumber-cutting saw-mills, &c., and winding up as best we could with a sort of tea, which was pretty much the counterpart of dinner, and only ventured upon from need. We got into the eastward train at six, and once more reached the Burnet-house, at half-past ten,—a pleasing, though somewhat fatiguing excursion.

We were accompanied by the president of the railway. He told me he had been some years ago the

victim of a murderous attack in the streets of Cincinnati. A certain medical man had gone to reside near him, whose advances to acquaintanceship our friend, for good reasons, repelled. One night, after dark, the doctor stopped him in the street, brandished his cane in his face, and called him "a —— low rascal." To this he made no reply, but attempted to pass on; when the doctor drew a sword-stick, and made a lunge at his face, piercing his nose. I think he said he wrested the stick from his assailant's hand, who then pulled out a pistol from his pocket and shot him. He lay for weeks between life and death, and the ball is still lodged in his body—keeping him in precarious health. The affair made a great noise at the time, but I suppose the villain got off.

*Sunday, May 20.*—Visited the schools of Union chapel (Methodist) this morning. They are large and flourishing, and consist, like most of the more complete Sabbath-schools, of infant, general, and Bible-classes. The general-school was singing a hymn as we entered. There were probably from 300 to 400 children present, and a few visitors. They were very attentive in finding seats for us at the superintendent's desk. When the hymn was finished, it was announced that the minister of Finlay chapel, also a Methodist one, would address them, which he did very well; dwelling, however, I thought, rather much upon the temporal advantages to be derived from school. Several others were then asked to speak—a practice, I observed, very general in American Sabbath-schools, and one which must be dissipating to the children. At the close, the superintendent announced that this was the day for distributing their own paper, *The Sabbath-school Mis-*

sionary; but that unfortunately the printing-office had been burned down, and the issue, in consequence, necessarily delayed. He added, that the plate of the church, which occupies a large space in the first page, had been destroyed, and that, in consequence, an additional amount of printed matter would be required. He therefore invited contributions from the children. This led me to inquire about the paper, and he gave me numbers two and three of "*The Sabbath-school Missionary*, published by Union Chapel S. S., Cincinnati, Ohio,"—a large four-page sheet, with a woodcut of Union chapel, and selected and original articles by the teachers and scholars. This is quite a new idea—a paper written *by* the children. It is one worthy of consideration. During the singing of a concluding hymn, the classes went out, one by one, to go into church. The singing was characteristic—lively, heart-stirring, and joined in by nearly all the children. By the Methodists, in all their matters, there is an appeal far more to the feelings than a care to impart sound instruction. To our care for the latter, I wish we could impart a little more of the former, so as to increase the attractions and life of our schools.

We had previously visited the school belonging to Seventh Street Congregationalist church, and we returned thither to hear Professor Smith, formerly of Marietta College, and now of Lane Seminary,—a theological school of the New-school Presbyterians, Cincinnati. His subject was—"Hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man." He shewed that gratified desire does not satisfy. He instanced Solomon; the libertine Astor; Napoleon. He repudiated the idea that societies of philanthropy and



benevolence alone were to renovate the world. The root of the evil, he contended, lay in that little Saxon word of three letters—sin; and the only true renovation must come in the way of having sin removed, and obedience substituted for it.

Perhaps the largest and most complete Sabbath-school which it was my privilege to see in the States, was that at Finlay chapel, which we visited in the afternoon. The chapel where it is held is situated in a part of the town chiefly inhabited by the more ignorant classes, and the institution is pretty much a missionary one. The school occupies the ground floor, and the chapel is above. The great room was full of classes, packed quite closely together, and all busily engaged with the lesson when we entered. One room was crowded with infants, and another was equally crowded with a Bible-class, numbering about seventy-five, of all ages, from sixteen to sixty. We were permitted to remain in this class, and listen to a touchingly pleasing and profitable prelection on the story of Lazarus.

At three, all the classes were assembled in the great room—600 children, 43 teachers, and upwards of 50 visitors. I never saw a more interested and attentive audience, both of old and young. Two addresses were given, and many were melted to tears. It was like a voice from home when the school rose *en masse* and sung the hymn "Joyful." This school has grown up from 200—which was its size at the beginning of the year—to its present numbers. The teachers spare no pains to interest and instruct the children. Thus, the arrangements of an excursion to the country were announced to-day. There were few, if any, very poor children at this school. Those teachers I spoke to lamented they could not do more for this

class. It was stated to me, that it is ascertained from statistics that there are 15,000 children in Cincinnati who do not go to Sabbath-school. As the custom seems to be almost universal for the better classes to send their children, it may probably be not far from the truth that nearly all these 15,000 children are without religious training.

As we passed up from this school, we were in time to hear another sermon from Dr Smith—following up that of the morning—from the words, “By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves—it is the gift of God.” In the evening, we went up to Christ-church, and heard Dr Butler on “Be not deceived, God is not mocked. What a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” As we came out, one of my companions said, “We have done well to-day: thrice to school; thrice to church.” “I am afraid,” was rejoined, “we have done worse than well,—there is such a thing as mercy and not sacrifice.”

As we sat in the drawing-room, two of our friends came in. They had been hearing Mr Boynton, who treated them to a lecture on the war, with a strong anti-British tinge in it. He took Russia's part, because, forsooth, Russia (he asserted) is supporting Christianity, by keeping up the Greek Church; while the allies, he said, are fighting for infidels—Mohammedans. And this goes down here. Presently another came in, and he had been to the Melodeon-hall, to hear some Spiritualist talk philosophy and morals as the spirit moved her. I think she had not been very bright, and “I guess” *we* had the best of it.

*Monday, May 21.*—My last day in Cincinnati. Having gone to Moore, Wiltach, Keys, & Co.'s

book-store to buy Christy's "Cotton is King," we met Mr Keys, who conducted us over the establishment ; and as it is one of the wonders of Cincinnati, I may give a bird's-eye sketch of it.

Below the store or shop there are two flats, and beginning at the very bottom, we have—1st, A floor used as a sort of workshop. 2d, A floor containing five large book-printing-presses, and two smaller job ones. In this room was also an ingenious apparatus, the invention of their superintendent, for damping paper. It damps, equally and effectively, as much paper in half an hour as keeps the presses at work for a day. 3d, The shop floor, level with Fourth Street. 4th, A floor devoted to compositors. 5th, A floor devoted to the manufacture of blank books, ruling, paging, &c. 6th, A floor devoted to the finishing department of the binding. And 7th, The highest floor, where the folding and stitching is done. The paging-machine is new. Two endless chains, with figures from 1 to 1500, the even numbers on the one chain, and the uneven ones on the other, are made by means of very neat machinery to compress the leaf and print at the same time, the even number on the one side, and the uneven one on the other. In the afternoon, we accompanied Mr Keys to his residence on the Walnut hills. It is a beautiful spot, commanding the river and the Kentucky shore. It was pleasant to lie out upon the fine rich grass underneath the shade of the trees. The evening and Cincinnati we wound up by attending a strawberry party, composed chiefly of gentlemen connected with railways, which had been improvised for us by a kind friend. So our first and last evening in the Queen City bore ample testimony to the cordial hospitality of its warm-hearted inhabitants.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### INDIANA.

DAYTON, OHIO, *Tuesday, May 22.*—Packed up—a work of some labour, so much had books and papers accumulated—made farewell calls, and left Cincinnati in the afternoon for Dayton. We left the Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton railway depôt at 2.15, and reached Dayton at 4.30, sixty miles in two hours and a quarter, or about twenty-six miles and two-thirds an hour, including fifteen stoppages,—pretty good travelling for an American railway; but this is a well-made railway, and very smooth. The country passed through—the valley of the Mill-creek or Muscatawas river, as far as Hamilton, and then the valley of the Great Miami—is remarkably rich and beautiful. It seems to compare well with the country around Lexington, Kentucky. There are broad river bottoms of rich alluvial soil, stretching away in considerable plains to the west, and very extensive ones eastward, with rolling country beyond. Hamilton is a flourishing little town. Dayton contains from eighteen thousand to twenty thousand inhabitants. We meant to have driven out to see something of it; but the intense heat turned out to be, what it looked like all day, the precursor of a thunder-storm, and we did not venture. I observed crowds of ants hurrying about on the pave-

ments, in a state of great excitement, probably instinctively aware of what was coming. The storm has burst further to the west, and we have only had a few drops of rain ; but ever since half-past six till now, nine, the lightning has been most brilliant. The scene visible from my window at seven was very peculiar.

Opposite is the county court-house,—a Corinthian temple of white limestone or Dayton marble. To the left of it, a few trees : a spire beyond. To the right, a cross street, the court-house occupying the angle of two. The sun was setting most brilliantly, just behind the trees ; and right in the midst of the glare of light stood an old “carry-all,” which a coachmaker had set up there, on the roof of his house, as a sign.

All over the court-house, and all the horizon to the right, along the line of the cross street, a black cloud darkened the sky, giving intenser brilliancy, from the contrast, to the multi-coloured rays of the setting sun, and throwing unearthly-looking shadows over the white marble of the court-house. Presently brilliant flashes of lightning burst forth,—a mixture of starry corruscations, distinctly forked flashes, and broad sheets of flame, of rainbow hues. The peals of thunder sounded distant, but lasted long. Violent gusts of wind, sweeping up clouds of dust, and making the trees bow to and fro, accompany the flashes. Now while I write the sky is utterly dark. Ever and anon the horizon is lit up with a pale blue flash, which shews out—sharp and defined—the outline of the trees, the spire, and the marble roof of the court-house. The heat is still intense, so that even sitting still, without any exertion save that of writing, I am bathed with a profuse perspiration. Yet the thermometer was only 84° in Cincinnati to-day ; the great discomfort of the

heat arising from the electricity in the air, and the want of any breeze. A gentleman who once lived in New Orleans, and is now in Cincinnati, told me he has suffered more from heat in the latter town than ever he did in the former.

*Terrehaute, Indiana, Wednesday, May 23.*—With the usual lavishness of time general in this country, knocked up at five, to be in time for a train which left at a quarter to seven. Passing over two railways, the Dayton and Western railway, and the Indiana Central railway, we reached Indianapolis, one hundred and eight miles, in about five hours. Leaving Dayton, the railway passes through fine beech woods and cultivated farms, and the whole country has a rich and fertile appearance. For miles and miles it is a vast plain, without eminence of any kind, and the greater part of it covered with wood.

As an evidence of the strength of the gusts of wind which accompanied the thunder-storm last night, a large limb of a hickory-tree, which had been broken off by the blast, lay across the rails. The train ran through it, and some of the branches got entangled with, and twisted one of the breaks, very nearly throwing the carriages off the rails. Soon all was put to rights, and we went on as before. The leaves and branches of the tree strewed the railway bed like chopped straw.

There is a fine station-house at Indianapolis, the meeting point of no fewer than eight railways centring there. The train for Terrehaute left about one, and some three hours and three-quarters brought us here, seventy-three miles. Part of the way I rode in the travelling post-office, and had the system kindly

explained to me. The postmaster receives at each station a bag of letters, which he sorts, having pigeon-holes for each office on the way. Those for the next station he places in a bag, and drops on arrival. He may carry and deliver single letters if stamped, cancelling the stamp, but he is not required to deliver single letters along the route ; when he does, it is a favour, not as part of his duty. This plan saves much time. To-day he had but a small mail ; to-morrow, Thursday, being a usual publishing day, he anticipates a heavy mail.

Part of the route is amid forests, by the banks of streams, and some of the scenes are very beautiful. Five miles from Terrehaute we enter the prairie. It is all cultivated now ; still it presents in its natural features a marked contrast to the cleared forest-land. It is a flat plain, five miles wide, and about thirty miles long, without a tree, or even a stump. The soil is of the finest black vegetable mould. At some points it swells into gentle undulations, and it is bounded by forests ; those on the west border the Wabash river, and from twelve to thirty miles beyond lies the Grand Prairie.

I was expected, and kindly received by a friend resident here, and after tea he drove me around the town. It was a lovely evening. It had rained heavily in the forenoon, whilst we were between Dayton and Indianapolis, although not enough to damp the spirits of a gay and merry pic-nic party who were in the cars. At Indianapolis it had been intensely sultry, and on the way hither it was so hot and close that dry clothes were indispensable. But when we went out in the evening there was a fine breeze cooling the air, and bathing everything with the soft and balmy atmos-

phere characteristic of this western climate. The town is about two miles long, and perhaps half as broad, with wide streets, the business portion well built up, and looking as if it thrived; the residences, on the other hand, scattered, with large gardens round them, and the buildings in every style, from the picturesque, low-roofed, straggling cottage, to the pretentious square house of two storeys, with balcony on roof, and pillared portico. They are all neatly painted, and usually of a uniform white. Seventeen churches. Eight thousand people. Thirty-seven years ago there was only one frame-house here. The great increase is during the last four years, in which time it has amounted to four thousand, and it goes on at the rate of a thousand each year.

We drove to the south of the town to look out upon the prairie. From a gentle eminence covered with thick natural grass we looked down upon the fields, some green with wheat, most still shewing the intense blackness of the soil, with the maize coming up in intercepted lines of green—the whole plain stretching out till, in the dim distance, a cordon of wood, the old forest, shut in the horizon. To the right, from close by where we stood to the afore-mentioned forest, a line of button-wood trees marked the course of the Wabash river. Behind them the sun was setting. A western prairie! a dream realised! And those flashing rays were coming bounding over miles and miles of such, over billow after billow of these wide-spread earth-oceans, and bathing a continent, comprising kingdoms, in the rich evening light.

Away up and down other streets, past flour-mills, and pork-houses, and iron foundries,—all signs of a giant-life struggling into active being in the "Prairie



City." We issued from it again on the north, in what was wont to be, and is still called, the Indian's Orchard. The apple-trees, which gave it the name, have been cut down, and are gone : but one can see that the old denizens selected their garden well. The Wabash, running in a deep valley, cut out of the alluvial soil, makes two abrupt bends. We stand on a raised platform on the lower bend, and look up a reach of this broad and beautiful river, to the point where it makes the second sweep, and stretches towards the north. A broad belt of sand, dazzlingly white, forms a frame between the murmuring water and the grass-clad bank, crowned with trees,—an outer, darker frame. Every stem, and spray, and leaf, are pictured in the stream. In the gray twilight of yellow light, dying away behind yon dark band of trees which separates us from the Grand Prairie, these reflections look like alternate masses of darkness and light—shade and silver. And here, where we stand gazing at this, stood the Indian's Orchard. This was once a favourite haunt of the red men. Unhappy race! how sad and strange is their fate! Destined, apparently, to fade before the white man's onward march—the hapless victim of his vices—civilisation (civilisation?) is to them destruction.

I would fain ponder on the future, as on the past, of this land. But I have been already nearly nineteen hours abroad to-day, and have to start early to-morrow. Oh! there is a vile mosquito singing in the room. They were in thousands by the banks of the Wabash in the Indian's Orchard. I could scarcely muster patience for them to make a slight outline of the scene : and our horse was nearly frantic. So now to bed, spite of that mosquito.

*Thursday, May 24.*—Yes! to bed, spite of that mosquito. To bed, but not to sleep. I had scarcely lain down, when its boom was heard nearer and nearer, till I could feel it almost settling upon my face. Now, a mosquito is not much bigger than our midge, and its sting, after all, not much more irritating; so one feels that, if they would only bite in quietness, it would be no great matter. But they come with a most irritating song,—“Make up your mind to be stung, for I’m coming.” You hear it a good way off; and as it comes close, it makes you nervous and annoyed. You become painfully alive to the presence of the persecutor, and make frantic efforts to beat him off. But he returns again to the charge; and it is almost impossible to get sleep while he has access to you. I circumvented this one, by making a mosquito bar, with a thin silk handkerchief thrown over my face. I could hear him reconnoitring for his midnight meal, even through this screen; but at last he seemed to be satisfied, and disappeared. I was interested in observing the peculiar influence of the noise they make on the nervous system,—an acute ringing buzz. It excites it extremely.

Early hours are the fashion in Terrehaute. I think we breakfasted at six. I know we had been all over the engine-shops of the Terrehaute and Richmond railway, and were in time to see the Indianapolis train set off at seven. Immediately after, a luggage-train was starting to go down the Evansville and Crawfordville railway, and we went with it as far as Carlisle,—forty miles. The railway goes south to the Ohio. We got on a common timber-truck. I was provided with a four-legged stool, one of whose limbs was lame, and it took some pains to keep it and myself steady, as there were no sides to our truck, and nothing to hold

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on by, and the road was rough. However, the dust became so disagreeable, I was glad to withdraw myself and my stool within the doorway of a house-car, as the covered freight-trucks are called.

Four or five miles lay through the prairie we had looked over last night. It was an exhilarating ride in the fresh morning through fields of waving wheat and sprouting maize. Presently we entered partially cleared forests, with towns laid out all along, in which "locations" one or two log-cabins, or frame-houses, represent the future city. Away down here in this wild and, until the railway was opened, out of the way place, is the residence of Dr Davis, well-known as the American representative in China. He has now retired, and is living on his farm.

We caught the morning train from Evansville, and returned by it to Terrehaute. There was an inquisitive concocter of lemonade in the car, who questioned me about myself, my country, and other matters, like a perfect Paul Pry; and ended by telling me his own story—"how he had allers been able to get 'long till now, but the man to Sullivan, who had bought his syrrup, had died; and the new man wouldn't buy it, because as how he said he put things in it—and he was going to Terrehaute, and he had only, well! not fifty cents, he guessed," &c., &c. He looked, however, as if he would "get 'long."

The Hoosiers are proverbially inquisitive. They are said to have got their nickname, because they could not pass a house without pulling the latch-string, and crying out, "Who's here?" This was not the only instance in which I have been unmercifully questioned. We had remarked an absence of free conversation in the cars, in the south; but this is not characteristic of

the west, where "strannger" is usually asked to render a pretty complete account of himself, his business and his purposes. Of course he need not, unless he chooses.

We got to Terrehaute about half-past eleven, and, snatching a hasty dinner at the Prairie-house, started for Indianapolis at half-past twelve. At several points along the line of this railway, the out-crop of coal was pointed out to me. It is worked, as yet, for local supply only.

I soon had numerous acquaintances in Indianapolis. Having arranged to go down to Madison to-morrow, one of my new friends telegraphed to-night my visit. As the lad was counting the words, he was stopped with, "Oh, you need not count that, that is *dead head*," i. e., free. Talking of telegraphing—the same lad came up to my friend, to tell him that the wind had blown away the paper on which another message had been written while he (the lad) had been at supper, so that he could not send it. Mine was not much better, for it turned out that the wires were "down,"—so that it never reached.

We walked as far as the State-house in the evening. It is a paltry building of brick, stuccoed and painted to resemble sandstone. It stands in the middle of a large square or park, so thickly planted with trees as almost to hide the house—which is no great loss. We went into the Senate-house—a good room. The supreme court, under Judge M'Lean, is sitting there now.

I returned early to write letters, and found I had got a small room, which turned out to be over the kitchen. I was startled, when I opened my portmanteau, to see a huge cockroach dart from under it. Presently there was another on the window-sill. But

at last the room became so hot, and the cockroaches so abundant (they were drowning themselves in the water-jug), that I could stand it no longer ; so I rang the bell, and feeling the lad who answered it, sent him off to seek a better room for me. I got transferred to a double-bedded room, in a new addition to the back part of the house. It was out of the way, and opened on an outside balcony ; but it seemed free from cockroaches, and was cool and quiet. So, securing myself against the intrusion of bipeds, equally undesirable with cockroaches, I finished my labours, and got to bed at midnight.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### MADISON.

FRIDAY, *May 25*.—Afoot again at six ; breakfast at seven ; and start for Madison, eighty-six miles, at 8.15. The first half of the way is through a fine flat agricultural country, and there are some small towns, as Greenwood, Edenburg, Columbus, &c.

After passing North Vernon, the intersection of the Ohio and Mississippi railway, there is some pretty scenery ; but the finest of all is the approach to Madison. The country behind Madison is high table-land, on the level of which the railway proceeds till it reaches North Madison, when it descends on an inclined plane of 426 feet in 7000 feet. I was permitted to stand on the front platform, beside the brakesman, during the descent. It felt rather "fearsome." The descent commences very abruptly, and the equality of the incline is maintained by a cutting in the solid rock, more than 200 feet in depth, in one place, and an embankment and piece of trestle-work, about 100 feet high, in another. Before we started, it looked as if we were going to be shot over a precipice. We just saw the rail disappear on the edge of the hill, and far below lay the broad Ohio, with the Kentucky hills rising beyond. Slowly the train moves on—a per-

ceptible inclination of the car betokens that the crest is passed—down, down we went—through the first deep cut, then over a little embankment, from which we caught our first glimpse of the town, nestled in its recess among the hills, far below. The travelled road to Madison winds along the face of a hill close by, steep, and without parapet, with a ravine below, three or four hundred feet deep. I would not like to be “behind a scary horse” on that road, while a train was passing. Down, down, through another cutting; and then we are on the great embankment, with its bridge of frail-looking trestle-work, so high as to make one feel giddy to look down; and nothing but those spars between you and the ravine below. Now the brakeman loosens the brake, and the speed becomes tremendous, ere we reach the bottom,—sufficient to carry us right round a curve, and along the level on the river bank for several hundred yards, into the station-house.

I had two or three introductions; and these, in the two or three hours I remained in Madison, made me acquainted with some half-dozen of the principal inhabitants, and my name was entered even in the stranger-register of their city library,—a good, though not very extensive, collection of books.

Madison is one of the most beautifully-situated towns I have seen. A recess among the hills, where a creek joins the Ohio, makes a level plain of limited extent, some fifteen or twenty feet above the river. On this the town is built, extending along the banks of the Ohio, and up the sides of the creek. It used to be a place of much greater importance than now. It was at one time the key of Indiana, and then all merchandise to and from the interior passed through it, and took the railway. At that time, both it and the railway flour-



ished beyond conception. Now, the trade with the west is cut off, first by the Evansville, and then by the Jeffersonville railways; while the eastern trade goes directly into the interior from Cincinnati,—the business of Madison being in consequence much reduced. It is still a large pork-manufacturing place.

I left about four in the afternoon, and was kindly allowed to ride up the incline on the locomotive, in order that I might observe the working of an invention of one of their machinists for overcoming the difficulty of the grade. Formerly, they used to draw up the cars separately by horses, which required them to keep a hundred or more for that purpose. Now, a rack is laid in the middle of the track, and they have engines with additional power, driving a wheel with teeth working in the rack; and thus slowly, but steadily and powerfully, the whole train is taken up. The wheel is kept in contact with the rack by means of a lever attached to the piston of a steam cylinder. This connects or disconnects the heavy gearing. These engines are built expressly for this purpose. They have no house, but are quite open; and I could get along from one part of it to another, even while in motion, and thus was able to observe all the arrangements. There was a slight feeling of risk, standing on the small platform without any bulwark, as we groaned over the embankment and trestling,—enough to lend excitement, and make one feel thankful when we emerged safely on the level at the top.

This engine ran four times a-day up this plain, for two hundred days consecutively, without requiring any repairs. They have now a second and heavier one. The only accident to passengers which has occurred arose from a waggon getting on the incline

while a passenger-train was going down. It overtook the train, smashed the cars, and killed four persons.

Left this railway at North Vernon, twenty-four miles from Madison ; and took the Ohio and Mississippi railways westward to Seymour, fifteen miles. I then got on the Jeffersonville railway, which carried me fifty miles south to Jeffersonville, on the north bank of the Ohio, opposite Louisville. There we got into an omnibus, which was driven bodily into a ferry-boat, and put me down at the Louisville hotel, tired enough, about ten o'clock.

*Saturday, May 26.*—I had gone down to Louisville to be enabled to visit the family of a friend's brother, settled in the south of Indiana ; and to reach them, I was to return northwards a little way by the Jeffersonville railway. To catch the train, which started at half-past six, I had to be stirring pretty early, soon after four ; and half-past five found me, breakfast over, seated once more in the omnibus, bound north.

Louisville seems a large, regularly laid-out city, with numerous churches, and some good buildings. There is a canal on that side of the Ohio, to enable vessels to avoid the rapids, which are just opposite the town. The stream is about half a mile broad, and there is a beautifully wooded island in the middle of it. The levee is high on both sides. On the north side the bluff is awanting, and the country recedes for a considerable distance, very level.

I had only nine miles of railway travelling to reach Sellersburg. The village is a few hundred yards from the railway ; and the only person to be seen at the station was the postmaster, waiting to receive the mail-bag. Inquiring at him the direction to my

friend's, my pronunciation of the name led to an error, which gave me a walk of about four miles more than I needed to have had. The direction given was almost word for word as follows :—" Keep the railroad to the first house, take the first cross road to the right, keep it till it crosses the creek, then turn to the left, and the house you want is the first house you come to."

It was a delightfully fresh and balmy morning, ten minutes to seven, and I pushed along vigorously and cheerfully, having given my satchell to the postmaster to take charge of for me. There were new flowers growing on the track, a rich orange-coloured hieracium, a reseda of very graceful habit, and others. When I came to the first crossing, the road seemed but a mere track, and also to be closed up by a snake-fence across it, beyond which was a small log-hut. So I concluded this was only a crossing to the cabin, and pushed on. It is fatiguing walking upon the cross-ties, as the sleepers are called here, of an unballasted railway. Somewhat unequal in their distances apart, you have to take, now a long and now a short step, which is rather jolting, and comes to be a slow pace. I had gone a good way, and coming to some houses I renewed my inquiries, and was distinctly told my friend lived on the other side of the "burg." This information was so definite that, though with some misgivings, I turned and took the waggon-road as directed. It lay alongside the railway to the point where the other crossing I had already seen diverged from it, and here a board pointed in that direction "To Charleston." My friend the postmaster had named the Charleston road; so, obviously, this was the way he meant me to go. Stepping across the rails, I plunged into the forest, till I came to the snake-fence, which I have already

said lay right across it. There was a track round, and following it, I soon found it came into the more beaten road again. A specimen of the way roads are made here :—The old road was straight, but the man of the log-hut had cleared a patch on both sides of it; so he coolly fenced in his field, and the first man who came up with a waggon had to go round through the forest, and the track his wheels made is henceforth the *road*. I much enjoyed this walk through the forest for a mile or so. The air was perfectly still, and all was quiet, except the occasional chirrup of a bird or insect, and the tinkling of a cow-bell. The cows are left to wander about at their will, and pick up a living as they can get it; and to the neck of one of a lot is tied a bell, rude enough sometimes,—a tin-can with the bottom knocked out, and a piece of iron hung loosely in it. The tinkling guides the owner to his cattle when he seeks them.

By and by I came to a clearing, and seeing a man about, I hailed him, and inquired again. I was assuredly wrong—my friend lived on the other side of the village, past the Baptist chapel—there could be no doubt about it. I thanked the civil “Hoosier,” who knew my friend well, and told him I was just from England. “Well, I wonder!” was the astonished ejaculation; and I had to tell him all I knew about the price of food, the war, &c.—to each item of which intelligence, the ejaculation, “I wonder!” was the unfailing reply. The conference was broken up by his telling me there were two people from my country up by, two miles or so, who would be uncommon pleased to see me, and very much disappointed if I did not go to see them.

So I bade him good-morning, and retraced my steps

through the wood, over the railway, up through the village—a single row of wooden houses, with one more pretentious than the rest, of brick, belonging to my friend the postmaster and proprietor—till I came to the Baptist church. Seeing little of a road past it, I hailed a log-hut hard by. The door was opened by a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired little urchin, who immediately retreated. Presently a head was projected from an upper window, calling, “Kirsten, Kirsten!” I civilly asked the way to my friend’s; but a shake of the head, and louder calls of “Kirsten,” was all I got. At last, “Kirsten” came round the corner—a buxom, homely, kind-looking Dutchwoman (*e.g.*, German.) “You must go dat road,” she said, “straight, one little way; den you see stable directly—dat road, straight; house directly.” So, thanking her, I went “dat road,”—which was only a foot-path through an open grass clearing, amid stumps. By and by, I came to a barn; and a little way off, to the right, a neat little frame-house. I hailed a damsel at the door, and found that I had arrived at last at the place I was in search of.

Opening the gate, I was met by two barking little Scotch-terriers, who seemed, however, quickly to recognise that I was not an enemy. My friend was in the yard, looking after his horses; and I soon found I was a welcome and long-looked-for guest. When questions about friends at home were all answered, my friend and I walked out to see the farm. He has a hundred and fifty acres, eighty of which are in cultivation, and the rest wood. The whole work on this, he and his family do themselves—a paid-labourer is difficult to be had. Indeed, they say they would find it inconvenient now to do with servants, at least in the house, so thoroughly accustomed are they to help each other. In the fields

there was a good deal of the sweet-smelling sassafras, and the fences were hanging full of vines in blossom, the fragrance of which is peculiarly sweet. We made a detour through the woodlands, and so back to the house, for an early dinner between eleven and twelve,—a meal acceptable to one who had breakfasted at five, and been in the open air almost ever since.

A backwood farm produces everything wanted for the table, except coffee and rice, salt and spices. The maple-trees yield sugar. The flour of which the home-baked bread is made, has been ground from wheat which grew on the spot. The fowls and the ham, the peaches and the lettuce, and the rich butter, and even the ingredients of the custard-pudding, except those already named, were all the produce of their own hundred and fifty acres. The distance from market, however, rather prevents the turning this produce profitably into money, although that is less felt since the railway passing so near was opened. The greatest drawback to a life in the woods is the want of society.

Presently it was time to go again. As we passed through the village, I reclaimed my satchel from the postmaster, who, I found, combined with that the offices of chief store-keeper, station-master, proprietor, and last, not least, that of Baptist-preacher. The Baptist church is the only one in the place. My friend got a Sabbath-school set agoing once, but it has dropt again.

Got to Indianapolis about half-past nine, the day's distance being 108 miles. About Henrysville, nineteen miles from Jeffersonville, the railway occupies a river bottom, with bordering hills of various heights. In some places there is only one terrace, in others two. In cuttings near this, the rock seems to be shale and

sandstone. There is a good deal of cleared land on the lower part of the road; but as it approaches Seymour, there is much swampy ground. These spots at this season are very vile. They are covered with a profuse vegetation, and have a noxious smell. The leaves of the water-lilies, instead of floating gracefully on the surface of clear pools, stand up out of the water as if the rank growth had forced them up. The water is coated with an oily scum, and it is almost everywhere black with decaying leaves. Between Seymour and Columbus, and beyond Columbus, there are very fine farms. The fields of wheat look very rich, and promise an unusually abundant harvest.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### INDIANAPOLIS.

SABBATH, *May* 27.—This morning, I visited the schools of the Second or New-school Presbyterian church. They occupy one large room below the church, and their Bible-class is taught there also. They use the Union Questions. There is a system of monthly visitation in Indianapolis which is very admirable. Each school throughout the town visits in rotation the whole city, and reports the numbers attending each school; the numbers not attending any; the number who promise to come, and the number who refuse. The report for May was shewn to me. It was made by the English Lutheran Sabbath-school, and reported—twenty-seven schools, containing 2097; not at school, 249; promised to attend, 168; refused to come, 81; total number of children in the city, 2346. The population is variously estimated at from 16,000 to 20,000; say that it is 18,000. On our calculation of one-fifth for children from six to sixteen, this would give 3600, while the actual survey gives 2346. Making allowance for errors, this is a great discrepancy; but it is accounted for by the fact, that in these new States, the preponderance of young unmarried men is very great; and therefore the rule that applies in our old country, does not apply here. I observed a corro



boration of this in church-attendance, where the proportion of men is much greater than that of women.

After school, the clergyman of the church, Mr Mills, gave an excellent practical sermon from the words, "My kingdom is not of this world." The opening anthem was the Lord's Prayer, but it was sung to the organ in such a way that I failed to make out what it was till they came to the petition, "Forgive us our trespasses." Commend me to the simplicity of our Presbyterian psalms.

Endeavouring to find out the real difference between Old and New schools, I have received very various explanations of it. Some say, they split on a point of doctrine—others, on one of discipline. Two respected friends tell me that slavery is at the bottom of it,—the Old-school excising certain presbyteries because they held communion with slaveholders. Another friend tells me that the Old-school maintain to the letter the whole doctrines of the Confession of Faith, including non-communion with those who are not of their own denomination, while the New-school admit of some latitude on both these points.

There are twenty-five churches in Indianapolis,—namely, two Old and two New-school Presbyterians; one Associate Reformed; seven Methodist; one Episcopalian; one Baptist; one African Baptist; one Christian; two Evangelical, and two German Lutheran; one German Congregationalist; one German Reformed; one United Brethren; one Roman Catholic; and one Quaker—fifteen different sects.

In the afternoon, we visited the school of the First Presbyterian church, and were much pleased with it. In the evening, heard an admirable sermon on "faith" by Dr Thomas of the Theological Seminary, New

**Allany.** He is a man of powerful intellect; and his demonstration of the necessity of faith in every relation of life, from our very being, was admirable. He shewed, in closing, how the first sin of man was unbelief; and therefore God's plan to restore him to favour by faith, was suitable and glorifying.

*Monday, May 28.*—Devoting the forenoon to business, I had leisure, after two, to pay a visit to the court. Judge McLean was presiding. It was a curious and important case, involving the right of jurisdiction on the Ohio river, contested by Indiana and Kentucky. The State of Kentucky claims the Ohio to the north shore. In this case, a suit was served upon a wharf-master, at Madison, by a Kentucky man. It was served upon the wharf-boat moored to the shore of Indiana, and the action was defended upon the plea that there was no jurisdiction. Evidence was led for three hours as to the point, whether, owing to the low stage of water, the writ was served above or below the line of ordinary low-water. The judge, in instructing the jury, remarked, that the case was one of great importance, involving, as it did, a great national question. When Virginia ceded the north-west territory, the boundary was the north shore of the Ohio; and when Kentucky was separated from Virginia, the boundary was still described in the same words. In consequence of this, Virginia and Kentucky claim the river as theirs to the north shore, the line of which is ordinary low-water. The judge holds that the Ohio is a great national highway, carrying probably \$100,000,000 worth of produce annually, most of which belongs to the States on the north side. In this trade, the right of having wharves on the north

shore was necessary, and he held that that shore could not be limited by any stage of water. If the jury were satisfied that it had been proved that the writ was served on a wharf-boat moored to the Indiana shore, they must find for the defendant.

They did so, with a special verdict ; and the case, as one of interstatutal jurisdiction, goes up to the supreme court at Washington for final decision. I was struck with one part of the proceedings. The counsel for the plaintiff was not satisfied with the judge's instructions to the jury, and he wrote down what he considered the proper course, in accordance with which the judge then charged. It appears this is customary, as it is also to require the charge to be written and handed to the jurymen.

The court sat in the Senate-house, and was one of the most free-and-easy things I have seen. The judge sat in the speaker's chair. He is a tall, portly man, and looks the judge. Below him sat the clerk of the court, in a calico coat of a very *négligé* cut. The jury found seats as they could on the judge's right. The two examining counsel had chairs in front, and their colleagues sat behind taking notes. The witnesses came up, and stood leaning on the clerk's desk, their backs as much to the judge as their faces ; and although he directed them to turn and address the jury, they mostly looked to the examiners. The lawyers, even when conducting the examination, did not think it necessary to abstain from chewing and spitting. They sat on their chairs during their examination of the witnesses, but they stood when they addressed the judge. I was going to say they sat *still*, but that would have been incorrect, for they tilted up their chairs, swinging them backwards and forwards,

as is the invariable custom here ; and leaned back in the most listless way to consult their clients as to what question they should put next. The judge sat very patiently through it all.

I went in the evening to a public lecture by George Copway, a chief of the Chippewas. I had some conversation with him in the course of the afternoon, and found him rather intelligent. His subject was, "The Belief, Poetry, and Eloquence of the Indians." He is a tall, well-made man, with the square, massive features, small eyes, and long black hair of his race. The lecture was very flowery, somewhat incoherent, but on the whole interesting. My enjoyment of it was much spoiled by my next neighbours, one of whom kept up a perpetual fire of tobacco-juice, till he had quite a little sea on the floor before him, in much too close proximity not to be disgusting to my olfactories ; and both chose to give themselves additional ease, by laying hold of the back of my seat, without considering at all how disagreeable their knuckles were in my spine.

And then, to crown all, when taking my candle at the hotel, I was coolly told that they had put another gentleman along with me in my room ! They seemed somewhat astonished at the annoyance—which I did not fail to let them know—this proceeding caused me. However, it was of no use. They could not understand it. They had no more beds ; and there being no help for it, the said person is snoring away in the second bed at this moment. Luckily, he has to start by a train at some frightfully early hour in the morning, so at least I may look forward to dressing without disturbance.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### CLEVELAND.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, *Tuesday, May 29.*—To while away the time, between breakfast at seven, and the starting of the train at a quarter-past eight, I walked with one of my friends who was going to the recorder's office for an extract he was getting made. We found the chief clerk, an Irishman, with his coat off, and a pipe in his mouth, sweeping out the office. He brought us the extract, to shew how much of it he had done; and there was he, in his shirt-sleeves, holding his mop in one hand, and the neatly-written law-paper in the other. I made my friend laugh, by observing that this was the extremest example of democracy I had seen.

As the train was starting, a man and two women got into the carriage, and just as it moved off, asked if it was for Dayton. "No! it is for Cleveland." The man jumped off, and hurried the women after him. One was thrown violently down upon the ground, the other I prevented from attempting to get down. By ringing the bell—always attached to trains in the United States—the train was stopped, and the second woman left safely. The first one, I fear, was hurt; she did not seem to be able to get up, and a great crowd was gathered around her as we left. This is a

specimen of the recklessness with which railways are regarded. The wonder is, not that there are so many, but that there are so few, accidents.

To reach Cleveland, 281 miles, we pass over the lines of three different companies—the Indianapolis, Cleveland, and Pittsburgh railway (an *ad captandum* title), the Bellefontaine and Indiana railway, and a portion of the Cleveland, Columbus, and Cincinnati railway. The greater proportion of the whole route is through level forest-country, only very partially settled—although all along the line of the railway towns are springing up. The sites of some of these, as Sidney and Bellefontaine, are very beautiful. The country around Marion is a rich grassy prairie, with fine groups of trees. Marion contains 2500 inhabitants, and is laid out in squares, as usual. The trees, which are more plentiful than the houses as it is, give it a pretty appearance. North of Crestline, the country is not nearly so good,—forest prevails.

Cleveland is beautifully situated at the mouth of the Cuyahoga river, where it runs into Lake Erie. This river finds its way into the lake through a narrow and deep valley. All around the lake the shores are high, descending, in some places, abruptly to the water. There is, however, at the mouth of the Cuyahoga, a small platform of some extent ; this is occupied by the business part of the town, while the heights behind it are covered with an upper town. The station is on the lower level ; and the entrance to the town is by a steep incline, through a picturesque glen. The station is built, on piles in the lake, at the foot of the bluff, at the angle where it extends along the lake on the one side, and up the valley of the river on the other. A flight of steps leads to the upper town. It was about

eight when we reached it, and nearly dark; only light enough to see that the peculiarity of site makes the city a very beautiful one.

*Wednesday, May 30.*—Found our friend of Briarhill was in town; and, having arranged to drive out with him in the afternoon, occupied myself till then in examining the railway works, built nearly altogether on piles, within the margin of the lake. The growing importance of this city may be gathered from the rapid increase of its population. In 1830, it was under 1000; in 1840, it amounted to 6071; and in 1850, it had reached 17,034. By canals and railways centring here, it is connected with an immense extent of territory, for which it is a chief shipping port. Its coastwise commerce, in 1850, reached the value of \$13,886,531; and the shipping owned in, and near it, amounted to 35,315 tons, of which 9994 tons were steamers. The value of merchandise and produce conveyed to and from it by railways, far exceeds the above figures.

In the course of our afternoon drive I saw a good deal of the town. The height of the gravelly plain on which part of it stands is about eighty feet above the level of Lake Erie. The centre, or near it, is occupied by a large square, some ten acres in extent, the streets being arranged in the usual rectangular form in reference to it. One of the most desirable of these extends for a long way eastward, nearly parallel with the lake-shore. The houses on this street are detached, with plots of ground around them; and those on the north side of it have a look-out upon the lake. We drove out in a south-easterly direction to see some works on the Mahoning railway, in the valley of the

Cuyahoga river, and then proceeded to Ohio city, on the west side of that stream.

The dust and heat made some of my friends rather thirsty, and we called at their hotel, as we passed through the town again, to get a "drink." Entering the bar, they called for brandy. "Don't sell no brandy; native wine though," said the barman, with a wink. Some of them "twigged," and poured out the "native," carefully; but one thought it was *boná fide* catawba, and filled up a tumbler, which he proceeded to quaff, very nearly to his utter extinguishment, for he found it was good strong brandy after all, and it almost choked him. Such is the amount of deference paid to the Maine law. It only excepts "native wine," in its prohibition of the sale of liquors; but under this designation of native wine, you can get almost anything you wish for.

We got into the carriages again, and crossed the river. Immediately above the bridge, a new college gives the name of University-heights to the bluff. Between these heights and the river, down to the lake shore, there is a narrow shelf of land occupied by coal-wharves. Alongside of these a colony of Irish squatters inhabit most wretched-looking wooden sheds, not worthy to be called houses. My Philadelphian friends said it was the "hardest" place they had seen.

Towards the mouth of the river here, the low level expands more, and affords a site for a considerable trade in shipbuilding. The ships are launched sideways, there being not breadth enough in the river to let them go in stern-foremost. The Cleveland and Toledo railway's Sandusky branch has its station on this side; and the Mahoning railway will have its here also, with very convenient and extensive coal-wharves.



A pier is in course of construction at Ohio city, and splendid work "Uncle Sam" makes of it. The workmen were cutting and squaring the oak with the broad axe. They handled these with great dexterity. Cutting with one or two smaller blows a beginning, they would with one more forcible blow cut through the whole thickness of the log; and the work they left was nearly as smooth and finished as if done with a plane. In building these piers, strong wooden frames, or cradles, of heavy timber are formed first, and then filled in with stones.

*Thursday, May 31.*—We left Cleveland for Chicago at six in the morning. Three young ladies were added to our party of yesterday, and we travelled together. The distance is 360 miles, and the fare thirty-six shillings. The route is by Toledo, which we reached at ten o'clock by the Cleveland and Toledo railway, 113 miles in length. The country through which we passed is far from cleared. Every now and then, however, we came to a flourishing town,—the principal one being Norwalk. The forest-land on this route is said to be worth \$30 or £6 per acre, and the open land is worth \$40 or £8 per acre.

Toledo is a large and flourishing town on the west bank of the Maumee river, a little way up from the point where this stream falls into the lake. The approach to it by railway is pretty, along the east side of the river a little way, so that one gets a good view of the town rising on the opposite bank of the broad waters of the Maumee. At present, travellers are obliged to cross the river by a steam-ferry, but a viaduct is constructing for the passage of the trains. At Toledo we join the Michigan Southern and Northern

Indiana railway. Their station here is of a very temporary kind, small and inconvenient ; but we managed to get breakfast at it, and having to wait an hour and a half, we had an opportunity of making a run into the town. Like most others in this neighbourhood, it is in two storeys—part being built on a ledge or shore not much above the level of the river, and part on heights above. The river is navigable : a canal, 467 miles long, will connect, when finished, the lake here with the Ohio river at Evansville, thus opening up the south-west. The increase of Toledo has been as follows :—In 1840, 1222 ; 1850, 3819 ; 1853, 6512. It possessed in 1851 shipping of 3236 tons. In 1851, 3212 vessels, representing 838,834 tons, entered and cleared from it ; and in 1852, 4110 vessels, of 1,347,911 tons. The following is a table of its commerce :—

1847, Imports, \$	4,033,985	Exports, \$	3,848,248	Total, \$	7,882,233
1848, "	7,852,021	"	5,263,464	"	13,115,485
1851, "	22,987,772	"	7,847,808	"	30,835,580
1852, "	37,565,029	"	19,738,923	"	57,303,952

We left Toledo for Chicago, 247 miles, at half-past eleven. Soon after we started, an unfortunate accident occurred. The train ran over a man, and killed him. It was at a street-crossing, and it seems the train was only going at the rate of five miles an hour. The engineer, too, was ringing the bell, and yet the man rashly attempted to cross in front of the engine. The superintendent of that division of the road, who was in the train, thought he must have intended to be killed. The locomotive struck him, and he fell across the rails with his legs. Some of the cars, including the one I was in, passed over him—I felt the jolt as it did so. The train was stopped, and he was dragged

out, but was quite dead. I saw him laid on a heap of sawed wood, a ghastly sight. A few people gathered, but when they saw he was dead, they quickly dispersed. No one seemed to mind it much. I asked the superintendent what would be done. He replied, when he got back, he would have an inquest, to please the people, but that nothing more would be done. I told him that in England the driver, and perhaps some more, would be tried for manslaughter.

The country out of Toledo is level, with a good deal of cultivation, and a good deal of underwood. The flowers begin to change. The bright orange hieracium, with glabrous leaves, is more plentiful ; a blue lupin is very abundant ; sumacs abound, as does a fern with independent fruit-stalk, which, however, I also saw abundantly near Cleveland. In the pools, the yellow water-ranunculus and yellow water-lily abound, and in the drier soils a pale purple geranium. On banks there is a profusion of wild strawberry, and a rubus with large pink flowers. In a swamp, a patch of tamarac trees was pointed out to me. They are not unlike the common cypress. The wood is highly esteemed, as it resists wet.

There are a good many small lakes, and one pretty large one, on the line of the railway. As we passed westward, the land became more and more rich, till, at Terre-Coupee, we entered a piece of magnificent prairie-land, but all under cultivation. The soil is intensely black. It is deep, and the grass upon it most luxuriant.

Towards dusk we had a thunder-storm, to vary the scene. The lightning was accompanied with very heavy rain. It was dark before we came near the south end of Lake Michigan, so that we could not see

much of the character of the country. The lake is bordered by a series of sand-hills, the railway lying to the south of them. They are covered with brush-wood, and constitute valuable barriers against the sand blown from the lake.

We reached Chicago about half-past nine. A cloud of hotel bills was scattered throughout the car. I counted those of eight different houses; and when we arrived, it was no easy matter to get the ladies to the omnibus through the crowd of touters, or runners, as they are called here. However, all was managed safely, and we rattled away over the wooden streets of Chicago, to the Tremont-house. The bustle at this house is wonderful. Rooms had been secured for us all some days before, else we would have had no chance of getting any, as the place is always full,—such multitudes of people are passing to and fro.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### CHICAGO.

FRIDAY, *June 1.*—There has been much rain and storm—which is not the kind of weather to see Chicago in. It is an immense place, covering a vast area of level ground, only a few feet raised above the level of the lake. The streets are laid with deals, which in many places are loose; and, as there is no fall to drain the water off, the streets are deep with mud, till such time as the water has sunk through the sand. In wet weather, all is mud, which the vehicles, rattling over the loose planks, splash up on the passers-by plentifully; and in dry weather, all is sand, which the gusts from the lake blow into eyes, and mouth, and ears in a provoking way.

The town has little character, so far as the laying-out of the streets and buildings is concerned. The streets are laid out rectangularly, and the city is cut up into three divisions by the branches of the Chicago river. This runs up into the city at right angles to the lake, and divides—one branch going north-west, and the other south and south-west. The business division of the town is the south-east, and the aristocratic residences are in the north-east quarter. In this division there are some fine houses, though nearly all of wood. They stand apart, and are buried among trees. In the

business part of the town, the houses are continuous, and mostly of brick, without any pretensions to taste. The branching of the river is very confusing and inconvenient, in one sense, from its separating the different parts of the town, but it is very important to trade, as it gives a great deal of river frontage. The traffic across the bridges is very great. It has just been counted for one day, when it was found that 44,000 people, and 1900 teams crossed by Clerk Street bridge. It is proposed to form a tunnel under the river.

This evening we went out to see the lake, which was very rough. Once the shore had almost a straight line, but the projection of a pier at the mouth of the river, turned the current of the waves from the lake upon the shore, south of the river, and they have washed out a deep bay. In consideration of certain rights granted to them by the city of Chicago, the Illinois Central Railway Company have built an extensive breakwater, to stop this encroachment of the lake; and between this breakwater and the shore, their railway is built on piles, for a considerable distance. There is a bar at the mouth of the harbour, so that vessels require to beat up from the south to avoid it. To-night, the waves were breaking upon and beating in spray over the pier, and several timber ships were attempting to beat over the bar. They looked hard put to sometimes, but they succeeded in getting over, and came up the river.

*Saturday, June 2.*—We made a trip to Milwaukie to-day, eighty-five miles. The route is over two railways,—one, forty-five miles, being in the State of Illinois; the other, forty miles in length, in Wis-

consin. The latter road is not nearly finished, though the track is laid, and trains running through. In some places it is not brought to the level, and it is very rough and not fit for travel ; but there are a great many passengers over it, although only opened about ten days ago. This early opening is a characteristic of American railways. There is always an anxiety to get them opened, to make revenue.

For some distance out of Chicago, the country is level prairie-land. At Evanstown there is a new city laid out. The Wesleyans are erecting a college here. The site is twenty-five feet above the level of the lake ; and as the spot is only a few miles from Chicago, it is expected to be a favourite residence for townspeople, and consequently a good speculation. Further out, the general level of the land is higher, and the bluff on the lake shore some hundred and twenty feet high. The line of the railway is about half a mile from the shore.

Waukegan, thirty-five miles from Chicago, is a pretty and flourishing town of 5000 people. There is a high bluff, on which many of the houses stand ; and below that, there is considerable breadth of a second level, where the railway is located ; and between it and the lake, there are sand-hills.

The lake was still rough, and it was brown and muddy in-shore ; but out towards the horizon, it was of a pale greenish tinge, deepening into a dark blue.

The next town is Kanosha, a very pretty place of 5000 people, with two or three churches. Its general site is about sixty feet above the level of the lake, and is finely varied, sloping down towards the water.

Then comes Racine, a larger city of 8000 or thereby ; and finally, Milwaukie, which now claims 40,000.

Milwaukie has by far the finest situation of any of these towns. It lies on the north bank of the Milwaukie river, and occupies a slope, which, ascending steeply from the river, terminates in a high bluff on the lake side. At present, there is no bridge across the river, and we got out of the cars on the south side. A small screw-steamer, with a great flat-boat lashed alongside, carried us up two miles, or so, to the town. We reached shore about a quarter to two, and had to leave again by the train at three; so we had just time to rush up the principal street, and back to the cars again. I had inquired unsuccessfully for an old friend of mine resident in Milwaukie; and curiously enough, as we were leaving, he sauntered up to the wharf. We were glad to meet, and he came as far as the cars. He tells me that the increase of Milwaukie in late years is very great. We got back to Chicago about eight o'clock.



## CHAPTER XL.

### ILLINOIS.

ILLINOIS is perhaps one of the most remarkable States in the Union. Its extreme length is 378 miles, and its greatest breadth 212 miles. It measures 1160 miles round its boundaries; 855 miles of which are formed by navigable rivers. Its area is estimated at 55,405 square miles—or, in round numbers, thirty-five and a half millions of acres. The greater part of the State is level, or undulating prairie-land. A small tract in the south is hilly, and the northern portion is also somewhat broken. There are large deposits of iron and coal in the south, and the rocks in the north contain copper and lead in great abundance. Silver has also been found in small quantities, mixed with the ores of lead.

“The soils of Illinois, though of various character, are all highly fertile and productive.” In some cases, the mould formed on the banks of the rivers is twenty-five feet or more in depth. Much of this alluvial land is too wet at present for cultivation, without previous draining, but it produces valuable timber. Round some of the old French settlements, “the land has been cultivated, and produced Indian-corn year after year, without manuring, for a century and a half.”

Wheat and Indian-corn are produced in great

abundance. The grass-lands are admirably adapted for the raising of cattle. Tobacco is grown in the south, and hemp and flax can be profitably cultivated. The population in 1850 was, by the census, 851,470. The following table of its increase is interesting :—

	Population.	Increase.
1810 .....	12,282 .....	
1820 .....	55,211 .....	42,929
1830 .....	157,445 .....	102,234
1840 .....	476,183 .....	318,738
1850 .....	851,470 .....	375,237

The census of the present year, 1855, taken by the State, will shew a still larger proportional increase for the five years since 1850.

The returns of the crops for 1839-40 and 1849-50 give the following comparison :—

	WHEAT.	BARLEY.	OATS.	RYE.	BUCKWHT.	IND. CORN.
	Bushels.	Bushels.	Bushels.	Bushels.	Bushels.	Bushels.
1839-40—	3,335,393—	82,251—	4,988,008—	88,197—	57,888—	22,634,211
1849-50—	9,414,575—	110,795—	10,087,241—	83,364—	184,504—	57,646,984
Tobacco, 1840—	564,326 lbs.;					
Hay, 1840—	164,932 tons;					
	1850—841,394 lbs.;					
	1850—601,952 tons;					
	increase, 277,068 lbs.					
	“ 437,020 tons.					

The above results have been attained before railway facilities afforded access to the interior of the State. An indication of what may be expected is had in the fact that this year the farmers on the line of the Illinois Central railway have sold their wheat for one dollar twenty-five cents per bushel; while formerly, when there was no means of getting it to market, they were content to take forty or fifty cents per bushel for it.

Chicago itself presents an example of more rapid growth than any city in the world. In 1830 it was

a trading-post. In 1840, it had 4470 inhabitants. In 1850, it had increased to 29,963 ; and this year, 1855, it has reached 83,500. It has been within the last two years, 1853 and 1854, that the most rapid development of Chicago has taken place. Something of this may be gathered from the following table :—

TABLE OF SHIPMENTS AND CONSUMPTION AT CHICAGO.

	1852.	1853.	1854.
Flour (barrels) .....	...	131,130	224,575
Wheat (bushels) .....	937,496	1,685,796	3,038,955
Indian-corn " .....	...	2,869,339	7,490,753
Oats " .....	...	1,875,770	4,194,385
Rye " .....	...	86,162	85,691
Barley " .....	127,028	192,387	201,764
Grass-seeds (lbs.) .....	...	2,197,987	3,047,945
Butter " .....	1,327,100	812,430	2,143,569
Lard ( <i>partial</i> ) " .....	...	908,400	4,380,979
Hogs " .....	5,217,278	10,192,972	13,188,815
Beef, packed, value, dollars } (Return for 1854, incom- } plete).....	650,621	865,949	865,773
Timber (feet).....	147,816,232	202,101,098	228,336,783
Lead (lbs.).....	1,357,327	3,253,763	4,247,128

There are completed, and in operation, 1628½ miles of railway, radiating north, south, and west from Chicago ; and if we add the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana, the Michigan Central, and the New Albany and Salem railways, arriving from the east, the mileage open at the end of 1854 was 2436½ miles. There are now in course of speedy formation lines which, in a very few years, will swell the above figures to 6738 miles ; and as 5075 miles of these lines pour western and north and south-western produce into Chicago, and 1663 miles communicate with the east and south-east, partially bringing produce, but

chiefly carrying it away, it is fairly evident that the business centring at Chicago must increase still more rapidly than it has hitherto done. The following table shews its present position as a grain-exporting port with the chief ports of the world :—

WHEAT, INDIAN-CORN, OATS, RYE, AND BARLEY.

	Bushels.	
Odessa.....	7,040,000	average of years.
Galatz and Ibrail .....	8,320,000	" "
Dantzic.....	4,408,000	" "
St Petersburg.....	7,200,000	" "
Archangel.....	9,528,000	" "
Riga.....	4,000,000	" "
St Louis.....	5,081,468	in 1853.
Milesconkir.....	3,787,161	in 1854.
New York.....	9,431,335	in 11 months of 1854.
Chicago.....	12,902,310	in 1854.
Do. ....	16,638,813	in 1855.
Increase in one year.....		3,736,503 bushels.

We are now on a journey through this favoured State.

*Monday, June 4.*—We left Chicago this morning at a quarter past eight, by train on the Chicago branch of the Illinois Central railway, and reached Urbana, one hundred and twenty-eight miles, about four o'clock. The line is only opened to this point at present. By and by, it will be continued, and join the main line from Cairo to Galena. As this is such a new and interesting country, I venture to give pretty detailed notes upon it, and upon the great railway which opens it up.

On condition of building a breakwater along the shore of the lake, the city of Chicago granted to the railway company the right to the land reclaimed by it. Formerly, the line of the lake-shore was nearly straight, and ran north and south ; but the building out of

a pier into the lake, from the mouth of the river, directed the current of the waves so, upon the shore south of it, as to cause a very great recession of the line of the land. It is in the bend thus washed out that the new land is now forming. Commencing 400 feet within the east end of the south pier, the break-water extends south 1257 feet into the lake, thence west 675 feet, then south-west 150 feet, then south along the shore 14,377 feet, making in all an extreme length of 16,459 feet. The greater part of this break-water is 12 feet wide, the remainder is 6 feet. It is formed of cribs, the upper portion of which is built of square timber, 12 inches by 12, locked together every 10 feet, and the intermediate space filled with stones, piles being driven on the outside to keep it in place. The area enclosed and rescued from the lake is about 33 acres. On this and other space acquired on the shore, the Illinois Central Railway Company has erected a freight-house of hewn-stone, 582 feet long by 100 feet broad, and two storeys high. Three tracks run into this. On the outside of this freight-house is a basin, 582 feet by 165; and beyond it a grain-house, 200 feet by 100, capable of holding 500,000 bushels of grain. Two tracks run into it. The basin between opens into the river. West from the space occupied by these buildings, the Illinois Central Railway Company has sold to the Michigan Central Railway Company two plots of 250 feet by 657, and 165 feet by 2118 respectively, on which the latter company have erected a freight-house, 65 feet by 400; and both companies are now engaged in building a passenger-depôt, to be jointly used by them, and which will be 500 feet long, by  $165\frac{1}{2}$  feet broad, with three platforms, respectively 22,  $22\frac{1}{2}$ , and 19 feet broad, and

eight lines of rails. About a mile south from these buildings is the engine-house,—a circular structure (surmounted by a dome and cupola), built of dressed stone, 182 feet in diameter, and 78 feet high, with stalls for eighteen locomotives. Corresponding machine and blacksmiths' shops are built on the south side of the engine-house. All these works are of a most substantial and permanent character.

On leaving the shore of the lake, the railway enters flat prairie land, with some young wood. Some eight or nine miles out, it crosses the line of the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana railway. Beyond this, it lies for many a mile in open prairie. It is only when approaching the bank of some stream that wood is found. In the pools about, were white water-lilies, like our cultivated ones ; and, growing profusely, a blue flower, which also finds a place in our garden borders. The most prominent plant is the resin-weed. It has a palmated leaf, and grows to a considerable height ; but is not come to maturity yet. It exudes a resin, and is aromatic to the taste. Horses select it from among hay in winter. It seems to act as a sort of tonic. It has a large, thick root, which affords food to the gophers. These are little burrowing animals, not unlike a gray squirrel in appearance, but possessed of a pouch under their throats. I was informed, that in digging on these prairies the remains of palm-trees are found. At Urbana, wells of sulphuretted hydrogen have been come to. Indigenous plants and grasses retire before those introduced by man ; just as the Indians retire before the white man.

One curious feature of these prairies is the occurrence of numerous granite boulders, to which is given the characteristic name of "lost rock." I was told, by

one well acquainted with the prairies, that they lie in ridges from north-east to south-west ; these belts of them being sometimes half a mile wide. They lie mostly on the surface, but sometimes under it also ; and in some places, as near Monee, they are in such quantity as to lower the value of the land for cultivation. They are of a highly crystalline reddish granite.

Until this railway was made, this part of the State was quite inaccessible ; and still tracks, miles in extent, are without a house. Stations are put down every ten miles or so ; and already little villages are clustering around them, and the lands are being rapidly settled. The early settlements are all on the banks of streams. Reaching the Iroquois river, we find on its banks, a mile and three-quarters from the station, the old French settlement of Bourbonnais. It contained, by the census of 1850, 1719 people ; and it presents features of improvement, in new buildings, &c. At the station, a new town, called Kankakee, is springing up. Eighteen months ago, there were at this place one log-hut on an eminence, and one shanty or small house of boards at the station ; now, there is a flourishing little town of 1500 to 2000 people. The situation is very favourable for a town, there being a flat meadow bottom along the Iroquois river, and a rising ground beyond, well timbered. It is on the ridge of this rising ground that the town (which is to be the county-town of Kankakee county) is springing up, and a court-house is in the course of erection now.

The eighth station is Ashkum. One of the engineers sent up a sketch of this station—a single barrel, with a solitary crane sitting upon it, labelled, “Ashkum station and its keeper.” There is not a house as yet, nor is

there any object to be seen along this portion of the line, but the expanse of waving grass, with hazy-looking belts of wood, just visible on the extreme east and west, indicating the course of the Iroquois river and its tributary creeks.

Onarga, another station, has the nucleus of a village, —some dozen houses, two of them stores. Already, though quite new, it is a growing place. Near this, over a wide stretch of prairie, we saw a party of emigrants moving westward, with their covered carts and cattle, in a long line. At this station, I got upon the roof of one of the cars. Nothing was to be seen all around but prairie, with faint lines of wood in the distance, marking the course of streams. Between these and the nearer prairie, there was the appearance of water, a kind of mirage. It would be difficult to fancy anything exceeding the richness of these rolling-lands. At Loda, we saw a farmer breaking up a large tract of prairie, himself meanwhile abiding in two white tents, pitched on a slight eminence; not having had time, as yet, to build even the quickly-erected house of boards. At Pera was perhaps the finest expanse of prairie we saw all day. The whole field of vision was one unbroken meadow of fine undulating grass-land. At Minkgrove, there is a patch of timber, or grove, in the midst of a perfect sea of prairie, just like an island; we saw it for miles after we had passed it, between us and the sky.

The thirteenth station is Urbana—128½ miles from Chicago. Here we stopped—there remaining 122 miles to be finished, before this branch joins the main line at Centralia. There is a patch of wood close to Urbana, of 15,000 acres, and an old and new town; the latter at the railway station, and about two miles



from the former. In 1853, the old town contained about 400 inhabitants, and the new town did not exist. It is calculated that the old town now contains 1200 or 1500 inhabitants, and the new town about 800—so rapidly does the building up of towns go on in these new countries.

We observed another interesting instance of the mirage. We were passing over a long reach of level railway, where, without any cutting or embankment, the track was simply laid on the prairie; nevertheless, it assumed the appearance of having disappeared through a deep cutting outlined against the sky, while an engine, following us at some distance, looked as if suspended in the air, some little way above the road.

We reached about four. There is a hotel close to the station, where we got a tolerable tea (our kind cicerone, Mr Johnson, had brought a basket of sandwiches, and we dined on them in the train), and then we got into a waggon with a pair of horses, and drove through the old town of Urbana, and out upon the great prairie. I do not fancy there exists in the old world such a sight as we beheld. From an eminence, as far as the eye could comprehend the scene, it traversed the richest undulating fields of grass, almost unbroken by fence, plough, or house. We walked some distance up to the knees in the luxuriant herbage. It is said that this is the character of the country nearly all the distance from this to the junction with the main line, 122 miles; except that as you get further south there are more streams, and consequently more timber. The agricultural resources of this country are incredible. We made a detour from this edge of the grand prairie, by cultivated fields,

and we reached the timber; and skirting it, returned to Umana.

*Evening, June 5.*—Miss Kent would have devoted two of us to our bed—the household one, if I mistake not, for there was women's gear about; but at last a bed was "found" for me in the hall above. It was a good bed, though rather public; for, being at the head of the stair, it had to be passed and re-passed by those who slept on that floor. However, I slept very comfortably, and started up at half-past five this morning. This is a superior specimen of an Illinois country inn:—a frame-house, with a good deal of accommodation of that rough sort: and good enough food, badly cooked. *Wink*—what is *Wink*—a most civil landlord.

We got breakfast, and by half-past six were again seated in the wagon, with a day's provisions, to cross the prairie, sixty miles to Decatur. There is a shorter route, but we took the one we did to see a herd of fine cattle, belonging to Mr Frank Harris. They were out in an extensive prairie, and we discovered them by means of a glass. We went as straight as we could through the prairie, some mile or two, to where they were—losing sight of them most of the while, from the rolling of the ground. At last we got near them, and the sight was indeed worth going a long way to see.

There were one hundred and twenty-six of them: one weighed as much as 2800 lb.: many of the others weighed from 1800 lb. to 2100 lb. They were standing and lying about among the deep grass, in attitudes and groups, such as would have delighted Cooper to paint. A finer lot of fat cattle, I suppose, is not to be seen anywhere. They were tended by a little lad, mounted on a fine high-bred pony. A most intelli-

gent little fellow he was, and right glad to see us, to break the monotony of his occupation. He keeps the cattle penned all night, he told us; brings them out to the prairie about seven in the morning, and, as I understood, tends them there for the most part of the day. He pointed out his favourites with great delight.

As we were walking about among them, one of our party called out, "There's a snake;" and sure enough there lay a rattle-snake, three or four feet long, coiled up, and with elevated head, hissing and shaking his rattling tail. Our herd-boy friend soon made an end of him, planting one heel upon him, he stamped him to death with the other. The rattle, which was carried off in triumph, had eight rings, betokening a serpent of ten years. The boy said, he had killed probably fifty of them. They sometimes bite the cattle, when whisky and tobacco is applied, and this allays the inflammation. It is affirmed, there is no authenticated instance of any one in Illinois having ever died from the bite of one of these prairie rattle-snakes.

We called for Mr Harris at his house, about two miles from where the cattle were, but did not find him. His farm contains 4200 acres, distributed thus—700 acres Indian-corn; 100 acres oats and wheat; 200 acres meadow; 2500 acres pasturage; and 700 acres wood.

The rest of our route was nearly all the way through the timber which skirts the Sangamon river. About half-way, we stopped in the woods to dine and rest the horses. Drawn up beneath the shade of a spreading live-oak, a napkin was spread out on the front seat of the waggon; and from a miscellaneous collection of sandwiches, cheese, crackers, hard-boiled eggs, and pickled cucum-

bers (salt was not forgotten), we made an *al fresco* mid-day meal, pretty near the heart of Illinois.

Water is rather scarce on some parts of these prairies. At one cottage, where was a well, the people refused to permit us to take any; but about four in the afternoon, we came to a farm-house, where the people not only permitted us to have water, but helped to draw it. While our horses were drinking, we had some interesting conversation with the farmer and his brother. He owns a farm of 1960 acres. A single field in front of his house contained in one unbroken expanse forty acres of wheat, and seven hundred acres of Indian-corn. He keeps fifteen teams or pairs of horses. We saw eleven of them engaged at one time hoeing the corn. He can make a profit by selling Indian corn at fifteen cents, or sevenpence halfpenny per bushel. He has made, he says, as much money as he wants; and wishes to sell his farm as it stands, with its improvements, at fifteen dollars or three pounds per acre, all round. It is five miles from the Great Western railway of Illinois, and about mid-way between the Chicago branch and the main line of the Illinois Central railway—about sixteen miles from each.

Shortly after leaving this farm, we encountered immense swarms of locusts. They appear periodically in the west. They were on the trees, are about two to three inches long, and were in myriads. The sound they emitted was deafening. They were not eating.

We got into Decatur about half-past eight, by which time it was just dark enough to be out on the prairie; four miles of which we had to cross before entering the town. The whole ride to-day, both in its prairie, and forest, and river features, has been one of very great interest. Such a body of rich land is incon-

ceivable. It must be seen to be appreciated ; and even then, its extent and value are beyond what can be duly recognised.

It was too dark to see anything of Decatur when we arrived. As we drove through streets, which were no more than untouched field, we could discover it was a new place. We got an excellent supper, and excellent beds ; and enjoyed repose after so long a ride as we had.

*Wednesday, June 6.*—Breakfasting at the early hour of half-past six, we had more than an hour to wait at the station. We left at nine ; but the morning being very wet, we could not to-day, any more than last night, see much of Decatur. It is a large place, and is increasing rapidly. In 1850, its name does not occur in the census report. In 1853, it had about six hundred inhabitants ; and the present year, it is estimated to have three thousand. There are several hotels in the town, and one building at the railway-station. A farm was pointed out to us, a little way from the station, which had been offered last autumn, with all its improvements, for \$45, or £9 per acre ; and the one between it and the town was stated to be likely to fetch \$90, or £18 per acre ; while land in the town itself would be worth \$150, or £30 per acre.

The distance from Decatur to Cairo is  $204\frac{3}{4}$  miles ; and the train was due there at 8.35,—a journey of eleven hours and a half ; and giving a speed of about eighteen miles an hour, including stoppages once in ten miles, or so. Till we pass Duquoin, which is only  $76\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Cairo, the country is chiefly prairie. Here and there it is a little broken, and near the streams it is timbered. Ere we are many hours out of

Decatur, the climate becomes perceptibly warmer. The flowers are further out, and different. The prairie-rose is in bloom, also several pink and scarlet flowers, and a showy chrysanthemum, and various others common in our gardens.

Vandalia,  $142\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Cairo, is the old capital of the State, and contains about a thousand people. It is a very prettily-situated little town. The country around is finely varied and well-timbered, that is, the trees are large and well-grown. The neighbourhood is fairly settled, and being fast cleared. Fine woods and fields of wheat, together with the general fencing and cultivation, give somewhat the appearance of English scenery. The town itself is not increasing. A little south of the town, the Kaskaskia river is crossed ; and there is near it a good deal of broken ground and low-lying bottoms, subject to be overflowed. They were so this morning. The railway is carried through them on trestle-work, which will be ultimately converted into embankments, when experience has taught how much water-way it will be needful to leave.

A little to the north of Duquoin is the first place where it has been attempted to work coal on the line of the road in the south of the State. The train was stopped to allow us to examine the coal-pits. There has been one shaft sunk perpendicularly 74 feet,—in reaching which depth it has passed through a bed of limestone, 4 feet thick, then shales, and lastly, the coal-bed, which is 6 feet 8 inches thick. The limestone is very compact, crystalline, and not fossiliferous, as far as I could judge on a hasty glance. They are now sinking an incline to reach the coal on a slope. They have got down 150 feet, but have not reached the coal yet. As I stood at its mouth looking down, a

blast exploded at the bottom, and made me start. A small quantity of coal has as yet been taken out, as the mine is only in course of being opened. It is supposed they have got to about the centre of the basin, for the coal rises on each side from this shaft. It crops out about half a mile to the east, and again on the banks of the Bigmuddy river to the west. It is stated that the coal can be sold at the pit-mouth at \$1, or 4s. per ton. The head miner is a Lanarkshire man. There was a large lump of solid coal lying at the pit-mouth, about 4 by 4 by 2, or 32 feet cubic. It was taken out from the bottom of the perpendicular shaft.

We now enter the hilly country of the south, and there is no more prairie. Some sixty miles north from Cairo we crossed Bigmuddy river, which well deserves its characteristic name. It looks small, but it is deep. Coal is found along its banks, and is floated to the Mississippi in barges to supply St Louis, and other towns. In making the railway, the rails were brought by water to this point. Six miles beyond, we reach Carbondale, through a timber country, with clearings here and there. Dead trunks of trees, standing up among the wheat, remind one of Pennsylvania and Ohio. There is fine wheat-land all around. We saw some fields already beginning to change colour. The road is now ascending, at the rate of about thirty-six feet in a mile. Carbondale is a station for some towns near, the country back from the line of railway being well settled. Tobacco is grown in this neighbourhood, and forwarded from Carbondale. As we passed, we saw five hogsheads on the platform, waiting to be taken away.

Passing on, we come to the first stone-cutting, a

little to the north of Drewery-creek, apparently in limestone and shale. The country hence becomes very broken and hilly, and the line of the railway very winding, following the lie of the country. In some fourteen miles, the summit is reached. It is about 600 feet above ordinary water-level at Cairo. The railway, for a considerable distance here, lies in a deep gorge, occupied by Drewery-creek, the course of which it follows; indeed, it occupies its channel for miles, a new one having been cut for the stream alongside. It is a very picturesque gorge, bluffs on both sides, 200 feet high, with water-worn faces. It is crossed by ravines leading into the country. All is finely wooded. On the table-lands above, and back into the country, are good farms. The district is pretty well settled. As a proof of the fineness of climate and fertility, we were told that one farmer, whose place is on the rocks above the station at Makanda, makes from his own orchard annually forty hogsheads of peach brandy.\*

The descent to Cairo is made in forty-four miles. It is through a wild, wooded, beautiful country, till we reach Villa-ridge, ten miles from the terminus. Here we began to see fire-flies in great abundance, and they increased as we got into the low grounds. There were myriads of them. Few at first, they seemed like stars here and there; but they increased in number, till every tree seemed alive with wandering stars. Flitting in brilliant sparkles from leaf to leaf, they made the whole dark wood alive with light. As I called my companion's attention to them, some men at the station informed us, "Them's the lightning bugs!"

Passing this station—the last—we enter Cottonwood

\* During August of this year, 1855, thirty tons of fruit were forwarded to the north from Jonesborough.



slough, part of the Cache flats, which cover the whole of this delta of the two rivers. A few cypresses grow here, but not many. There are also some cane-brakes. Through this swamp, the railway is carried on a trestle-work, about a mile and a quarter long, and varying in height from eighteen to twenty feet. It creaked as we went slowly over it. By and by, it will be substituted by an embankment. The railway, at a little distance from Cairo, turns abruptly off to the bank of the Ohio, and runs down alongside the river on the levee. When finished, it will encircle the town.

As we neared the town of Cairo, we had the swamp forest, with its multitudes of fire-flies, on the west; and on the east, the broad Ohio placidly reflecting the failing light; beyond, the wood-covered hills of Kentucky; and here and there, on the bosom of the river, the star-like light of some boat.

Presently, we emerged from the thicket, and its place was taken by an open space, flickered here and there by the light from an open window. The train stands still. We are on the high bank of the levee. Down on the one side, the shining waters of the Ohio; down on the other, the shining lights of the few scattered wooden houses which constitute Cairo. It has begun to rain. We descend twenty steps, cross on a gangway of planks some fifty yards of an incipient lake (!), and reach a new hotel—the Taylor-house.

The Taylor-house is large and roomy, but it is new; and many of the rooms are but partially furnished, others not at all. Some of us get rooms supplied with beds on a bedstead; others are not so fortunate, for their beds are spread on the floor. A few months ago, we would have fared worse. Travers, who drove us to—

day, has often slept at Cairo, stretched, for warmth and shelter, on a board below his engine.

There were lots of people just arrived from New Orleans, all looking wretched in the rain. We are in a different climate altogether from Chicago. I have on the clothes to which the cold winds of the lakes had driven me, and now they are thoroughly wet with perspiration. The air is hot, close, and oppressive. I escape to my room. A solitary chair does duty for itself, washstand, and toilet-table. I have placed my lamp upon it, and sit on the bed-side, to read for a little. I open the Olney Hymns, and read—

“Strange and mysterious is my life !”

when a vivid flash of lightning lights up my room, the court, and beyond. Flash succeeds flash, with roll of distant thunder. The rain comes down in torrents, splash, splash, in the already circumambient waters; and thinking I have got into somewhat of a bog, I prepare to put myself to bed in the future “city” of Cairo.

## CHAPTER XLI.

### CAIRO.

THURSDAY, *June 7*.—The breakfast-hour this morning was six ; and we were in hopes that we would have had an opportunity to look round Cairo before starting. It rained, however, in torrents ; and we were fain to content ourselves with a very cursory inspection. Breakfast over, we carried our traps—in default of help that could be hired—across the space between the hotel and the railway, which, by this time, was a sheet of water. Raining as it was, we walked down the line of rail upon the levee, in hopes we might be able to reach the point, and see the union of the Ohio and Mississippi. We got on pretty well as long as we could step on the sleepers, or better—for even they were covered with mud—balance ourselves upon the rails ; but when we came to the end of these, our first step took us up to the ancles in mud. We pushed on through this as far as the levee goes, which is not quite to the point. It turns abruptly north, leaving a low swampy plot between it and a branch of the Mississippi. Beyond this slough there is an island, and the main channel is beyond it.

Cairo is the southern terminus of the railway, situated on the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi. From this point southward, the river is always navi-

gable, and nearly always free from ice. It is about 180 miles below St Louis, and 509 miles below Cincinnati. To each of these cities, and, consequently, to all places beyond them, the navigation is liable to frequent stoppage,—in summer, from want of depth of water; and in winter, from ice. This point is, therefore, likely to become a great shipping-place for produce going south, and for merchandise, &c., coming from New Orleans; while the saving to passengers going to Cincinnati and St Louis is such, that they are already preferring to land at Cairo and go by railway, although, in the present state of the connecting lines, this route is a long one.

A company was formed in 1841 to build a city at Cairo, but after getting two or three houses erected, it broke up. The place got the name of being "stuck," and people became prejudiced against it. It was said to be a swamp, unhealthy, &c. A new company has recently been formed, called "The Cairo City Property Company," which is possessed of all the land for nearly seven miles north from the point; and through their exertions, and the opening of the railway, attention is again turned to Cairo. It is confidently stated, that the spot is less unhealthy than many other points on the river, where large towns have sprung up. The trustees have cut down the timber on the flats from river to river, for a considerable space; and this permits of the free circulation of air, and has driven away the miasma, which produced chills and fever. Last summer, when there was so much cholera in the other towns on the Ohio and Mississippi, there was not one case of it among the inhabitants of Cairo.

A levee or embankment of most substantial character, one hundred and seventy feet in breadth on the top,

surrounds the town, and the tracks of the Illinois Central railway are laid upon it. The greatest range of level in the rivers occurred last year, 1854, when between the lowest and highest water the rise and fall was forty-two feet. The natural level of the ground is about thirty-eight feet above ordinary water. The levee is seven or eight feet higher than the highest water-mark, and the town level is only three and a half feet below highest water. It is thus subject to partial overflows for short periods at a time, in extraordinarily wet seasons. During the heavy rains, too, which occur frequently, the town, from being embanked all round, looks somewhat like a lake ; but this overabundance of water speedily flows off by natural drainage, through culverts in the levee, at least in ordinary seasons. During high water in the river, this drainage is stopped ; and the city, though protected from inundation, is subject to partial overflow. This could be easily remedied by the formation of a large reservoir, at the lowest level, into which the surface-water might flow, and whence it could be forced by steam-power into the river.

It is computed there are from 1000 to 1200 people in Cairo, two-thirds of whom have come here within a year from this time. There are about sixty houses, including the hotel, which is quite full of people. The city is laid out in lots of twenty-five feet front, and one hundred and twenty-five feet in depth. Three of these, on the front level, had been sold at \$1500 each, to make a beginning. The price for good lots range as high as \$2500. On the back streets they may be had for \$350, and upwards.

The high prices for which the trustees are holding out, has helped to delay the rapid development of

Cairo ; but within a month or two they have adopted a different policy, and several "substantial buildings are now erecting; and in the autumn, others, already contracted for, will fairly start the place."

The levee round the town is the work of the Illinois Central railway. It has been completed sufficiently to protect the town, and for a mile is finished for the accommodation of business. The railway buildings are only partly erected, and but temporary; but both levee and buildings will be finished as fast as the business of the road and the growth of Cairo demand. For this service, the railway receives from the trustees ample land for depôt purposes on both rivers; and when all the arrangements are perfected, the railway will surround the town, leaving it, on the north side, at a point about equi-distant from each river.

There is one point which is very important. "There is excellent reason for supposing that it will become the great depôt for coal for Mississippi steamers. Steamers are now supplied with this article from mines up the Ohio. The nearest mine is at Muford, 115 miles above Cairo: the furthest, Pittsburg, 1004 miles above it. It is brought down by flat-boats towed by steam-tugs, and delivered during the navigating season directly from the river. But the winter and dry-weather supplies are also obliged to be brought down during the season, and hauled upon the levee above high-water mark. The Desoto and Duquoin coal lies directly on the line of the Illinois road, from sixty-one to seventy-four miles from Cairo. It is of a quality quite equal to any of the Ohio coals. The amount of coal now required annually at Cairo is estimated at 450,000 tons."—*Davis*. The deduction from this statement is, that a very large traffic in coal must

centre here, derived from the mines opened by the railway in the interior of the State.

Some accident happened to the engine, the repair of which detained us an hour. It allowed time for the *Niagara* from the south to come up, and land two passengers for the cars. We were somewhat curious to see how they would get up the steep slimy bank of the levee. However, they managed pretty well, by mounting on the top of their boxes, in the baggage-cart, which went down for them. At Ullin, we climbed from the baggage-car, over the tender, and got upon the engine beside our friend Travers; and rode to Jonesborough, sixteen miles. For two or three miles, I stood on the engine itself; but the wind made it not very easy to hold on, so I went behind beside the engineers. As there was an hour of lost time to make up, we went very fast—thirty to thirty-five miles an hour. It is very pleasant riding on the engine. You see all before and about you, and are not troubled with dust. There is a feeling of excitement, too, in bounding over the country, which there is not in simply riding in the cars.

We said good-bye to Travers, with regret, at Jonesborough, where we got down to go and see a curious and interesting deposit of iron. Jonesborough is the county-town of Union county, and contains a population of about 1200. It lies a mile from the railway; but already a little village is springing up at the station. We secured rooms at a large new hotel built at the station, but not finished yet,—being in process of plastering, painting, and furnishing; and after an early dinner, at half-past ten, we set out for the iron, accompanied by two gentlemen connected with the railway here.

The deposit of iron is in the midst of the forest,

some miles from the railway ; and in going to and from it, we had an opportunity of seeing the character of the country. It is a series of sandstone and limestone ridges and hills, covered with fine forests, and dotted with capital farms. The soil formed by the disintegration of the sands and limestone rocks is most excellently adapted for wheat, which is already nearly ripe.

In a direct line, the point we wished to reach was about four miles ; but by the circuitous way we were obliged to take, the distance was at least doubled. After traversing country-roads for five or six miles, we turned off into an unbroken forest, along the bank of a small stream. We followed this stream for about three miles, through a beautifully-wooded ravine. The day had cleared up, and was very fine ; the air fresh and balmy. The trees were luxuriant and various—hickories, oaks, elms, mulberries—and festooned with creepers. The mulberries were ripe ; and we amused ourselves for a while by knocking them down.

The ravine grew wider, and we came to some clearings. Beyond these was a blacksmith's shop, where we "hitched" the horses. The blacksmith himself, Marion Underwood, was very busy grubbing up the bushes on an "improvement." He "guessed he'd quit, and go 'long;" so he got a hammer and chisel, and led the way. He plunged through a thicket, and we followed ; and then began to ascend a gulley which led up the hill, and which was strewn with blocks of rich iron-ore on every side. As we toiled up a deep slope in the bottom of the ravine, we came to a conical mound, torn off, as it were, from the side of the main ridge, and then to a second. The main range of hills is probably 500 or 600 feet high ; and the mounds



separated from it by the deep gullies, have the strongest appearance of having been torn off from the main ridge.

When we got to the top of the main ridge, we found it slope to the north ; and on the very back-bone of it, two deep cavities, which Dr Condon considers "craters."

The whole appearance of the place is most interesting, and the quantity of iron very great. The ridge seems composed of it, as it appears in equal quantities on all sides. The mass of the mounds, too, is composed of it. It is stated by parties in St Louis, who have experimented upon this ore, that it is rich, and the iron it produces of a valuable character.

It was past three before we got back to the forge. I exchanged my place in the "hack," with Dr Condon, for that on the "outside" of his horse. We returned by a different, but equally beautiful, route to Jonesborough. Up ravines, through clearings, rich with fields of fast-ripening wheat ; down into hollows, and up again ; now hemmed in with forest, so that we could not see a few yards around ; anon up on heights whence the eye could range over miles of wooded hills and cleared hollows,—the character of the scenery altogether being indescribably beautiful. The way led us through Jonesborough, where we parted with the conveyances, and sat a while with our new acquaintance. From the top of the court-house (a clay-floored hall of justice, with placards offering rewards for runaway slaves fastened to the doors), we had an extensive view. We then walked over to our hotel, which we reached between six and seven ; in fit condition to enjoy, first, a good tea-supper, and then a lovely evening, calm and balmy. How the tree-frogs sang !

*Friday, June 8.*—Stirring by six, and at half-past

nine left with the train for Decatur, which we reached about seven evening.

As we were passing Duquoin, Colonel Ashley, to whom the coal-pits there belong, came into the train, and he gave me some further information about them.

At Murphysborough, twenty-five miles to the south-west, where the coal crops out on the banks of the Bigmuddy river, the coal dips towards Duquoin, but seems to be a different vein. At the out-crop on the Bigmuddy river, there are two veins of coal, separated from each other by about four inches of shale, and dipping north-east about twenty feet to the mile. These veins are worked at a distance of about one-third of a mile from this point, on the bank of a small creek, back from Bigmuddy river. Where the coal crops out at the latter point, the veins are only four inches apart; but where they are worked in the creek, they are nine feet apart.

The coal at Duquoin is more bituminous than that at Murphysborough, and it cokes, which the other does not. The following is the section at the Duquoin shaft:

FT. IN.

- 5 0 Soil running into clay.
- 10 0 Yellow clay, sandy, and running into sand at bottom.
- 5 0 Sand and water in veins and pockets in the clay.
- 6 0 Heavy blue clay, like lead. Tough.
- 14 0 Shale, with some sulphuret of iron nodules or boulders.
- 5 0 Hard solid limestone. Compact, heavy, green colour.
- 6 0 Softstone, disintegrating into fire-clay, mixed with pebbles.
- 2 6 Very hard limestone.
- 16 0 Bituminous shale, with nodules of sulphuret of iron.
- 6 8 Coal.
- 1 6 Fire-clay.
- 6 0 Sandy shale, with impressions of leaves of plants.

We had a concert this evening at the "Hassell-house," by the Blakely family. They travel about in a waggon, singing at the towns and villages. This one was well attended. It was advertised for half-past seven, and began at ten minutes to nine, finishing at ten. We were glad of the opportunity to see a local gathering; and were struck with the number of fine-looking men who came to it, accompanied by their pretty wives, sisters, or sweethearts. The music and singing were above mediocrity, and one of the party played admirably on the violin.

*Saturday, June 9.*—Amboy, where we are to-night, is a new town of wooden houses, in the midst of the prairie, ninety-eight miles south from Galena. The railway company have a capital hotel here, which led us to select it to remain at over to-morrow. We reached it about three o'clock, from Decatur; which place we left at eight, having, in order to be in time, been knocked up at five o'clock. The distance is 134 miles. Most of this has been through unbroken prairie, with here and there patches of settled country. The feeling of relief with which one escapes from the interminable forests of the middle States, into these boundless "earth-oceans," becomes changed almost to oppression, as you gaze upon the unintermitted expanse of grass, with only here and there a solitary cabin in the wide waste—a mark to help us in estimating the immense extent of the vast solitude. In one of the most solitary parts of the plain, near Wenona, we saw some prairie-hens. They fly heavily and low, keeping near the ground.

One of the most interesting points on the route to-day was Lasalle. It is  $307\frac{3}{4}$  miles from Cairo, and

only a little south of the parallel of Chicago. Before approaching it, the country becomes very rough. The railway, for nearly three miles, runs along the side of Big Vermilion river, which here occupies a deep valley, the sides of which are covered with fine wood. The railway keeps the summit of the west bank of this ravine, and there are both cuttings and embankments of some magnitude. The Big Vermilion runs into the Illinois river about two miles above Lasalle; and the bed and bottoms of the Illinois are very broad, and are flanked by the usual high table-lands. The railway crosses these bottoms by a high and long embankment, and the river itself by a superb bridge 2990 feet long, supported on seventeen separate piers, and two land-piers. These piers are of stone, and are well built and substantial. The bridge itself is of wood. It is intended to carry the county road over the river by this bridge, below, and the railway passes above. This and other large American bridges are, in effect, open tubular bridges. In the case of the Lasalle one, the county road is inside the tube, and the railway on the roof of it.

Lasalle and Peru constitute one town of some size, well situated on sloping ground overlooking the Illinois river. Their names do not occur in the census of 1850. They are most important shipping-places, being the western terminus of the Illinois and Michigan canal, and the river hence to St Louis being navigable for large steamers. The Chicago and Rock Island railway crosses here, and connects it with Chicago on the east, and the Upper Mississippi on the west. In 1853, the joint-population of the two towns was given at 6000. This point is the centre of a valuable coal district.

Immediately north, for about three miles and a half, we pass through a hilly country, full of ravines, in the sides of which, and in the cuttings of the railway, coal crops out. Some of the cuttings are very heavy, and the scenery is very picturesque. The Little Vermilion river flows alongside the railway; and at one point, where it made a narrow bend, the line has been embanked across both its channels, and a new bed made for it. This channel is narrow and deep, but at the water-level it goes through shale, which, being soft, the stream has worn for itself a larger passage in it.

Inlet-creek, a small stream, passes near Amboy; and there is a fine patch of timber on its banks, called Palestine-grove. The town has started, like many other villages along the line of this railway, very suddenly into existence. In November last, there were but two houses, besides farm-buildings, on the spot. To-day, there are one hundred and twenty-five dwelling-houses, independent of stores; and there are a hundred more under contract to be built in the course of the season. The railway company have workshops here, and some 1200 people are already collected on the spot.

They are strange-looking places, these new towns. Streets not being filled up, the houses look as if their arrangement was very much a chance one. The first sign-board which met our gaze was, "Amboy Oyster-saloon,"—reminding one of Broadway. I found out the post-office, wishing to despatch a rather bulky package; but the postmaster had neither letter-scales, nor did he know the rates of postage. However, we found out, by means of a great grocery weighing-machine, that the packet was under six ounces; and

having a vague notion that the inland-postage was three cents an ounce, I paid eighteen cents, and sent it off to take its chance. It arrived safely in London.

We went straying through the village, and prairie round, and got into conversation with one of the inhabitants. We had been examining a heap of peculiar-looking stone, by the way-side, near a house, at the door of which was this man and his team. He commenced by asking if we liked the look of the stones, or what we thought of them. To which I replied, by asking him if he was going to mend the road with them, as it was not out of need of it. "No! he calculated he'd mix cement with them to floor his cellar." Then he became very communicative, and told us he had a farm three miles off; but he had bought a little lot here, and fetched over a shanty, and meant to stay there, "to look at the Yankees building a town." He told us, all the land out there had been speculated in by the "agent," who was making a good thing of it,—good prairie-land out here being worth \$15, or £3 per acre.

Out on the prairie, we saw a snake among the grass; but it bolted very quickly into a hole. There were several dead ones all about. One had been crossing the line when a train crossed it, and of course killed it. The cast-off carapaces of a migrating crab were also abundant. We watched a couple of prairie-squirrels, with great interest, for a long time. One was out on the prairie, the other in the wood. They are pretty little creatures, striped with yellow on a dark-brown ground. The first one sat still till we came quite close up to it; then moved leisurely on, and stopped again. We gave it chase, and found it was very swift; still we might have caught it, but it took

refuge in a hole. I don't know why we chased it. I suppose in pursuance of a natural propensity to do so. If we had caught it, I suppose we should only have petted it a little, probably to its intense terror, and let it go again. But we never thought of that.

The other one, in the wood, ran off a few paces into the bush ; then, as we stood still watching it, it came out again, stood up straight on its hind-legs, so as to elevate its head above the grass, and reconnoitred. Then it took two or three steps more, and looked out again. It was very pretty, and exceedingly graceful in its motions. It had large, brilliant, yellow-irised eyes, and a most gracefully-shaped head. One of us made a slight movement, and it scampered off.

We came in about six, just in time to escape a thunder-storm. We went out afterwards to make a purchase, and found the streets converted, like those of Cairo, into temporary lakes. There is no getting about comfortably in these new towns in wet weather. The only place where it is possible to walk with any degree of comfort is the railway-platform ; and we have been taking a "constitutional" up and down it, watching the sheet-lightning, which all evening has been, and is still (10 P.M.), playing behind the clouds.

## CHAPTER XLII.

### GALENA—DUBUQUE.

MONDAY, *June* 11.—We rested at Amboy all yesterday, and came on here to-day. We were joined by esteemed friends from New York, and had a special train to Galena. We passed through some beautiful country to-day, especially in the neighbourhood of Dixon, a prettily-situated town on Rock river. As we approach Galena, the road winds through a very rough and difficult country. It is the commencement of the great mineral region. The railway follows, for a considerable part of the way, the ravine of Fever river (a corruption of La Feve or Bean river, or, as some say, of Le Fevre, an early settler, after whom it was called). Along the whole course of the main ravine, subsidiary ravines open and run into the interior. The face of the bluffs between are rounded off and covered with turf, but broken with numerous rugged masses of rock protruding from amongst the grass-covered surface. These masses of rock are worn by the weather into fantastic shapes, and having usually some bushes or underwood growing in their crevices, they present a very picturesque appearance, and sometimes deceive, with their resemblance to castellated ruins. They are of a very hard fossiliferous limestone of Silurian age. The lead, which forms the staple of this locality,



is found in veins and masses in the limestone. The interspersed valleys seem capable of rich cultivation. The soil formed by the *debris* of these limestone rocks is very productive, as is shewn by the exports from Galena.

The town of Galena lies on the north bank of Fever river, while the course of the railway keeps the south side. This awkward arrangement was owing to the townspeople of Galena opposing the railway, thinking it would harm their trade. They are now anxious to have it carried over to their side. Galena is the great centre of the mining district of north Illinois and south-west Wisconsin. Although about six miles from the Mississippi, the Fever river is navigable, so that the trade of Galena extends both north and south. Some notion of this trade may be gathered from the following table of its exports for 1851:—

Lead.....(1,417,151 dollars) .....	lbs.	33,082,190
Flour .....	barrels	39,385
Barley.....	bushels	42,731
Pork .....	barrels	3,185
Lard.....	lbs.	125,000
Bacon.....	lbs.	312,568
Butter.....	lbs.	87,618
Eggs.....	dozens	22,880
Hides and skins.....	number	9,326
Horses.....	number	800
Cattle.....	number	1,500

The same year, it imported 5,085,684 feet of lumber, and 2,470,500 shingles, besides timber and wood of other descriptions.

The first beginning of Galena was in 1826, and it was then a post 300 miles from the nearest settlement. In 1840, it numbered 1843 inhabitants; and by the census of 1850 it had 6004 in the town,



besides the settlers at the mines all around. The population of the county is 18,604. The land laid out in farms amounts to 198,150 acres, of which 60,311 are improved.

We arrived at Galena at two, and, as we were not to leave till six, we had time to see the town. We crossed the river by a floating bridge, so lightly made that the passage of two or three persons at a time put it partly under water. We found a large and pretty comfortable hotel, called the Desoto-house, where we dined.

After dinner, the ladies went to rest; and the remainder of our party went out to see a traversing bridge, by which the railway crosses the Fever river. There is a pier on each side, and one in the centre. On the centre pier is balanced a bridge, which, when not in use, is kept up and down stream, so as to enable the steamers to pass and repass. When required for the passage of railway trains, two men can move it into its place by means of a rack and wheel.

The Galena people offered great opposition to the carrying of the railway on to Dunleith. One man owns a piece of ground, a corner of which projects about a foot within the line of rail, just coming off the bridge; he drove a post into it, to obstruct the track, and asked an exorbitant price for the bit of land. The commissioners appointed to value it, fixed the price at \$13,500! This the railway company refused to pay, and they curved their track a little way to avoid it. The owner was so enraged at this, that he threatened to shoot the first man who should attempt to lay the rails. However, they were too many for him; and while he went to get help, the rails were laid, and he did not venture to take them up. Then he declared he would shoot the engineer who should venture to

take a train over. This, too, turned out to be mere braggadocio; as the mail passed last night, and our train to-night—which was the first regular train—met with no obstruction.

We then went to see a mine near the railway station. It is on the face of the hill. A shanty is built in a little recess hollowed in the hill. Behind the house, between it and the rocks, is a small well about ten feet deep, from the bottom of which the lode is driven into the hill. It is said to be a good lode, but unfortunately for us the miner had gone up to St Paul's, and the inhabitant of the shanty, who keeps the key of the mine, had gone out to see a friend; so we could not get in.

Recrossing the river, we got up on the hill behind the town, ascending so far by a steep street, and then by a rough wooden stair of 105 steps. We sat down on a grassy bank, and had a superb view of the city and surrounding country. The city is built in a small crescent-shaped hollow, amidst the hills, and is very picturesque. Manufactories and business-houses occupy the flat portion of the site; while dwelling-houses, with often little gardens attached to them, are perched on the sides of the hills, which surround it on every side. These first rise in bluffs from the river, then recede, leaving a table-land, beyond which they rise in the distance into hills. All the steep faces of these bluffs, and they are very steep, are roughened with protruding masses of limestone, full of fossils. The lead is said to be found in a reddish matrix, which occurs sometimes near the surface, and sometimes in veins in the limestone.

At six we re-assembled at the railway station, and on the arrival of the train from Chicago, were joined once

more by our companion who left us at Cincinnati. Mr J. G. Kohl was with him, and Mr Johnson ; and with our party thus swollen to eight, we started for Dubuque. My attention was sadly distracted between the beautiful country, and hearing and telling what had happened to us since we parted on the 18th May. After passing through one deep rock-cutting, the railway keeps south-west for about three miles, along the winding banks of the Fever river. These are finely varied with woods and smooth grassy meadows. A lagoon of the Mississippi is then reached, and the remainder of the course of the railway lies north-west along its banks, thirteen miles to Dunleith. The railway occupies a ledge near the bottom of the bluffs, or steep sides that slope from the table-land, which is the general level of the country, to the alluvial meadows through which the rivers run. These meadows or "bottoms" are smooth, covered with rich grass, and interspersed with clumps of wood. In this region we begin to find the "oak-openings" which give their peculiar beauty to the Iowa, and more western prairies. These "oak-openings" are forest-glades, undulating plains covered with close, rich turf, and dotted all over with fine groups of well-grown oak-trees ; the general appearance resembling a well-kept English park, though in extent seemingly boundless.

Dunleith, the terminal station, is laid out partly on the meadow land by the bank of the river, and partly on the bluffs above. There is ample space for warehouses and a business town on the river level, while the finely varied banks above afford most eligible sites for dwelling-houses. A large hotel has been erected, and a few houses are collecting around it. The freight-house of the railway company is a substantial stone

building, built with several floors, to suit the varying state of the river. Sanguine hopes are entertained of a large town springing up at Dunleith. At present the business is concentrated at Dubuque, on the opposite shore of the Mississippi.

Dubuque is the capital of Dubuque county, Iowa. It is 424 miles above St Louis. It was settled as a hunting-post by the French Canadians in 1686. Its population in 1850 was 4701, and is now over 8000. It is the centre of a most productive district of lead mines, and it has a large trade with the north and the interior. Already St Paul's, 300 miles up the Mississippi, has a population of nigh 3000, and other towns to the west and north-west are rising up rapidly.

We arrived about seven, and the scene was enchanting. The bold eastern bluff overlooked a broad reach of the "father of waters," stretching both upwards and downwards, smooth and clear ; opposite, lay the town of Dubuque, nestled in a receding hollow, embraced by hills, and almost lost in their shade. To crown all, the sun was going down behind the distant hills of Iowa, lighting up as he departed the few fleecy clouds that were floating in the sky, and imparting a sort of fairy light to the whole scene. Such was the picture we gazed on from the deck of the small steamer which carried us across the mighty Mississippi. Our New York friends went to stay with a nephew resident here, and we found very good quarters at the Jullien-house. It was late before we separated, and more than

" A wee short hour ayont the twal "

before two of us, at least, whose rooms communicated, thought of seeking our couches.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### IOWA.

FRIDAY, *June 12.*—We were still at breakfast, about eight o'clock, Kohl in the chair, when our friends called to propose a visit to a collection of minerals made in the neighbourhood, and belonging to the proprietor or lessee of several mines near. "That is fine! Let us go now, at once. So!" said Mr Kohl. It was later in the day the visit was proposed, but Mr Kohl's impetuosity, to my great satisfaction, prevailed, and we set forth without loss of time. The most remarkable specimens were one of large cubes of galena, weighing 250 to 300 lbs., and various specimens of carbonate of lime, the local name given to which is "tiff." One of these, on being broken, presented a beautifully radiated structure. In general appearance it resembled a group of interlacing branches, and was several feet long. It had been broken in taking it out of the cavity of the rock in which it was found, but some of the pieces were still two feet long. It was quite white, and perfectly unsullied. Another fine specimen was a group of stalagmites. The slab on which they stood was about two and a half feet long. One of the stalagmites was about ten inches high and five inches thick, with a little one stuck to its side, and another imbedded in the slab at its base. A second

column was about a third taller, but only an inch and a half in diameter. It formed a pretty side-table ornament.

We walked about a mile and a half down the river-side to see a lead-smelting establishment. The process was carried on in a small house of three compartments. In one of these, motive-power to drive the furnace-blower was derived from an ox on a treadmill. A huge wheel, or table, raised a little from the horizontal, occupied the whole floor. The ox was placed on the slope of this, and its weight turned it round ; and the animal being tied to a fixed post, it had to walk to keep its place.

In the second compartment was a man washing the ore. This he first broke with a hammer into small pieces, and then washed in a long sloped trough, through which a stream of water flowed. The ore he kept continually turning up with a shovel, so as to expose it to the action of the stream of water. The mud and sand are washed away, and the lead left in different stages of the trough.

In the third compartment, the work of smelting was going on. The process is a very simple one. In one end of the hut was a furnace, with an arched dome above it, to collect and carry off the fumes, which are deleterious. The ore is placed in a furnace with open bars in front, and an iron table projecting from it. The melted metal runs through the bars and over the iron-table into a crucible, with fire under it ; and from this crucible it is cast into "pigs." The smelting is done with wood, without any flux.

The smelting-house stood at the mouth of a little gorge, leading from the river into the country, and the bluff between rose very steep and craggy. We climbed

this, and were repaid by the view of a magnificent reach of the Mississippi, spread out with its islands below us. It was like looking down upon a map. One of the little prairie-squirrels was sitting on the top of the bluff as we reached it. It raised itself on its haunches for a moment, to survey the unexpected intruders on its domain, and then popped into its hole. We wandered on among the wood covering the bluff, and came upon many deserted mines, one of which we entered for a good way, but found nothing of interest.

We strolled about the town, already of considerable size, and a bustling place. There are furniture manufactories, a foundry, and all the appearance of a rapidly-rising town. What may be called the business-town, is built on a gentle slope a little above the level, to which the river rises in the season of high-water, while the eminences behind afford very fine sites for private residences.

By this time, Mr Kohl had been round all the Roman Catholic schools in the neighbourhood, and had got an introduction to the superior of the Trappist monastery of St Mary's, some thirty miles away in the interior of Iowa, and was about setting off to visit it. There are but two of these establishments in America. The brothers are bound by their vows to cultivate land. This, and silent contemplation, are their chief characteristics.

The dinner at the Jullien-house was of the most rapid description. A minute before the hour, the hall was crowded with guests. No sooner was the door opened, than a tumultuous rush was made to the tables, and almost ere one had recovered his breath, the sated diners were dropping off again.

In the afternoon, we drove out with the ladies, to



see the neighbourhood of Dubuque. The route was up the river for some distance, then inland amongst the hills, and so round again to the river below the town. In the course of the drive, we had the long-wished-for opportunity of seeing a lead-mine. The entrance to it is high up on the hill. It is worked by a shaft, but apparently a part of it had fallen in, for there is access to it in a huge pit, half-filled with *debris*. It is a great natural cave, part of which, as already stated, seems to have fallen in. The cavity is about thirty yards from the shaft. There was a ladder here, but it looked worse to get down by it, than to go down by the bucket, for it hung perpendicularly from the brink by a rope attached to a peg. At the opposite corner, the rubbish had accumulated to within about six or seven feet of the top, and by sliding down with the help of tree-roots, we got on this heap of rubbish, and so got to the mouth of the cave. The portion that had fallen in formed a sort of road down,—a road of huge fragments of rock lying piled just as they had fallen from the roof. The cave must have been very lofty. Half-way up its sides was a ledge, where the miners had been at work. A person standing upon it, looked to me at the bottom very small indeed. We went in till we came under the shaft, which, the man told us, is seventy feet deep. The drift goes further in, and then there is another descent of forty feet; and it is in it the present works are carried on. In the outer cave there are veins full of masses of lead in the rock. When we had picked up some specimens, we scrambled out by the ladder.

We got back between five and six, and found Mr Kohl had failed to reach the Trappists; but had been to the Roman Catholic school of St Joseph, some twelve or thirteen miles out. It is an academy for

young ladies, it seems. They had been much amused by being asked to listen to the girls' sing, and finding the hymn was the following original one :—

**" HYMN OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION**

**" COMPOSED AT ST JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, IOWA.**

" Hail, Star of the Morning,  
Transcendent and bright !  
With raptures we hail  
The first beam of thy light ;  
For the Church in her triumph  
Now points us to thee,  
And hails thee, Immaculate,  
Star of the sea.  
Star of the sea—Star of the sea.  
And hails thee, Immaculate,  
Star of the sea.

" Hail, Temple Divine,  
From eternity placed  
On the mountain of God,  
By the Deity graced.  
The voice of the nations  
Now rises to thee,  
And hails thee, Immaculate,  
Star of the sea, &c.

" Hail, Lily, the Trinity's  
Favourite flower,  
Embalming with fragrance  
The heavenly bower ;  
For the poor and the innocent  
Cling unto thee,  
And hail thee, Immaculate,  
Star of the sea, &c.

" Bright shrine of the Deity,  
Sweet Mercy's seat,  
Where nought is refused  
That you deign to entreat ;  
From the depth of our sorrow,  
We cry unto thee,  
And hail thee, Immaculate,  
Star of the sea," &c.

We spent the evening pleasantly with our friends, at their nephew's house. Kohl and one of our friends wished to go up to St Paul's, but it seemed doubtful if there would be a boat. The steamers for St Paul's start from Galena, go down the Fever river to the Mississippi, and thence up, calling at Dubuque. Three boats were said to be aground in Fever river, and nobody knew when they would get up.

Leaving Kohl to smoke a cigar, we who were not smokers strolled hotel-wards. As we neared the house, we heard the harsh whistle of a steamer, and rushed forward to see if it was for St Paul's; but it was going down. Herr Kohl had heard it too, and hurried after us. There was then a consultation whether they would return with us to-morrow, or wait at Dubuque for a boat going to St Paul's. Kohl had just said, "Well! I will not persuade you, but I will wait for the boat and go." He had hardly uttered the words, when there was heard a tremendous whistle. We rushed to the window, and saw the light, which betokened a boat coming steadily up. Hurra! "*The War-Eagle*, for St Paul's." What a bustle there was for a few minutes. Kohl went to pack up his traps; our friend's were packed already. Round rattled a baggage-waggon—in went the passengers' boxes—in went the passengers atop of them—in went Kohl and his fellow-traveller. We wanted to go down to the boat to see them off; but they had to drive through a slough to reach the boat—the waggon was full—it was eleven o'clock, and pitch-dark—so a hearty hand-shaking—"Good-bye; take care of yourselves." "Oh yes! good-bye, old fellow,"—and off they rattled for St Paul's; we returning for a short snooze, thoroughly satisfied we were more likely to be comfortable in our beds,

than they with their chance of sticking on a sand-bank in the upper waters of the Mississippi.

*Wednesday, June 13.*—Astir at half-past four, for we were to be at the ferry at half-past five, so as to catch the train at Dunleith for Chicago at six. And we were at the ferry, and so were our friends; but a dense fog was there, too, and the boat could not come across for us. We waited in the misty morning nearly an hour, till we heard the whistle of the engine, and the rumble of the cars, and knew that they had gone off and left us. There would be another train at six P.M.; and we arranged to dine at twelve, and start at one, in carriages, crossing the hill to Galena, so as to catch the train there in the evening.

To fill up the time, as well as make the most of it, we set out on a foot-ramble into the interior, with the intention, if time served, to reach Table-mound,—the highest point in the vicinity, and about four and a half miles off. It was a pleasant walk. As we ascended the bluffs, we got above the fog, and at nine o'clock precisely we stood upon the summit of Table-mound. From this the prospect on every side was extensive. These table-lands of the upper Mississippi are peculiar. They rise on two levels—the first receding from the summit of the bluffs, and a second series of hills rising again, at a distance of three or four miles in the interior, and forming a second general level. They are on both levels much cut up into ravines.

Table-mound is an isolated hill of Silurian limestone,—in shape irregular, characterised by abrupt cliffs on the upper portion of the north side, and sloping on the others. The summit is quite level. On the slopes are scattered huge masses of the strata, broken off and

lying about at every angle of picturesque grouping. The Roman Catholics claim this territory, and have erected a tall cross on the summit, to mark their supremacy. We got some good specimens of chain-coral (*catenapora*) among the rocks, and some new flowers, a pretty yellow columbine, &c. The walk back to Dubuque was a warm one, but we accomplished it easily by eleven.

Our friends were too fatigued to carry out the original plan of driving across to Galena ; but we kept to it, and after despatching a miserable dinner, found ourselves, about one o'clock, once more seated in a buggy, with our baggage tied on behind. We had to wait a long time at the ferry, because the boatmen had gone to dinner. However, we got across at last ; and had then a beautiful drive north-east, ascending and descending till we reached the table-lands. At some distance from the river, we came to a Jesuit establishment, at the base of Sinsinuay-mound, which belongs to them. This mound is the highest ground near, on the east side of the river, as Table-mound is on the west. As seen from Table-mound, it looked as if it rose at once from a level plain ; but approaching it, it is found to be reached by rising from intermediate valleys, and ascending several elevations. It is up a good way, then down a little way, and up higher ; and so on, several times, getting higher and higher every time, till the mound itself is reached. The Jesuits have pitched their buildings on the south exposure—on a lovely spot—immediately behind which a low cliff forms a natural wall round their park, and divides it from the wood-covered mound which rises behind. There is a small chapel, with a picturesque spire, all of wood. Around it are scattered, somewhat irregularly,

the other wooden buildings of the seminary. They are, however, erecting a large stone house, half of which is built, and a noticeable object from a great distance. The place might be made a very fine one ; at present it is kept in rather a slovenly and careless way.

The drive all the way to Galena is through mineral lands, and it is not till you get near that city that there is much cultivation. We met a large drove of cattle and group of settlers, with their faces westward. To the question put to a lad some ten years old, who was driving the cattle, "Where are you going, my son?" the reply received was, "To Minnesota; and I aint your son; or, if I am, I never knew it."

We got to Galena about half-past six. Our charioteer drove down to a bridge of boats, and left us there. We had to carry our traps across, and up to the railway ourselves,—a proceeding we have got pretty well accustomed to now, but not on that account any the more agreeable. We lay on a grassy bank above the station watching the busy scene below, on the railway and on the river, till the train came up. As an example of the great amount of travel on these western railways, I may note, that this train consisted of ten cars, all full; and as they hold about fifty each, we carried not fewer than five hundred passengers.

We rejoined our friends again, and, getting all together, talked till it grew dark; and then tried to sleep, with different, and mostly indifferent, measures of success. Between four and five in the morning, the sun rose over the prairie—a fine sight. It was barred with dark clouds, the upper edges of which were tinged with silver. Above, fleecy clouds of amber colour were drifted diagonally across the sky; and all was brilliant—too brilliant to gaze at.

From Galena to Freeport is fifty miles, thus far on the Illinois Central railway. Thence to Chicago is one hundred and twenty-one miles, by the Galena and Chicago Union railway, through a well-settled and fine country. Tired enough, we arrived at five o'clock, A.M.

*Thursday, June 14.*—We had telegraphed for rooms, but there was a railway excursion, or convention, or some agglomeration of individuals of one kind or other from Burlington, and we could not be accommodated, they said. Luckily the ladies were more fortunate, and got rooms. So we had nothing for it but to go out and walk about the town, *pour passer le temps*,—a condition of view under which Chicago did not improve in appearance. No rooms being likely to turn up, we had our baggage carried to the bath-rooms ; and made a hot-bath and clean clothes serve as a substitute for the repose of sleep. It is quite astonishing the crowds which pass and repass through this hotel. One sees a change in the faces every day, and the piles of baggage which obstruct the hall for a time and disappear, to be replaced by more in a few hours after, are what we should call in Scotland, “bye ordinar.” The ebb of this surge of travel, however, allowed us in the course of the forenoon to come in for very good rooms.

In the course of the afternoon we were taken to call on an Indian lady. Her mother's name, Monee, has been given to the station on the Central railway, near to which their ancestral lands were situated. Rose, however, is a half-breed, as her mother married a Scotch settler. The mother is still alive, and resides in a wigwam about thirty miles out of town. I was much interested with this visit. Rose's face is quite Indian. Her little daughter, Frankie, is sick ; and we gave her

some roses and heliotropes we had brought from a friend's garden.

We were indebted to the kindness of Mr Johnson for a three hours' drive round the city, which gave me the first correct idea of it, and some little insight into its extent of business.

*Friday, June 15.*—It is hard work journeying in the West. Seven hours of sleep, after forty-two of active moving about, is not a very liberal allowance. Still we were up this morning at half-past five, and off an hour after on an excursion to Urbana. Our friends from New York were going, and I went with them.

We picked them up at Monee, whither they had gone the evening before, to visit in their new home in the west two old servants—their gardener's son, who had married one of their domestics, and come out here to settle. They found the house and all pertaining to it in New-England order, and the children behaving with a quiet self-possession quite noticeable. As a proof of the advantage of bringing good habits to the West, William can raise, by careful cultivation, better crops than his neighbours, and this on less land too, and, consequently, at a less cost of labour ; while Mary Anne gets 2d. to 3d. per lb. more for her butter than the usual price around. Butter usually sells there at 5d. to 6d. per pound, while she gets 8d. per pound for all she makes.

The excursion was a very pleasant one. We got to Urbana about twelve, and had a jolly dinner in the freight-house, getting back to Chicago between six and seven.

*Saturday, June 16*—Would have been a blank day,



so far as a record is concerned, except for a terrific storm. I had occasion to go down to the Illinois Central office about three o'clock, at which time the heat was intense, and the wind dry and hot, like the blast from a furnace. As I sat writing in my room afterwards—although I had laid aside my coat, and sat with the windows open and the Venetians closed—nevertheless the perspiration came out in globules on even my hands, and wet the paper. About five it became colder; a few pattering drops of rain fell, then a flash of lightning, and then *the* shower. And such a shower! I was to take tea with a friend, pretty far along Michigan avenue; and in a dry interval, about seven o'clock, I hurried thither. When I rose to return to the hotel, about half-past nine, the storm raged so, I was pressed to stay; however I could not, but made my way back to the hotel, through as terrific a thunder-storm as I was ever out in. There was no rain now. The night was intensely dark, but the flashes were so incessant and so vivid that the streets were bathed in light. Sometimes the lightning seemed to be right before me—sometimes as if encircling a neighbouring spire—and again as if it were round about my own head. The rain had turned the streets into lakes and rivers—and the water reflecting the flashes, added to the wonder of the scene. The storm continued to rage with unabated violence till I went to bed, which was not till twelve.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### BURLINGTON—ROCK ISLAND.

TUESDAY, *June 19.*—Just returned from a trip over the Burlington railroad. I went west, by this line, to obtain an impression of a different section of Illinois from that which I had previously visited. The train left at ten A.M., and, as usual, we were hurried off from the hotel an hour before, “lest the bridge should be open.” It was not, and we were put down at the station at 9.10, having fifty minutes to wait ; but, as the driver said, “better wait an hour than be late one minute.” The first thirty miles is nearly due west, over the Galena and Chicago Union railway. The next fifty-eight miles carries us in a south-west direction, over the Aurora railway, to Mendota, on the Illinois Central railway. From this to Galesburg, eighty miles, we pass through a district of country called the Central Military-tract, from its having been assigned to the soldiers who served in the various wars of the States. A little beyond Galesburg, the Central Military-tract railway joins the Peoria and Oquaka railway—a line crossing north-west from Peoria, on the Illinois river, to a point close to the Mississippi, where it branches, one section going to Burlington, and the other to Oquaka—both towns on the Mississippi,—the latter being on the eastern, and the former on the western bank of the

river. I went as far as this junction,—about eight miles from Burlington, and 202 miles from Chicago,—getting there at eight in the evening—in time to step from the one train to the other, and return during the night. There are some flourishing towns and villages along this line.

From the junction to Mendota, fifty-eight miles, the character of the country is that of rich prairie-land, now becoming generally, although recently, settled. Villages, with churches and schools, are springing up at short distances from each other, and the progress of cultivation is going on very rapidly. Near Waverley, the prairie is very level and very extensive, and here I observed the peculiar effect of a shower on such a wide plain. It looked like a cloud sweeping the ground, and the effect was made more striking by the sun shining upon another portion of the prairie.

Then for eighty miles, the route is diagonally through what is known as the Military-bounty tract. It is a tract containing 5,360,000 acres, of which 3,500,000 acres have been appropriated in bounties to soldiers. It is a section of country of very great fertility, well filled up with old settlements, comfortable-looking farm-houses, built of brick, and surrounded with trees,—these having been planted by the settlers.

Around Princeton the country is very fine; open, but varied with groves and clumps of wood, and made home-looking by the red walls and gray roofs of the houses appearing among the trees. This continues nearly all the way to Galesburg. This town, 168 miles from Chicago, is growing with great rapidity—it is prettily situated. I counted the steeples of five churches, and observed at least one tall factory chimney. Beyond it, for some distance, the country con-

tinues of the same rich prairie character. As we approach the Mississippi, it begins to change. It becomes much more rolling—indeed it looks like a collection of sand-hills, only quite covered with rich grass. Then it gets broken, or rocky, and we reach Oquaka station through a ravine of great natural beauty. Rocky bluffs rise on each side; and turf-covered banks, smooth and velvety, recede from the cliffs; the whole being openly wooded,—that is, covered with scattered groups of well-grown oaks. This continues till the Mississippi is reached.

The richness of this region can hardly be imagined. The increasing settlements augment its productiveness. I saw, at nearly every station, piles of bags of wheat, waiting to be carried east, the remains of last year's crops. To give some idea of the progressive march of industry in a new country like this, the following return of the railway traffic on this line may be noted :—April, \$84,291; May, \$123,893; June, \$157,238; July, \$125,417; August, \$139,274; September, \$165,862; October, \$207,259.

The eastward and westward-bound trains met at Oquaka junction, and exchanging them, I arrived here about six A. M., anticipating a comfortable sleep for a couple of hours, but only to find, to my great disgust, that the outrageous fellows at the Tremont had put a fat old gentleman into my bedroom. Getting no satisfaction from them, I took matters into my own hands, waked the old fellow up, and explaining how matters stood, demanded and obtained permission to dress on my own premises. When it is recollected I was paying 10s. per day for room and board, it will not appear strange that I should be somewhat aggravated at being thus summarily turned out, and

deprived of the few hours' sleep one had been looking forward to.

*Tuesday evening, June 19.*—This afternoon I came out to Lockport, where I rest to-night, continuing my trip to-morrow to another point on the Mississippi, namely, Rock-island. We came by the Chicago and Rock-island railway, forty miles, to Joliet. The route is through flat prairie for twenty or thirty miles, and then through a beautifully wooded and broken country. We saw the prairie under a new aspect to-day, that is, after a flood. There was very heavy rain yesterday, and the prairie is overflowed. The streams are swollen, and torrents are rushing down every slight hollow, where no streams usually rush, while every depression is improvised into a lake.

We reached Joliet at half-past three, and found my friend, who resides at Lockport, waiting for us. Joliet is the county-seat, and a large town. The canal to Lasalle, connecting lake Michigan with the Mississippi through the Illinois river, passes here. Lockport is about five miles north, and the drive thither, along the banks of the Des Plaines river, is very pretty. This stream runs in a broad bottom, flanked on both sides by precipitous rocky bluffs; the table-lands receding from these being fine grain lands. The canal pursues this valley, and Lockport is situated upon it. It is the centre of a large agricultural region, and is sending just now to Chicago from 8000 to 12,000 bushels of grain per day.

Lockport is a pretty little town, built upon the slope of a hill, above the canal and river. My friend's house is a specimen of an Illinois house worth seeing. It is of stone, in a very fine situation, a little beyond the

town. It occupies a rising-ground, commanding a view of part of the town, and from its front an orchard slopes gently down to a little prattling brook in the hollow, beyond which, a fine piece of woodland rises and stretches on for half a mile. Grazing in the openings of this wood were some fine cattle and calves. We had a delightful tea, a mixture of a Scotch and backwood one—Scotch scones, Canadian sardines, with strawberries and cream ; and then a stroll through the orchard and “woodlot,” in the cool of an evening, fine after the rain.

*Thursday evening, June 21.*—An interval of forty-eight hours finds me at Detroit,—the distance travelled in the meantime being six hundred and two miles. Soon after breakfast, yesterday (Wednesday) morning, my friend drove me down to Jolliet. In the fresh morning, this place looked very sweet indeed, and I felt loath to leave it. About eleven, the train from Chicago to Rock-island came up, and I started for a trip over the Chicago and Rock-island railway, passing through a district of Illinois different from any I had yet seen.

The Illinois river is formed by the junction of two main branches—one of which, the Des Plaines river, rises in Wisconsin, a few miles above the boundary of the State of Illinois, and only six miles from lake Michigan. It runs almost parallel with the border of the lake ; but instead of flowing into it, it turns southwest, through a break in the country, which extends from a little south of Chicago quite across to the Mississippi. About sixty miles from Chicago, it unites with the Iroquois and Kaskaskia rivers ; and the three together become the Illinois river, which from

Lasalle (ninety-eight miles from Chicago) is navigable to the Mississippi.

The Burlington railway, already described, traverses the country from Chicago, south-west, to Burlington, —keeping on the table-lands all the way, and, consequently, is almost entirely in open prairie. The Rock-island railway starts from Chicago in a direction south of the Burlington railway, then crosses the State nearly due west, and finally turns north-west, crossing the Burlington railway, and reaching the Mississippi river at Rock-island, ninety-five miles above Burlington. From Joliet, to the crossing of the Burlington railway beyond Pond-creek, it takes the bottom levels the whole way; first along the valley of the Des Plaines river, and then along that of the Illinois river; and after it leaves it, a little below Lasalle, it keeps up, by various creek-bottoms, till it emerges on the prairie between Pond-creek and Sheffield. From Joliet to Lasalle, the railway lies alongside the canal,—a very fine structure, a large portion of it being of solid masonry, and of noble width and depth.

Ottawa, eighty-four miles from Chicago, and a little below the junction of the Fox river with the Illinois river, is a fine town. The houses are built on both bluffs. It is a large and seemingly thriving business-place. The bluffs to the north are perpendicular cliffs of sandstone or limestone, much worn. After passing Ottawa, we come to what may be called an island. It is not surrounded by water *now*, but it bears evidence of having been, as it shews the same water-worn cliffs all round. The river flows beyond, and fields of waving grain encircle it, where there is no room to doubt it was once laved by waves.

As we come near to Lasalle, we enter the coal-

district. I observed one mine entering the bluff—here a gently-sloping and wooded bank on the level of the river bottom. The canal is on a lower level than the railway, and a tram-road is laid from the mine to it, passing beneath the main line. Just before reaching this mine, the canal passes through a cut, and the railway through a tunnel, in an abrupt spur of rock which projects into the valley. I could not make out, passing quickly in the train, what sort of rock it was ; but on the one side we have the old limestones, with Silurian types of fossils, and on the other the coal-bearing strata.

Approaching Lasalle, along the valley, there is obtained a fine view of the bridge, built by the Illinois Central railway across the Illinois river and valley. There are seventeen piers, besides the abutments. The Rock-island railway passes below one span, and the canal, on a lower level, below another. From the railway being at the bottom of the bluff, no part of the town is seen. Coal is found in the neighbourhood. Soon after passing Lasalle, we leave the banks of the Illinois river, and turn north-west, though still amid woods in the hollows of some creeks which come down in this direction. Fifteen miles or so further, we emerge upon the prairie. Near Sheffield (138 miles from Chicago), there is a coal mine a little way off the main line ; the coal seems to be reached by a shaft. By and by, we cross Rock river,—a broad stream ; and a few miles further, reach once more the great Mississippi, a little above Moline. It is here very broad, without bluffs,—only the banks slope gently up on the west, or Iowa side ; and on the Illinois side there is one of those great tracts of flat-bottom or meadow-land.

Opposite Moline is the upper end of Rock-island,



which seems to be about three miles long. Rock-island city on the east bank, and Davenport on the west bank, are opposite its lower extremity. Moline is a flourishing and rapidly increasing place, containing several manufactories, driven by water-power derived from the Mississippi. The narrow channel to the east of the island has been weired, and made to drive mills.

Rock-island city, 181 miles from Chicago, is the present terminus of the railway ; but a bridge is being built across the Mississippi at this point, and it is intended to carry on the railway (under a different company) through the State of Iowa to the Missouri river. The city is on the east bank of the river, not on the island, which belongs to the government of the United States. There are the ruins of a dismantled fort—Fort Armstrong—upon it. On the opposite side of the Mississippi is Davenport, an older city than Rock-island. Both are increasing very rapidly. As an instance of this, a gentleman in the train told me he lately bought a lot of land in Rock-island city for \$480, for which he could now get \$1000, cash down, and \$1200, half cash now, and half in twelve months ; and that he lately bought a piece of land in Iowa for \$100, and re-sold it immediately for \$300.

Both cities are finely situated. Sloped to the Mississippi, Davenport especially is beautiful. There is no precipitous cliff, but a gentle slope rises to the usual height of the table-land, and the streets are laid out rectangularly, leading from and running parallel to the river. There seemed to be but few wooden houses, most being built either of brick or stone ; and there are trees growing profusely among them. The south end of the island terminates in an abrupt cliff, of thirty

to forty feet height. The empty wooden buildings of the deserted fort look desolate enough. The island is not settled, being reserved for military purposes. The railway will cross it. The bridge over the narrowest channel is nearly completed. The one over the main channel will be a noble structure. It will open with a swivel bridge for the passage of boats. There are rapids above this, terminating with the island ; but I did not go far enough to see them, although I would have liked to have seen some activity in this great mass of water, for otherwise it is impossible to estimate its magnitude. Any way it was curious to think of the "father of waters" driving saw-mills!

I had about two hours to walk about, and towards half-past seven started to return.

It was very sweet the ride, for the first hour or two. The broad reaches of the Mississippi looked majestic in their quiet stillness in the evening light, as did also the vastness of the prairie in the fading twilight. By and by, myriads of the fire-flies came out and flitted about, like unquiet stars. Then all this came to be seen through a dreamy unconsciousness, less and less vividly, till lost altogether ; and the next scene was the east gradually brightening up with the mellow beams of the rising sun.

We reached Chicago about four this morning. How fresh everything appeared at that early hour, in the usually restless and tired-out-looking city ; and how still were the streets, as I traversed them to reach the hotel ! There, all was alive. Night and day there are always crowds about that hall,—a type of the restlessness which goads on this nation in its career of money-getting.

Now that I am about to leave Chicago, I find that I

do so without regret, though I leave behind in it some whom I could have wished to see more of—people thoroughly worthy of esteem. Of Chicago itself, what can I say? It seems mad after money. It is an extraordinary fact. It is the entrepôt of the west, and must continue to increase. Of its inner life I saw but little; for its outward is all-absorbing, and carried me away. Yet I had glimpses of such inner life, and feel assured that there are there those who are the “salt.” Let us trust they will not only preserve, but leaven it also; otherwise, the future of this west is very dark and perilous.

At 7.45 A.M., I left by the Michigan Central railway for Detroit, which we reached about six in the evening, the distance being 282 miles. For some way, we pass over the Illinois Central line. As we passed down the side of the lake, there was a slight mirage visible. It was as if we saw land on the opposite shore, rising into peaks covered with snow.

At Calumet we turn eastwards, round the south end of lake Michigan. The sand-hills here are very remarkable. They rise abruptly from the prairie, and sometimes to a considerable height. They are covered with trees, though the plain is not; and they seem to form a valuable natural barrier to the encroachments of the sand from lake Michigan, which is just beyond them.

All along on the sandy banks of the railway are a profusion of bright blue and rich orange-coloured flowers. The pools are full of water-lilies—both the white and yellow species, the former especially beautiful, with their large white star-shaped cups, floating among the round green leaves on the surface of the water.

All the way to Michigan city, fifty-five miles, the

country seems rather poor. It is mostly covered with wood, with only a few clearings. Michigan city is a curious-looking place, built entirely among sand-hills; and, though a large town, and a port on lake Michigan, it is not of much importance on that account, as its harbour can only receive small vessels. There is, however, a good deal of business here, from its being the point where the Cincinnati traffic comes in, over the New Albany and Salem railway. New Buffalo, sixty-four miles from Chicago, is also a port on the lake, in the State of Michigan,—Michigan city being in the State of Indiana. It is not a large nor a flourishing place. The country around it is either sandy or marshy, and the woods are poor. Hitherto the wood on these sand-hills has been chiefly pine; but, after passing New Buffalo, we get more into the interior, and find the soil clay; the pines quite disappearing, and giving way to hardwood. The country is also more broken, or varied with hill and hollow. The general course of the railway is north-west, to Kalamazoo; passing on its way several considerable towns and villages. Kalamazoo is a large and flourishing-looking town in a fine country, with good farms around it. I also observed a hop-garden close to it. It is situated on a very considerable river of the same name.

From this to Detroit, 143 miles, was the old State line, originally purchased by this company for two millions of dollars. It has been all re-made, and a great part of it better located. It passes through a number of flourishing towns, and through a country capable of great improvement; partly improved now, and yielding a large and constantly-increasing way business to the railway.

At the prettily situated town of Dexter, we approach the Huron river, which rises in Portage lake, a little above. It is a very beautiful stream. "Huron" means, in Indian, "clear-water;" and usually, it is said, this river is remarkably clear. To-day, however, it is in flood, and "drumlie." It winds very much, with very various scenery on its banks. The railway crosses it some fifteen times. Ann-Arbor, thirty-seven miles from Detroit, is an important town on the Huron river. From the nature of the site, there is an upper and a lower town. Michigan University has its seat here. Its population, by the census, was 4870.

The country, all through the south of Michigan, is very varied and beautiful. "To the traveller," says a describer, "the country presents an appearance eminently picturesque and delightful. Through a considerable portion, the surface is so even and free from brush, as to admit of carriages being driven through it, with the same facility as over the prairie, or common road. The towering forest and grove, the luxuriant prairie, the crystal lake, and limpid rivulet, are so frequently and happily blended together, especially in the southern section of the peninsula, as to confer additional charms to the high-finishing of a landscape, the beauty of which is probably second to that of no other part of the Union."

## CHAPTER XLV.

### DETROIT.

FRIDAY, *June 22*.—Detroit is on a river of the same name, or rather a strait, which connects lake St Clair with lake Erie. The St Clair river again connects that lake with lake Huron. The current is from Huron through St Clair into lake Erie.

The hotel is on Jefferson Avenue, a wide street running nearly parallel with the river. From my window, which fronts the street and looks inland over the town, I can see the spires or roofs of twelve churches; some of them, which I have examined, the handsomest buildings I have come across in America. The town, on the whole, is prettily built; the streets are wide, and those devoted to residences are lined with trees. Besides this, nearly every house is separate, and surrounded by its own plot of garden and trees. Continuing still to look from my window, beyond the range of houses is the "forest primeval," a wall of green encircling the city. The houses are mostly of red brick, and are substantial-looking. Some of the older residences, such as General Cass's, are of time-stained planking.

It is said that the French had a settlement on the site of Detroit as early as 1610. In 1720 there was a fort, called Fort Pontchartrain, here, which fell into

the hands of the English in 1759. In 1810, it contained 770 people; 1820, 1442; 1830, 2222; 1840, 9192; 1845, 13,065; 1850, 21,019. It is now a place of very great business importance. It possesses various manufactories; is a great timber-port, and enjoys a considerable reputation for shipbuilding; while its export and import trade is immense.

After I had attended to some business, I went to call upon General Cass, to whom I had a very special letter of introduction from his nephew, Mr Wilson of Chillicothe. General Cass is a man whose name is so intimately mixed up with the history of the United States during the present century, that it was with no ordinary interest I sought his abode. I had seen him before, along with senator Douglas, in Chicago, but had not an opportunity then of delivering my credentials to him. I now found him residing in what I should suppose to be one of the oldest houses in Detroit, at the corner of Fort Street, west of Cass Street. It was an old fashioned wooden house, not painted white, as most of the wooden houses are, but coloured of a dark neutral tint. It consisted principally of a two-storey house, with green Venetian blinds. The door has sidelights, with the ornaments at the crossing of the window-sashes carved and gilded. From this main house there projects a long wing, with a deep pillar-supported verandah, raised three or four steps from the ground. A narrow strip of grass separates the house from the street, expanding into a large and well-kept garden at the end; and connecting with another still larger, at the back of the buildings. In the street in front, were rows of locusts, or *acacias*, and the garden contained old and well-grown trees, so that the whole house was enveloped in a luxurious green shade.

An open paling separates the pavement, or side-walk, from the slip of surrounding garden. Pulling open the wicket (gates all open out into the street), I rang the bell, and was referred by the maid to the first door on the verandah. To reach this, I had to return to the street, and enter by a second wicket. Under the verandah were three apartments. The door opening to two of them on the left was the entrance to the general's office. One of these rooms was a sort of library, or clerk's office—through the open door of which I could see the walls were lined with the reports and official documents which constitute so large a part of the library of a United States senator ; for the general is senator, and has been for long, on the democratic ticket, for the State of Michigan. While Mr Cass was perusing the letter I had brought him, I had leisure to look around. A more delightful little study I could hardly fancy. It was lighted at two opposite sides ; the entrance being at one end, and opposite it a door communicating with the dwelling. In recesses on that side stood two bookcases, filled with volumes of general literature ; opposite, a case with sloping glass top held various matters of curious interest ; and underneath it a shelf for books and papers. In front of it was the senator's table, piled with papers and the morning letters. A few engraved portraits—Washington predominant—were on the walls. An original proclamation of the first general's, framed, hung there ; but I could not catch its tenor. Some suits of old armour further decorated the walls, and a variety of other things were scattered about, indicating their possessor to be a man of some taste.

The general himself I had seen before, and at once recognised. He is a fine-looking, portly man, of sixty-



five or seventy summers ; his countenance denoting strong good sense, and a good deal of determination. He was United States' minister, he told me, for a considerable time at the court of Louis Philippe, and enjoyed the personal friendship of that monarch. In the course of a very lengthened and interesting conversation, we talked of the feeling of America towards England. He asserted that there is no Russian feeling really, and said that the entire sympathy of Americans had been with England, till they received the report of some speech of Lord Clarendon's, in which he had said that the combined fleets now in the sea of Azoff might, ere another summer, be in the Gulf of Mexico. They had also heard that Louis Napoleon had said that England and France combined could defy the world. These, and such like expressions, he said, had annoyed the Americans, and stirred up a feeling hostile to England. He regretted it, he said, very much ; and would deplore a rupture with the mother-country. It is the alliance with France which they fear. They deprecate England lending herself to France on questions of world-wide policy.

He also referred to the absurd books written by Englishmen about America. They come over here, he said, run over the country for three months, and think they understand it. Few, he said, very few understood the fundamental principles of their government. Each State has the entire control of its own affairs, although amenable to the general government on matters affecting the Union. But with the internal government, or acts of the individual States, the general government takes nothing to do. Even this, he complained, was not understood ; and when States, such as Pennsylvania and Missouri, repudiated,—acts which the general

government could no more control than I could,—Sydney Smith and others launched their invectives against the whole constitution, government, and character of the United States as such.

He referred also to what he called the gross fabrications of some writers ; and, as an example, gave the story narrated by one, of being asked by the stage-driver, “Are you the *man* that is going to so and so ?” and on receiving an affirmative reply, adding, “Then I’m the *gentleman* as is going to drive you.” This he said could not be true. He had travelled over all the States again and again, and he felt convinced, he said, that if one was civil himself, he was sure he would meet with nothing but civility.

With all deference to General Cass, I cannot agree with this. The respective uses of the terms *man* and *gentleman* here are very ludicrous ; and the “lady” of one “gentleman” certainly said to a friend of ours, in reference to our party, “Tell the *men* to come in,”—a very gracious way of extending an invitation to walk up and see her husband’s museum.

Most erroneous ideas of English manners obtain too. Thus, they think we never shake hands, because it is not usual to do so on a casual introduction. Now here, when you are introduced to ever so many tag-rag and bob-tail, you have to shake hands with them all, and are probably expected to profess yourself highly gratified at making their acquaintance. But, on the other hand, if you have been talking very intimately to your host or hostess, or their daughter, for half an evening, it is a woful breach of etiquette to venture to shake hands on leaving. I was unfortunate enough to do this on one occasion, and was made aware of the solecism I had committed, by the remark having been

overheard, "What an infliction to shake hands all round that way!"

With this previous experience, it amused me to hear Mr Cass say, as he held out his hand on my rising to leave, "You Englishmen must learn to shake hands when you come to this country!" "Why, general," I replied, "that is particularly an English custom, only you reverse our way of it; when you see a man for the first time, you shake hands with him, and profess friendship, whether you know him or not; and when you part, you do so as if you were utter strangers. Now, we wait till we have learned something of how we like each other, and if we do, we shake hands in token that we hope to meet again." He said the proudest moment of his life was on the occasion of his leaving Paris, when, going to make his *congé* to Louis Philippe, the monarch stepped forward and shook him heartily by the hand. He was present at the coronation of Queen Victoria, and he said that when he saw that girl (as she was then) stand there, the head of England, he could not help feeling how strong a hold our institutions had upon us as a people. He saw, and was immensely pleased with, a little incident which occurred at the coronation. When the aged peer, Lord Rollo, a man upwards of seventy, stepped forward to pay homage, he stumbled and fell. The queen started forward, as if her impulse was to run and raise the old man. Other help did that; but the desire to have done it was evinced, and made a great impression.

General Cass anticipates a great future for America. So do I, if she will only seek it in the spirit of that righteousness which exalteth a nation. It is a grave question whether or not she is doing so.

In the afternoon I set out on a long peregrination through the town. I walked along Jefferson Avenue nearly all its length, and was delighted with the home-like appearance of the houses, amid the unobscuring shade-trees, which line its length. The mixture of French names was interesting, reminding me that this was a French settlement called "Detroit," from its being situated at the narrowest part of the strait between the lakes already mentioned. I then turned down to the river, and gained the extremity of the town in the northern direction, returning along the water-side, through a busy scene of saw-mills, foundries, shipping, and stores, till I reached the freight-depot of the Michigan Central railway, which is near the south end of the town. Their grounds extend along the river for nearly half a mile, and they have commodious and admirably arranged freight-houses, in which an active business was going on for all points on the line. I walked over their station to see the arrangements of shops, &c. As I was waiting, later on in the evening, at this station, for the arrival of my companions, from whom I had been separated for some time, I saw a train of German emigrants start for the west. Their accommodation is very poor—merely common box freight-cars, with the roughest seats fitted up in them. There are no windows, so no light or air, unless they keep the sliding doors in the sides always open. I do not wonder that multitudes died from cholera in these trains last summer, or that they die still in numbers coming into them, as they often do, from the foul holds of the ships,—disease already upon them. But these things are never heard of. In the hotels in the west, and on the steam-boats, many, very many, died

last summer, and were buried during night, whose fate their friends know not yet, and never will. One friend gave me horrible proof of this from the facts which came within his own knowledge ; and it is an undoubted, though sad truth, that many a sand-bank of the Mississippi is the unknown resting-place of all that is mortal of numbers over whom fond hearts are yet yearning, in the vain expectation of their return.

My friends came, and I was glad, for they had been away in that treacherous west since I had heard of them. We had another extensive perambulation of the town together, and then we got on the tower of the hotel, from which there was a magnificent view of the city, with the river and lake on one side, and on the other the country stretching away towards the setting sun. We went on board a very fine steamer, the *Western World*, which was to sail next morning for Buffalo. The saloon occupies the whole length of the upper-deck, and is a magnificent apartment, fitted up in the most luxurious style of drawing-room upholstery. The state-rooms are arranged round this, and are large and roomy, although, to my taste, rather too populous,—one I looked into having berths for six. Below, on the principal deck, is the dining-saloon ; around which are open sleeping-berths, at a somewhat less fare, I believe, than the state-rooms. Altogether, the arrangements are, for expensive fitting-up, beyond anything I have seen in any steam-boat. This ship is 2300 tons ; 364 feet long. Her engines are of 1000 horsepower, and capable of being worked up to 1500. The state-rooms number 116, besides which there is sleeping accommodation for 1000 passengers in addition. The decorations are exceedingly costly. Just as we finished

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## CHAPTER XLVI.

### TO NIAGARA.

SATURDAY, *June* 23.—We had resolved to take the early train, and were knocked up this morning at half-past three; and soon after left the hotel for the transit-boat belonging to the Great Western railway of Canada. There was great delay in crossing—which, with the time occupied in breakfasting on board the ferry-boat, occupied an hour—whereat one of our party was wroth, for he could not see the fancy of being made to rise at half-past three, for a train which did not go till half-past five. But here one must do as things will do with him.

The western terminus of the Great Western railway of Canada is at Windsor, a small but increasing town on the heights opposite Detroit. We felt an innate satisfaction in stepping once more on British possessions, and in seeing the uniform of a railway policeman. The railway comes in below the bluff, so that freight can be transferred from the ferry-boats and ships at the quay. The town is on the heights above.

We met with a specimen to-day of the rapid way in which some men get on, in the case of one of the conductors on this line. Originally a railway-guard in England, he came out to Canada, three years ago, to occupy a farm. Accustomed, however, to a different

our tour of the boat, we observed she was in motion. We jumped ashore, and in a moment more she was going out into the stream. We were glad we escaped as we did; for although she was only going down the river a little way, it would have been very unpleasant to have been detained on board.



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life, he took service on this railway, from which he has \$60 per month, or £144 a-year, besides having all his expenses paid. He conducts trains four days a-week, and has the remainder of it at his own disposal. This gives him the opportunity of doing business on his own account. Thus, he told me, that three months ago, he bought into the railway at 75, and re-sold, for cash, the other day, at 95, *ex-interest*—which makes it equal to 98—leaving him 23 per cent. profit. He has a farm of a hundred acres, a little way off the line, near Paris, which he bought, ten months ago, for \$700—28s. an acre ; and for which he could now get \$1500, or £3 per acre—fifteen acres of it being cleared, and a house built upon it. He hopes, in a few years, he says, to sell out, and go home. This is but one out of many instances of the kind we have met with.

We left Windsor at half-past five, and got to the suspension-bridge, 232 miles, at three o'clock. For some distance, the line lies along the shore of lake St Clair, and here the land is low and marshy. A belt of this character is open along the shore of the lake, and beyond this belt is forest. The sumac was growing in profusion along the side of the road. It is now in flower, and a very pretty shrub. The prevailing timber is elm, with some oak. On small clearings, here and there, are miserable log-huts, reminding one of the south. Most of these small clearings belong to negroes, whose dark piccaninies were about in abundance,—a further proof that we were now in a freer country than even America, many of whose "free" States do not tolerate the residence of a coloured man. It is not till he has crossed into Canada that the negro is safe. There is an organisa-

tion all the way through Ohio, Illinois, and Michigan, for helping escaped negroes on in their flight to Canada. This is called "the underground railway." It consists of persons who are prepared to hide such fugitives during the day, and assist them on, from one to another, under cover of the night. Hence the name.

Chatham, forty-six miles from Windsor, is a large and growing town. The land down by the Thames, and all across this section, is described to me as being "as good as could be." There is well-grown elm timber upon it. The country round is fine. The Thames is a small stream, running between steep banks. As we go eastward, the land becomes more cleared, and the country has the appearance of being longer settled. We saw many fine fields of wheat, and rich pasturage. The farm-buildings are usually substantial frame-erections.

Wardsville, seventy-four miles, is a new place, consisting of about ten houses—in the woods, at present, but with the appearance of activity. I was climbing up a signal-post-ladder, to see over the train, when a bystander facetiously asked me, "If I saw the city?" To which I replied, "It was not ill to see." London, 110 miles, is a large substantial town, of 15,000 people, with a very fine farming country around it. Paris is also a large and beautifully-situated town. Just before reaching Hamilton, 186 miles from Windsor, we pass through a beautiful valley, in which, a short distance from the line, there is a pretty little town. You see it from the railway, spread out below you—for the road at this point lies along the side of a very high and steep hill, at a considerable elevation. The sight is very imposing. From the one side of the carriage you look southwards, far into the valley

below; while, on the opposite side, you find the bank rises with equal precipitousness, and far above it is crowned with a perpendicular cliff, of bare rock, but bearing above a crest of trees.

By and by, we enter a most peculiar cut. The sides seem to be composed of coarse gravel, certain layers of which have formed a conglomerate, while others have remained loose gravel. These latter wash out, and leave the thicker and thinner, straight and waved beds of the harder stone, protruding in all directions. Passing through this cut, to the north, spreads out the expanse of Burlington bay, the west end of lake Ontario. The branch to Toronto goes off here by the north side of the lake, the main-line keeping the south side. A canal enters at the head of the bay, and the railway is carried over it at a considerable height, by a permanent bridge; while, on a level still higher, a beautiful suspension-bridge carries the travel-road across this cut made for the canal.

The shore at this lower end of the bay is very high and precipitous,—of the same sort of gravelly conglomerate as that just described. Immediately north of this, however, the west and north-west shores are low, and covered with scraggy wood. The railway reaches the water-level at Hamilton; and in its harbour we saw ships with the union-jack. The town is not seen from the station; but after leaving to go east, we catch a glimpse of it. The shore rises with a gentle slope from the lake; and on this high ground, and behind it, the town is built. We had no opportunity of seeing it.

Soon after passing St Catherine's station, we crossed the Welland canal by a swivel-bridge. This canal, made to form a communication for ships between lake

Erie and lake Ontario, accomplishes this by means of a great many locks. The section of country is curious here. The difference in level between Erie and Ontario is some 360 feet,—giving space for the Falls of Niagara, and for the rapids both above and below the falls.

As we neared our journey's-end, we listened anxiously for the roar of the cataract ; but in vain. The noise of the train drowned all. At last, it slowed and stopped ; and stepping out on the platform, there were the towers of the great suspension-bridge before us.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when the omnibus, upon the roof of which we had got, moved off from the station. A few yards brought us to the verge of Niagara river, where it flows in a gorge, spanned by the suspension-bridge, two miles below the falls. The height of the railway-track upon the bridge is two hundred and thirty-four feet above the water,—and this is about the height of the cliffs on the American shore ; the Canada side is not quite so high. The road to the Clifton-house is along the edge of the ravine, so that we look down on the river.

It was something wonderful to look down into this narrow gorge—the sides of which are almost vertical, and more than two hundred feet in height—and see the mass of pellucid greenish-blue water moving slowly along, with a ripple of foam here and there upon its surface ; and then to reflect that, but a minute or two ago, that liquid blue was a frothy surf, foaming in one sheet of white spray over the cataract ! Presently we got a glimpse of the falls, and held our breaths. It is—it is Niagara, we felt. By and by, the road makes a turn, we issue from among some brushwood, and both falls are full before us, about half a mile off.

The scene is perfectly beautiful, and very grand. But it does not strike you as so grand at first. You only think that it is beautiful. It is not till you have gazed and gazed, again and again, that you begin to understand how grand it is. There are, as every one knows, two falls. The river above makes a bend, and right in the middle is Goat-island. The Great Horse-shoe, or Canada fall, is in front ; the American fall pours in at the side. This latter is the highest, but the other is by far the finest. In the American fall, the water has a pale-green tinge ; in the Horse-shoe fall, it is a beautiful deep, clear green. It comes over in an immense body,—looking like molten emerald ; but long ere it gets half-way down, it is dashed into a sheet of frothy spray, as white as driven snow ; and so it falls on the rocks below. Constantly, from the boiling whirl of waters, chafed among the huge rock-masses which are heaped up at the bottom of the fall, a light white cloud of spray rises, and hovers over the fall in a thousand varying shapes. You are never tired of looking and listening ; and on, on, on, the flood pours, in undisturbed majesty. This is my impression of Niagara from a distance ; for we did not go nearer to it to-night than the rocks near the ferry, some distance below them. We scrambled down to these rocks till we reached the water ; and then, seated on some huge fallen blocks, with the rebound of the waves from the fall washing up to our feet, the falls themselves before our eyes, and its spray dashing lightly in our faces, we perused the letters which awaited us here from home. In replying to these afterwards, we felt that, with Niagara before us, any attempt to describe it was vain. The actual is so overwhelming, that one cannot find expression for it ; and having seen it, he is in-

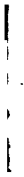


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THE HORSE-SHOE FALL, NIAGARA, FROM THE CANADIAN SIDE.



clined to be silent regarding it, because he is not able to tell how or why it has moved him as it does.

*Sabbath, June 24.*—I rose at eight, and looked out. It was raining in torrents, and evidently had been for some time. Streams, of no inconsiderable size, were pouring down the road, in front of the house; and when I went down stairs, I found the walks in the beautiful garden behind filled with gushing water, which poured over the terraced steps in miniature cascades, and threatened to flood the lower part of the house, as some of the upper part had already been by defects in the roof. Looking, however, from my window, which commands both falls, I thought the view enhanced by the pouring rain. There was a mist, which became a magnifying medium. The falls looked grander than they did last night, and the din sounded louder. The banks above are of a red earth, and the water running in from them tinged the cataract red for a little way from the edge. But in the middle, it was emerald as before. The American fall seemed more discoloured. Many an impromptu waterfall had been called into existence by the rain, and poured each its independent cascade over the cliffs into the huge caldron below. It was curious to see how long their discoloured waters moved down in-shore, unmingled with the green depths in the centre; but as the rain continued, the discolouration increased, till, towards evening, it had reached nearly the whole body of the river.

I venture to quote the following impressions written to my brother in England, on the spot :—Now, I suppose you are saying, "But tell us about Niagara?" It's all very well to say, tell us about Niagara; but did you ever

really meet with any one who ever did tell you about Niagara ? The fact is, no one can. You can't describe it. You can't tell what you think of it. Only you look at it, and look, and look, and look, and wonder—and the more you look, the bigger and more wonderful it seems to grow, and the less you can think what to say. Now, since writing that sentence, I have taken another look at it. And what is more, I have pulled round my table, and am now sitting writing with the Horse-shoe fall full before me, and yet I can't tell what to say about it ; only I wish you were here to gaze on it with me. There are two falls. The American one is the highest and the steepest—the Horse-shoe fall has the greatest body of water. Fancy an immense pot, half a mile across, with perpendicular or slightly overhanging walls for a hundred feet, then a steep slope of rocks and earth, with trees, for a hundred feet more down to the water—from this pot a gorge of the same character leading away north. Then into this pot, a little on one side, tumble the Clyde, over a precipice nigh two hundred feet in height ; and at the upper rounded end, let some four or five Clydes come tumbling in, and you have a fair approximation to the bare fact of Niagara ! But the foam, the colour of the water, the clouds of spray, the incessant roar, have all to be added. The water of the American fall is a sort of green ; while in the centre of the Horse-shoe fall, where the greatest body comes over, it is a lovely emerald. Now, owing to the rains washing in the earth from the banks, the water at the sides is a clay-red, but still the central stream is a pellucid green. It comes over in an unbroken body, like molten glass ; but long before it is half-way down, it is dashed into foam, and falls into a sheet of white surf—while

constantly there rises from below a cloud of spray, assuming a thousand varied forms and rainbow-hues, and rising in the middle of the fall, far above the surface of the cataract, and even of the horizon beyond. The Horse-shoe fall is divided into two by a rock near the American shore, or more correctly, near the shore of Goat-island, and a tower has been built upon it. This tower, and the wooden staircases, and some twopenny-halfpenny museums, which cluster all about the edge of the falls, spoil the general effect sadly. But where we went yesterday, we were away from all these. It was half-way between this (the Clifton-house) and the falls; and by scrambling over the fallen rocks, and holding on by the roots of the trees, we got easily enough down to the water-edge below the falls. The troubled water came surging up at our feet. The light spray circled round us. Opposite, as we stood fronting the river, was the American fall; and, looking up stream, the curtain of falling water that sweeps over the Horse-shoe fall. Over all, the incessant din of the falling flood, which at night sang me to sleep, and when I awoke was my first greeting.

*Monday, June 25.*—To-day, we drove to see the whirlpool. It is about three miles below the falls, and half a mile below the suspension-bridge. To reach it, however, we had to make a considerable detour, as there is no road down the river side. The road took us through the very pretty little village of Stamford, said to be one of the oldest in Canada. The country is rather poor. By and by we turned down through some woods, and came out on the river, flowing between the same high rocky cliffs. We got the first view of the whirlpool from a projecting rock, which stretches

out several feet over the chasm. It is a huge pot, nearly square, but rather longer than broad, and very much out of the course of the stream, which flows into it and out of it nearly on the same side. From this first point, there is a beautiful peep up the river, taking in part of the suspension-bridge, the cliffs, and a small waterfall opposite. The whirlpool is a great recess on the Canada side of the river; the waters pour into it in an arched stream, high in the middle and waved. Then it eddies to both sides, and seems to be sucked under and spouted out again. Looking down upon it from above, the water is seen to rush into the middle. It then spreads out on both sides, and courses round the edges of the pool. Between the great stream into the centre, and those round the edges of the pool, which flow the opposite way, the water seems to well up from below, as if boiling; and on towards the back of the pool, there is a depression or vortex. We were told by our driver, that a boat which had come down into this pool, had been carried round, drawn into this vortex, and sucked down. That it had risen again at another place, and again been carried round and sucked in, and not seen any more. Some sticks which we flung in kept floating about in this way, and seemed not to find an exit from the pool. Instead of there being a stream out of the pool, similar to that into it, the water seems just to rise and flow over. It seemed elevated in the middle. The cliffs are fully two hundred feet high, I should think—the upper portion of them being in some places perpendicular, and in other places overhanging. There is one spot where it is possible to get down. A rough ladder, laid against the cliff, provides for the descent

where they are perpendicular. After that, a zig-zag path—so steep, that one has to hold on by the roots of the cedars and other gnarled and twisted trees—leads to the bottom. To-day, the descent was the more difficult because of yesterday's rain, which had made the shaley rock very slippery. The steep bank below the cliff is covered with trees, so that the depth of the abyss is not seen on the way down, else probably few would venture. When the bottom is reached, the labour of descending is well repaid. Looking up, we see towering far above in the air the projecting rock, on which a minute or two before we had been standing; and it makes us shudder to observe that it stands out, sheer over the gulf, a naked rock-table, rising out of a sea of foliage below. The whole of these cliffs have a stratum of hard rock at the top, underlaid by shale, which yields to the weather, so that nearly all along, the section of the banks of the river exhibits these overhanging cliffs. A projecting shelf of hard rock, then shale a good deal worn in, then a steep-sloped talus of fallen rock and crumbling shale, usually covered with trees. In this case, the projecting rock overhung even the talus; and, looking up from below, it appeared very fine indeed,—like a huge Cyclopean pulpit.

When down on the rocks below, there appeared quite evidently in the whirlpool a rising towards the middle, where the great volume of water rushed in. Near where I stood, a ledge of rock projected somewhat into the pool, and the waves came welling over it with a strong current. It was a wonderful scene. My companions went climbing up among the rocks, and I was left alone. Around, on every side, rose the precipitous wall of rock out of its woody bed. Neither

the gorge leading into the pool, nor that leading out of it, were visible from this point. There was no sight save the imprisoning walls, and the sky overhead, looking down on the tumultuous water—no sound, save the dull roar of the surging stream. Time slipped away as I was sketching ; and when I shut my book, and was looking around for my friends, I heard them hallooing from above, and saw them looking down from the pulpit-stone,—appearing at that height much like crows. It was more difficult to go up than it had been to come down, it was so steep and slippery. However, it was accomplished safely, and we turned our backs on this scene of wild loveliness.

We then drove, still down-stream, to the heights above Queenstown ; the country getting better, and the farming and general appearance being very like England. When we reached the brow of the high grounds, the scene which burst upon us was very beautiful. We were on the verge of a deep descent, and below there lay stretched out a level plain of great richness, bounded only by the waters of lake Ontario, which lay like a line of silver between the dark foliage of the fields and the sky. Immediately underneath, on the Canada side, is the small village of Queenstown ; and opposite, on the American side, the larger, prettier, and more rapidly increasing village of Lewiston. Through the plain, in front, wound the broad reaches of Niagara river, more like a series of lakes than a stream. On these heights, in 1814, General Brock was killed. A monument was erected on the spot where he was buried ; but in the troubles of 1837, some foolish fellow blew it up. A new monument is in the course of erection now, near the same spot.



No where can one contrast British and American enterprise more perfectly than here; and the comparison is unfavourable to the parent. A characteristic anecdote connected with this was told me by Governor Tod. A friend of his, an American, was rather severe on a mutual Scotch friend, resident on the least progressive side of the line, as to the rapid strides with which "improvement went a-head" on the American, as compared with the Canadian shore. "It's a' very true," was the quiet reply; "they hae great improvements; and they are no very particular whase money they make them wi'."

Returning, we drove to Drummondsville, a lovely village, on a fine rising ground, about a mile from the falls. The battle, which terminated at Queens-town, began here. There are two sight-towers of open wood-work erected on the highest point of the ground, to ascend one of which—the British, for they are in rival national interests—we paid a quarter of a dollar each. The view from the top was very extensive. We looked down upon the falls, which were hidden, however, by the cloud of spray. The rapids, and the river for a long way above, were distinctly visible; as were, in another direction, the towers of the suspension-bridge. The country round is richly wooded. Lundy's Lane stretches westward in a long line from the tower. A garrulous old Canadian insisted on telling us all the story of the battle, which we vainly attempted to cut short.

Two miles further on is the village of Chippewa, and near it are what are called the burning springs, which we went to see. On the way thither we had a view of the falls from the bank above. We looked down upon the torrents roaring along the rapids in waves of surf,

then subsiding, like one resting before a leap, and finally gliding smoothly but swiftly over the precipice into the abyss below. Mr Street, the proprietor of most of the land around, has a beautiful residence overlooking the rapids. Below his house there is a small island, formed by a narrow branch of the river, through which the water runs with great violence. It is opposite the upper end of this island that the burning springs occur. They rise in a small platform, nearly on a level with the water, and have been covered with a shed. We entered, paid certain moneys, wrote our names in a book, and were ushered into an inner room, which was quite dark. The priest of the place, an old gray-haired Aberdonian, lighted a match, and waving it over the spring, a column of gas was ignited which illuminated the whole cabin. We found there was a small well in the middle of the floor, over which was placed a receiver to collect the gas; and it was from a tube in the top of this that the gas was now flaming. Extinguishing the flame, he placed a white linen cloth over the mouth of the tube and lit the gas again, which burned freely on the surface of the linen without injuring it. After the receiver was removed altogether, the gas bubbled up violently through the water, and flamed when lit. I tasted the water; it had a sweetish, pleasant taste, with a strong smell of sulphuretted hydrogen. It rises in a stratum of shale.

Returning towards the falls, we reached the neighbourhood of Table-rock, through a deep ravine in the sandy bluff above the river; in the sides of which innumerable martins had their holes. Supplied with oilskin dresses and a negro guide, we were equipped to go behind the falls.

We descended the cliff about half-way by a spiral staircase, and found ourselves on a ledge of rock, at the head of the talus. This ledge led us behind the falls, at about half-height. There was something grand in the idea of the immense body of water falling in front ; though indeed we could see but little, for the spray dashing up in our faces almost blinded us. The ledge is narrow and slippery, from being constantly covered with water, and the roar of the fall is terrific. I suppose we went ten or fifteen yards behind the water. Then the ledge ceased, and there was a horrid chasm beyond, between the falling water and the rock. While we were there, a large raft of timber came down the rapids and broke up. The immense logs of which it was formed came over the falls one by one, and falling at a more acute angle than the water, fell through it, each as it thundered down on the rocks below making a reverberation in that strange cavern, heard loud above the din of the cataract. One of them was thrown back again by the rebound some yards into the air, as if it had been a light toy, and fell again into the boiling caldron, where it kept circling long in the perpetual eddy. When behind the water, a strong upward current of air is felt. This wears the soft shale rock, that underlies the harder strata forming the bed of the water above, very fast ; and as this shale wears in, portions of the rock above fall. From this cause the outline of the fall is constantly, though slowly, changing. At one point I observed the smell of sulphuretted hydrogen strongly, precisely the same as at the burning springs, and have no doubt it might be collected under the falls as well as higher up the river.

We scrambled down the talus of loose rocks till we

got quite to the bottom, and amidst its very spray looked straight up to the cataract. This was a grand point of view. The black precipitous rock was above us, crouching as we were in our strange habiliments on the wet stones. At our feet was the boiling surge, hurling round and round in its vortex many a huge log, which it was play to its giant strength to drive hither and thither, and crush to pieces against the rocks. In front, the mighty avalanche of falling water poured on unceasingly. Dreadful to think, that sometimes human beings are subjected to this power. It was but Saturday morning last that a boat, with one man in it, was carried over the American fall. Help there could be none.

It was now six, we had been out for eight hours, and were glad to rest and think for a little. Towards nine o'clock, we once more walked up to the falls, and observed them from the various points of near view. There was a huge log projecting over the verge of the fall ; and looking down from that it was truly grand. There seemed more spray than usual. It baffles description to convey the remotest idea of that mass of emerald water hurrying down such a fearful gulf. As we returned to the hotel, we looked back many times to watch the moonlight playing on the water as it tumbled over the leap.

*Tuesday, June 26.*—This has been a red-letter day. We have been about Niagara all day, enjoying it leisurely from every point of view.

We got on board of the pretty little steamer, *The Maid of the Mist*, at the pier below the hotel, and were once more rigged out in long oilskin cloaks and hoods, and in this disguise were carried up past the

American fall, and close under the Horse-shoe fall. The spray gave us an effectual shower-bath. It was very well worth the wetting to be in that turmoil of water and look up, as well as the clouds of spray would permit, to the falling flood. Just as the steamer reaches the point, to go beyond which would be to be sucked into the vortex, it sweeps round with great quickness. It is a pretty and somewhat nice manoeuvre, which Captain Robinson executes with great dexterity. It makes the little *Maid* heel, however, in a way very apt to destroy the equilibrium of the passenger who is not prepared for it.

We landed at the stairs on the American side. You may walk up or ride in cars upon an incline, the motive-power which drags these up being derived from a water-wheel. We walked up, and found it a very steep ascent indeed. There are 290 steps. The length of the incline is 360 feet, and the height of the cliff probably 180 feet.

There is a town of some size on this side, quite American-looking—all bustle and go-ahead, without half the quiet and comfort apparently which there is on the Canadian side. We went out on the balcony of the Cataract-house, overhanging the rapids. The rush of the water is very grand. There is a bridge across these rapids to Goat-island; and standing on it, in the middle of that fearful torrent, gave one a new sensation. The island is covered with wood, through which it was very delightful to saunter quietly. Emerging from it, at the side of the American fall, we find there is a little island, called Luna-island, which divides this fall into two, and there is a bridge across Centre-fall to this island. Two views here are fine—one when, from Goat-island, you look down on Centre-fall,

spanned by a rustic bridge, just on the edge of the leap ; and the other from Luna-island, when you stand on the verge of the precipice itself, and the fall is within half a step of your own feet. The fall is irregular in outline, hollowing very much in the middle.

About half-way between the falls is a staircase, erected at the expense of S. Biddle, president of the quondam United States bank. A very steep ladder leads down the slope of the upper bank, and then an enclosed circular stair, of ninety steps, carries you down the vertical face of the cliff. This brings you to the second slope of *debris*, and from this point you can get to either fall. Nearing Centre-fall, the rock above overhangs, and it is possible, by means of gangways which have been erected, to descend under this fall, and reach the very bottom of it. From the violent gusts which always blow here, this is called "The Cave of the Winds." We had not put on oilskins, and did not go quite to the bottom, as this would have entailed a thorough wetting upon us. As it was, we were under the fall, and got something of a bath.

We clambered along towards the Great-fall with some difficulty, owing to a mass of the bank above having slipped, and obstructed the way with mud and stones. We went as far as the spray would permit us to go, and got down to the edge of the water. It was terrific to look up. The overhanging cliffs of Goat-island were above our heads. In front, between us and the sky, the azure water, twenty feet and more in depth, gliding over the fall, and then beat up into white spray, and surging past our feet like an agitated sea of milk. The grandeur of the scene is enhanced, I think, from this point of view, by the huge masses

of rocks, hurled down by the waters, and lying in confused heaps below. They are not seen from either side, because the clouds of spray hide them; their huge black outlines dimly visible through the surf, which they themselves create from the water dashing on them, add to the feeling of terrific power with which we are impressed in gazing on this scene. Here, too, we were alone—for few ventured where we went—and this added to the pleasure of the sight. Elsewhere there were crowds. There was a large party with medals on their breasts,—some tee-total “out,” I suppose. But down here I saw but one hardy individual besides ourselves; and it was Nature in all her undisturbed magnificence.

Twenty or thirty yards into the Great-fall there is a rock, to which a bridge has been thrown, and on which a tower, some forty-five feet high, has been built. This was the next point. Here we stood, and looked sheer down (158 feet, I believe) into the abyss; and here one might lave his hands in the stream, within a foot or two of where it makes its leap. From this rock and tower, the scenery is grand beyond all others. You are *in* the commotion. Above, the rapids are roaring on towards you; on either side, the cataract; below, the vexed gulf. But there is no describing it. Once seen, it is never to be forgotten.

The sun was shining all day intensely hot. Every new point of view was brightened by beautiful rainbows.

In the evening, we visited the suspension-bridge. We walked down the river side, and crossed on the top, or railway level—re-crossing on the roadway below. The views up and down the river are very fine, and very different. Downwards, there are the

most violent rapids we have seen ; the channel is narrow, and bends ; and at this point the waters are poured into the whirlpool in a mass of foam. Upwards, there is a reach of the river, two miles long, placid and calm ; the water moves but with a sort of dignified circling and unbroken surface ; and in the distance the falls.

The bridge is very simple in the arrangement of the chains, and looks slight. We waited some time, in hopes a train would pass, but none came.

Above all for beauty, were the falls by moonlight. At ten, it was reflected so as to light up all the water like silver ; and as the wavelets rushed and boiled up, the edges were tipped with the flitting sheen, like stars. Now, at twelve, the starry appearances are gone, and the column of spray and the entire edge of the fall are lit up. One of our party has just come in from Table-rock. When there, he was gratified by the sight of a lunar-rainbow, visible over the American fall.

*Wednesday, June 27.*—We went up to Buffalo to-day. Breakfasting early, we walked down to the suspension bridge, crossed, and took the train on the American side. From the bridge to Buffalo is twenty-four miles. The town of Niagara-falls, as seen from the railway, looks a large place. Further up, Tonawanda is also a town of some size and apparent activity. It is on Niagara river, and has a harbour.

Buffalo is situated on a slope, on the east shore of lake Erie, at the point where Niagara river flows out of it. It is irregularly built—the principal avenues seeming to radiate from a point, so that the town is laid out



more in triangles than in squares. The ships seem to lie in a canal, which runs parallel to the lake-shore, with offshoots or branches. On the whole, there was not nearly so much bustle or activity as I expected to find at the mouth of the New York and Erie canal.

In returning, our car crossed the river by the suspension-bridge. We stood on the platform. The train traversed the bridge very slowly. I could not discern any vibration or movement in it; but I am told it deflects a little.

The length of the bridge, from centre to centre of the towers, is eight hundred and twenty-one feet four inches, and the elevation of the railway track, above the middle stage of water in the river, is two hundred and forty-five feet. The whole cost of the work is stated to have been about \$400,000, or £80,000. As it has been claimed that a similar structure in this country would have cost ten times as much, without serving a better purpose, or insuring greater safety, I venture the following statement of the comparative cost of this suspension-bridge—of which its own engineer says that it was the mixed application of *timber* and iron, in connexion with wire, that rendered it possible to put it up at so small a cost,—and that of the iron tubular bridge over the Menai Straits. The latter bridge has three towers, and heavy masonry on both sides of the strait,—costing altogether £158,704. It has two independent roadways, and the length of both divisions is one thousand five hundred and eleven feet. The cost of the double tubes were £443,161. We have thus the following result:—

Britannia bridge—total iron work . . . £443,161

Therefore cost of single roadway . . . £221,580

Add two-thirds of the actual cost of the

masonry, £158,704; to give the fair

cost of masonry for a single tube . . . 105,802

Total cost of single line . . . . . £327,382

The Niagara bridge of 821 feet, with not half the comparative masonry of the Menai, cost £80,000

The Britannia bridge of 1511 feet, in the same proportion, would cost . . . . . £147,235

It did cost as above stated . . . . . 327,382

—a proportion which, taking the Niagara bridge at 100, gives for the Britannia bridge 222,—or nearly two and a quarter times the cost of the American work, against their boasted ten times; a proportion probably far more than equalled by the permanence and capacity of the English over the American structure.\*

The view of the falls this evening, from Table-rock, impressed me most. It is from this point that there is the best view of the immense sweep of the Horseshoe-fall. Once more we have experienced that Niagara is to be felt and remembered, not described. Our visit winds up to-night with a thunder-storm, in the midst of which the falls put on a new phase of beauty and grandeur.

\* A freight-train of 326 tons' weight causes a deflection in the bridge of nearly ten inches. The effect of a change of temperature of 100° is to cause a difference in the level of the floor of the bridge of nearly two feet three inches.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### TRENTON.

THURSDAY, *June 28.*—One could hardly sleep the last night at Niagara, so we were astir at half-past four, and left in the early daylight,—our last glimpse of the falls being from the suspension-bridge, as we crossed to catch the train. We left the bridge at six A.M., by the Rochester, Lockport, and Niagara-falls branch of the New York Central railway. The country through which we have been passing to-day is good farming land. It is not all alike, and some portions are inferior; but the greater portion is excellent. The country, too, is full of villages; and along the line of the railway, which is also the line of the Erie canal as far as Rochester, there are large towns—such as Lockport, Medina, and Albion.

A little beyond Brockport, the road was obstructed by an engine which had got off the track. It was in a deep sand-cutting. The rain overnight had caused a slip of the sand; and at four this morning the engine of an emigrant-train ran off the rails, burying itself in the bank. Most fortunately no one was hurt. By the time we got up, about eight, the line was nearly open again. We saw them manage to haul the tender upon the track, and then the rails were laid very rapidly round the disabled engine, which lay turned over against the bank. It caused us an hour's delay,

and made us miss catching the train by which we should have gone on from Rochester.

Not knowing at first that we had missed the train, and thinking we had but a few minutes to stay at Rochester, we rushed out the moment we arrived to see the falls of the Genessee, which are close by the station. We ran down to the nearest point, which is behind some mills, and got a glimpse of them from that. Finding afterwards that we had from half-past nine till twenty minutes to eleven to wait, we breakfasted quietly at the Waverley-house, and crossed the river, by the railway-bridge, to the east side. The bank is much higher on that side, and altogether the view of the falls better. We found an old fellow had rented all the ground in the neighbourhood, and fenced it in, and that we must pay five cents, or twopence halfpenny each, to see the falls. The Genessee river falls over a ledge of rock here very similar to that at Niagara, and then pursues its course to lake Ontario, in a deep gorge, as far as the low grounds. The fall would have been a very grand one, had we not come straight from the greater. Besides, it is used to make Genessee flour! We got not a little wet with the spray, which marred the attraction of the five-cent "lot."

Rochester is a large and important city. Being on the Genessee, with such valuable water-privileges, it has attained to eminence in the manufacture of flour. The bustle in it is considerable, and the traffic to and from it by the railway is of some extent.

From Rochester to Utica, 134 miles, is over a part of the main line of the New York Central railway. It is through a most beautiful country; the plains are full of fine farms, which rise on the hill-sides as they recede.

These hills, not high, but picturesque in outline, and wooded, form a fine background to the picture of busy industry which the farms in the foreground present. The chief towns by the way are Palmyra, a considerable town, on a river ; Clyde, a brisk little town on the canal ; Syracuse, a large and flourishing city, shortly before reaching which, we crossed the broad bed of the Oswego river ; then Chittenango, Canasaraga, Canastota ; Oneida, a large town ; and Rome, a very considerable city.

We got to Utica about half-past three, and joined a party who had hired a stage to take them up to Trenton falls. Soon after four, we got on the roof of this lumbering vehicle, which, when full, holds nine inside, and any number outside. We had four good horses ; and though we went up the hills slowly, we went down the other side fast enough. For six miles out of Utica, the road ascends ; and when we reached the summit, and looked back, one of the finest pastoral views I have yet seen in America presented itself. We looked down a long slope of six miles, and in the valley at the bottom lay the large and busy city of Utica, nestled among groups of trees and corn-fields. These alternated with each other all round the city, and extended away up the hills behind, till the fields were lost in the prevailing woods which crenated the horizon. To the right, an asylum for the insane, a large building, with a fine Corinthian front, forms a conspicuous object in the landscape. The repose which was over all, combined with the delicious atmosphere on these heights to make this afternoon's drive one of the most delightful we have had in the States.

From this summit we descended rapidly through a deep glen, and wound our way through fields and

farm-houses and villages, till at last, in full view of a very high trestle-bridge building over the Genessee for the Black-river railway, we turned off the main road and went deeper into the hollow. Presently, in a woody dell before us, rose the tower of Mr Moore's hotel, and, as we drew near it, a lovelier spot could scarcely be imagined. The wooded hills come together so as almost to close behind the house, though there is between them a deep gorge, through which the West Canada-creek—a branch of the Mohawk—finds its way over the celebrated falls. In front, Mr Moore has formed a very fine garden, beyond which, looking from the hall-door, stretches a long vista of highly cultivated country. The dell in which the falls are is so deep and narrow, that nothing is seen of it or them at first ; but a little below the house are some mills, where the river flows over a series of rocky ledges, which are pretty enough.

The house is verandahed all round, and some merry groups were sitting under the piazzas as our leathern conveyance drove up about seven o'clock. One of our party set off at once through the woods to seek the falls, and came back wet through with spray, just as we, who preferred waiting, were going to tea. That over, it was too dark to explore much, but we went a little way, and were amply repaid. From the side-door of the hotel we walk fifty or sixty yards through a thick wood, and all at once find the path terminate on the brink of a ravine, so steep, so narrow, and so deep, that nothing is seen but a mass of leaves. But here is the top of a wooden stair ; we descend fifty or sixty steps, pass along a little narrow ledge, descend two or three flights of straight ladder-steps, and are in the gorge. A ledge of rock, some-

times a foot in breadth, sometimes several, intervenes between the abrupt bank and the deep-brown water which flows swiftly and darkly in a channel hardly ten yards across. Twenty feet high the edges of a stratified black rock form a mural precipice along the water ; and above this, the bank rises almost vertically, to a great height, covered thick with bushes and ferns. Looking up the stream, the gorge narrows, so that at one point we seem to feel as if we could step across ; and we just catch a glimpse of the first fall. But night is rapidly closing in, and the path is too perilous for us to pursue it in the uncertain light of the moon ; for the moon, full to-morrow, has risen, and as we ascend the steps and look back, it is lovely to see her shining through between the stems of the trees. Presently, she rises clear above them, and we pace the long central walk of the well-kept garden for an hour ere we think of going in. Even then we compromise it, and sit for another hour under the piazzas, in the clear, cold moon-light. Even after this we have a parting stroll, and know not when we did tear ourselves away from the entrancing scene. When we retired at last, the dull, constant rush of the neighbouring cascade was a soothing lullaby.

*Friday, June 29.*—This morning we were stirring soon after six, and about half-past eight we set out to explore the river. As already mentioned, this stream is a branch of the Mohawk, and it is, indeed, the largest one ; but the other was first known, and kept the name.

The character of the scenery is this :—A considerable stream of dark-brown water flows through a deep rocky dell, and in its course, of perhaps four miles or so, rushes down many a rapid, and foams over many a

cascade. This character of the stream gave it its beautiful Indian name of Kauy-a-hoora, meaning "leaping water." (It was somewhere about the beginning of the present century when Mr Sherman first discovered the falls ; since then it has become a place of great resort.) The rocks are limestones (the equivalents of the Lower Silurian), very full of organic remains. The strata are in thin layers, and have scaled off so as to leave platforms by the bank of the stream. The sides of the gorge above the vertical portions of the rocks are covered with cedars, hemlocks, spruces, and other trees. The scenery altogether is very beautiful, and on such a scale that it can be appreciated and enjoyed. We rambled on, admiring everywhere. At one spot we stop to watch the water, where, in its rich amber colour, it comes swiftly, but smoothly on, over a long sloping shelf of rock—then dives against the opposite bank, and eddies on in a rush of broken water, resembling nothing, that I can think of, but boiling sugar-candy ; the airbells shining in the ripples, as they glanced and glittered in the sun, even as if the river had been a stream of stars. A few steps further would carry us round some projecting rock, and unfold another beautiful fall, where the water comes rushing over a hundred feet of rock, falling from shelf to shelf, till tossed from the last a sheet of foam. Then another, and another, and still another succeed—all various, all beautiful. Now we climb a precarious path along the face of the rocks, with just enough of ledge to put our toes on. Anon we gaze up at perpendicular cliffs rising sheer and far above us, with a tiny rill falling in an unbroken thread of silvery water from their summits, which seem to be in the sky. There was beauty and excitement in the ramble ; and the difficulty



of climbing along some of the passes added to the pleasure. It was a gloriously sunny day ; and we splashed in and out of the water, launched logs, and watched their progress down stream with all the hearty hilarity and joyousness of schoolboys in vacation-time. Then we scaled the steep banks, and rambled through woods and fields over a fine country, very undulating, with deep dells and rounded hills ; and so, after a circuit of about eight miles, we reached the hotel again, in a state which made a change of clothes very luxurious.

Towards one o'clock, we bade adieu to this lovely spot, very loath. An omnibus carried us about two miles to the Utica and Black-river railroad, by which we reached Utica, sixteen miles, in time to get a hurried dinner, and catch the half-past two train to Rome. At Rome we got the Watertown and Rome railway, which brought us (ninety-seven miles) to Cape Vincent, where I now write. The station is on the verge of the St Lawrence river, at the point where it issues from lake Ontario. For some distance out of Utica, the country is good. Then we got into forest, and towards the lake we reach a decidedly bare and scanty country, not at all comparable to that around Utica ; withal seemingly pretty well settled, and productive of some traffic and travel. At one village, where there was neither station-house nor station-master, there was a signal-post, and attached to it a board with this notice—"If you wish to get on the train, push up this handle." The handle elevated the signal, so that, the engineer observing it, he might stop and pick up the intending traveller. This is a specimen of economical management.

We arrived at Cape Vincent about half-past seven,

and strolled out for an hour or so after tea. The ripple of Ontario came up on a beach of small pebbles—in the distance lay the low shore of Wolf-island, fringed with trees, outlined in distinct relief against a rich red western sky, for the sun had just sunk behind the horizon. It is not striking, but peaceful and soothing. We early seek a few hours' repose, for the steamer for Montreal is due at two in the morning.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### THE ST LAWRENCE—MONTREAL.

SATURDAY, *June* 30.—We were aroused this morning at 1.20 A.M., and dressed hurriedly. Waiting in the omnibus for one of our party, the remark was made—“He must be a *tall* gentleman to take so long to dress.” It was yet moonlight as we were driven down to the quay, and we paced up and down the boards in the chill morning air for some time, before the *Northerner*, from Lewiston, and bound down the river, made her appearance. About half-past two A.M. she hove in sight, and we were soon on board. Three hours of a pretty rough bed at Cape Vincent, had hardly rubbed off the fatigue of a four hours’ ramble in the ravine of Kauy-a-hoora, and the subsequent journey of a hundred and twenty-nine miles; and I was glad to throw myself down on an inviting couch, an example which was speedily followed, and we were soon sound asleep. About five we were awoke, and told we were in the lake of the Thousand-islands. So we roused ourselves, and went outside. It was a novel and a beautiful scene. A broad expanse of river stretched out before us, dotted over everywhere with isles of every conceivable size and picturesque form. Now, it is a bare crag which lifts its hard-favoured head out of the water. Another has a tree or

two to relieve its bare outline. Others are larger, and have groups of trees. Again, some are low and long, and more luxuriously wooded. They are grouped in twos and threes—here some, there some. The variety of form and distribution is beyond conception. The shores on either side of the river are low and tame. More than one thousand of these islands have been counted, but the actual number has as yet baffled every effort to ascertain it.

We passed several rafts. One, composed indeed of many rafts fastened together, appeared at a distance to be a long low island, and I sketched it as such, thinking it to be a wooding station, and mistaking nine sails for as many piles of wood; and a steamer which was really towing the raft along, I fancied was lying alongside the island taking in wood. There was quite a little village of huts on this raft. Without a tug, rafts go down at the rate of ten miles an hour with the current.

We stopped at "Brocky," or Brockville, a small town on the Canada side. It is built of stone, and has a pretty stone church with a square tower. We had seen no town so home-like. The banks of the river below it are low cliffs, dipping at once into the water, and worn out into little caves. Some pretty houses are built on them, with gardens down to the cliff edge, which is fringed with trees, and boat-piers and boat-houses below. There seemed to me to be more of the idea of the comfort and enjoyment of life, in these houses, as well as of business, than in any we had seen on the American side.

Between seven and eight we arrived at Ogdensburg, a large town in the State of New York, and the terminus of two railways. Here we were trans-

shipped from the *Northerner* to the *Jenny Lind*, a smaller vessel, but a strong and beautiful little craft, suited to shoot the rapids. Having crossed for passengers to Prescott, a town of considerable size on the Canadian shore, opposite Ogdensburg, we went from that point very swiftly down stream. The current runs ten miles an hour, and the speed of the boat was fifteen or sixteen miles an hour, and in the rapids twenty to thirty miles an hour. It was very exciting going down the rapids. The chief are—the Long Sault, the Lost Channel, the Cedars, and the La Chine. The Lost Channel got its name from its having been deemed for a long time quite impassable. The La Chine rapids, which are just before reaching Montreal, are the finest. A long low ledge of rock runs out, from the south shore, nearly two-thirds across the channel ; while another rocky projection nearly meets it from the north side. Through the narrow space between, the great body of water rushes diagonally with surprising force. An Indian pilot comes on board at the Indian village of Caughnawaga, opposite La Chine, and guides the steamer through. It was a moment of highly pleasureable excitement, as we shot down the torrent, first to the south, and then, the diagonal strait passed, turned sharply, very sharply, to the north again. There were four men at the wheel. We stood on the platform in front, and it was fine to feel the vessel bound, under the roll of the waves as they careered along. I liked coming down the rapids far better than the smooth sailing over the long level reaches of the river. At one point it widens out into a lake, called the lake of St Francis. It is also wide where the Ottawa comes in, and this is called the lake of St Louis.

The first view of Montreal is very striking. The

river makes an abrupt bend at the rapids ; and when they are passed, a wooded island still shuts out the town. As we round the end of this island, the city is full before us. About a mile from the edge of the water, the mountain, as it is called, rises, with an abrupt front ; the opposite side receding with a long sloping ridge. The city fills the space between the river and the hill, and houses are built half-way up its slope. Opposite the town, the river is very broad ; and, divided by a narrow channel from Montreal, is the beautifully wooded St Helen's-island. Montreal extends for a considerable distance along the river side. Its lower end is called Hochelaga. The roofs, tin-covered, glitter in the sun. The walls, of white limestone, glare too. Many of the buildings are very fine.

We are glad to jump ashore, and a few minutes' walk brings us to the St Lawrence-hall. I had been wearing a small cap all day, and found the sun had burned me so, that the skin was peeling off my face. Now, on shore, the heat was intense. We changed our clothes, and in five minutes our dry things were nearly fit to change again. The heat is very relaxing, and makes one feel disinclined to do anything.

We walked through the town in the evening. It reminds me most of Aberdeen, chiefly from the narrow streets, and plain architecture of the stone houses on each side. The very signboards over the shops were more Scotch, in their shape and style, than anything else. There are better shops here than we have seen in the States, and the people in them are civil, which is more than can be said of their neighbours. In the States, there is too much of a seeming to think it necessary to be rude and careless, in order to shew independence. Civility, far from being servility, is

much more the mark of that innate good feeling, which is the spring of gentlemanliness, than the continual "I'm-as-good-as-you" bearing, which the American seems to think it necessary to adopt constantly, in order to assert his self-claimed position.

Among the good buildings are the post-office, several banks, the Roman Catholic or French cathedral, and the City-hall. This last fronts the river. It consists of a central building, with dome, and two wings, in one façade. The basement and ground floors are markets; and there are concert-rooms, city-hall, and offices above,—a bad arrangement in a city where summer is so hot as it is here, as the effluvia from the markets must be very disagreeable in the rooms above. We went into the markets, but were glad to make our escape by the first exit. It landed us on the esplanade over the river. There are a good many ships in the harbour, but not so many as I expected to see.

We were also in the Champs de Mars, or parade-ground, a small park in the centre of the city. Near it, on a ridge between it and the river, is a monument to Nelson. It is a column, with a statue of the hero on the apex, and basso-relievos on the pedestal. In some *cmeute*, the heads of most of the small figures were barbarously knocked off.

As I write, my room is swarming with a curious moth. They fall dead in dozens around the little camphine lamp. By the way, these little glass-lamps are detestable things. They smoke vilely, heat the room excessively, and smell disagreeably; besides all which evil qualities, they sometimes explode. We had wax-candles at Trenton, and the contrast is rather trying.

We sat talking long over our letters in our night-

shirts ; I with my feet in a tub of water, and the perspiration standing on my forehead—so intense is the heat even now, near midnight.

*Sabbath, July 1.*—Really the heat here is something to speak about. I awoke this morning at half-past five, in a most unenviable condition on account of it. I had thrown off everything save the sheet ; and that I only retained to keep off the flies. How they buzzed about, and irritatingly alighted on the point of my sun-burnt nose ! I had no intention of getting up at half-past five, so I covered my face with a silk-handkerchief, and lay, half-sleeping, half-thinking, till nearly seven. Dressing, though I spun it out to more than an hour and a half, was warm work ; and breakfasting did not help to cool us. When it was over, we took a turn up and down the shady side of the street, and saw a procession of children, in white muslin-frocks and white sun-bonnets, with a sister, in buff-dress and sun-bonnet, going to the Roman Catholic church. In violent contrast to them came, in an opposite direction, a party of Canadian Rifles—"bull-frogs" they call them here—also going to church, and looking very choked-like in their dark-green, closely-buttoned cloth uniform, trimmed with red. I have been much interested in standing at the hotel-door and marking the passers by. For the most part, they are very Scottish, and totally unlike anything we have seen for the last four months. A policeman, in a closely-buttoned high and stiff-collared dark cloth frock-coat, looked much more constitutional than comfortable,—quite a different thing from the United States policeman, whose only badge is a brass star on the lappel of any kind of coat. Then the ordinary people who



passed were so staid and “wise-like”—presenting none of the absurdities of dressiness, combined with slovenliness and want of cleanliness, so constant in American cities. Their clothes had less pretensions to *cut*, but they were at least clean and well-kept. The Americans, for the most part, wear dress-clothes always ; but care not whether they be covered with mud or dust, or spotted with grease. Here the prevailing character of dress is of a much more homely kind.

In the forenoon, we went to hear Mr Fraser, the Free Church clergyman in Cote Street ; and was delighted to meet there a valued friend whom I had left in London, but who arrived here with his daughter some weeks ago. We heard a most excellent lecture ; and at three I returned to see the Sabbath-school. On the way, I met another procession—this time of boys—proceeding to the cathedral, I suppose. They were accompanied by priests or teachers, in long black cloaks, shovel-hats, bands, &c. We are constantly reminded here that we are in a Catholic country.

I found a school of about one hundred and thirty scholars. At the beginning, they were assembled in a lecture-room below the church ; and, after the opening exercises, they separated to various classes in adjoining rooms. At four, the bell sounded for their re-assembling, when a general lesson was given—the subject to-day being the conversion of Paul. In the evening, Mr Fraser preached a most excellent discourse from the words—“The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity ; but a wounded spirit, who can bear ?”

*Monday, July 2.*—The whole forenoon was necessarily devoted to business and letter-writing ; but about two we set out to ascend the mountain, fortify-

ing ourselves first with pine-apples and ice. On the gentle slope of the hill, behind the city, are situated the buildings of the M'Gill college. Passing these, which are plain enough, we come to an immense water reservoir, in course of construction. This reservoir is partly quarried in the hill, and partly built. The rock is a compact black limestone,—very hard, and traversed by veins of white calcareous spar. Its whole appearance is very like that of the rocks at Trenton. We then got into the woods, and the ascent becomes very abrupt. The mass of the mountain seems to be a trap, similar to that of Arthur's Seat,—a red, close-grained volcanic rock, breaking up into small bits, and weathering bright red. The form of the mountain, too, is quite that of trap formations. From the river to its base is a gentle slope. Then that side of the hill is abrupt, almost vertical, while behind it slopes away gently to the river Jesus. There are ridges on the hill, too; and on the very summit are blocks of syenitic granite, the crystals of shorl being very large. From a bare knoll, which stands out from among the trees near the summit, there is a magnificent view, embracing the St Lawrence from the rapids of La Chine to a point far below Montreal, and only bounded in the distance by the beautiful outline of the lofty Vermont and New Hampshire hills. In the town, down below, the towers of the French church are conspicuous over all. The tin-covered roofs of the houses, domes, and spires glance and flash in the sun. The number and size of the Roman Catholic churches, seen dotted all over the town, is very noticeable, as is also the number of convents, or nunneries. Immediately in front of the town are a number of islands, the largest of which, Nun's-island, has a convent upon it; and

the next largest is St Helen's, or Government-island. It is used as a place for ordnance stores, and no one is allowed to land upon it without a pass.

The Jesuits are the superiors of nearly the whole island of Montreal, and the revenues they derive from it are enormous. The island is formed by the St Lawrence on the south, and the Ottawa and river Jesus on the west and north. Beyond the river Jesus is the isle Jesus, divided by another branch of the Ottawa from the mainland. The island of Montreal is about thirty miles long, and fifteen broad at its widest part.

We made a circuit in the wood on the north-east side of the hill. There is a cemetery on the north-west slope, but we did not go so far as that ; but came down over a very steep shoulder of the mountain, much broken up and rocky, with springs, quite like the environs of Arthur's Seat.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

### QUEBEC.

WE dined together at six, and at seven went on board the *John Munn*, for Quebec, one hundred and eighty miles down the St Lawrence. It was a beautiful evening, and an excellent boat, and we enjoyed the sail exceedingly—sitting out in front, in the cool breeze. The shores, on both sides of the river, are not lofty, but richly wooded, and thickly settled. For a long way down, it looks like a continuous village all the way. Every now and then, the houses are more clustered, and there rises, in the most conspicuous and picturesque position, a church, with low whitewashed walls, a high-pointed steeply-sloping red roof, and two tall tin-covered spires. They look very pretty in the landscape, if one could forget that they are the emblems of the universal subjugation of the people to Popery.

There was a succession of these picturesque villages as long as light lasted. It was dark when we passed among the islands of the lake of St Peter.

Almost the entire population of this portion of Canada is of French origin. In Montreal, the names of the streets are in both languages:—

RUE DE COTE. COTE STREET.
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And many of the names over the shops are French. It is a French *patois* you hear the people speaking to each other. The steward on board the *John Munn* was a dapper little French Canadian, with all the airs of a Parisian. He unlocked your state-room door for you, with a graceful waive, and dusted you down with great "effect." His "Sleep vell?" and "Qvebec," were particularly sharp.

*Tuesday, July 3.*—Turned out at half-past four. We were then approaching Quebec, and the character of the banks of the river had quite changed. They were more lofty and precipitous, but still dotted over with houses. As we approach nearer, the scene becomes very striking, and, connected with its historical associations, very impressive. The northern bank is the highest. There is a narrow shore, then a steep, almost perpendicular cliff, with grassy plains above. These are the heights of Abraham. Here, round this point, is a little bay, where the bank is not quite so vertical; this was where Wolf landed. A little over, on the brow of the heights, is where he fell, and beyond that, a hundred yards or so, he died. Between these heights and the citadel, the ground hollows a little, and then rises in a bold perpendicular rock, which the citadel crowns. It is almost a triangular point, on the confluence of the rivers St Charles and St Lawrence. At the foot of this rock, by the river side, space for a few houses has been secured, by blasting the rock, and

building out into the river; and here, almost below the citadel, we land. A narrow street leads us first through the lower town, and then, by a steep winding ascent, to the Prescott-gate. Immediately withinside this gate, to the right, are the ruins of the Houses of Parliament, burned down some four years ago. We turn towards the left, still ascending, cross a small square, called the Place d'Armes, and reach Sword's hotel. It is only six, and there being still two hours till breakfast-time, we stroll out to see what is to be seen.

Re-crossing the Place d'Armes, we find ourselves on an overhanging terrace, looking down to the lower town, and commanding magnificent views up and down the river, Point Levi and New Liverpool, on the opposite shore, and the Isle of Orleans below. Opening on this terrace, are the castle-gardens; and, above these, a small square, with trees and benches. In a little enclosed patch is an obelisk, inscribed on the one side "Wolfe," and on the other "Montcalm." Leading on from this, is a terrace of private houses, looking down on the river, and abutting on the glacis of the citadel, which sweeps up in long steep slopes, partly paved with smooth stones, and partly in grass. It ends in a deep dry ditch, beyond which peer out the mouths of "the barkers."

We coasted round the under side of the glacis, till we reached the St Lewis gate, where we got up on a covered walk on the wall, and pursued it round the town. We did not complete our walk without being twice called to order by the sentries. One of the occasions was for jumping up on an embrasure, to see the country outside, when we were told, "we must not touch the works;" as if there was a fear we might push them over. The other was for going in at

an open gate, which the sentry said "was only for officers." We saw little from this walk, further than that there is an extensive town outside the walls.

Crossing through the middle of the town, we came to the market-place, with the two cathedrals a little apart, on one side, and the Jesuit barracks on the other. I presume these barracks must have, at one time, served some holier purpose, both from their name, and from there being over the entrance a cross, and the letters "I. H. S." A range of houses separates the Protestant and Roman Catholic cathedrals. The former, of course, was fast locked-up, this day, and at this hour; but the Popish rival was open, and alive with services and deluded worshippers. Outside, it is a plain building, with tall tin-covered spires. We entered, and found a lofty church, painted altogether white; and over the altar, a great gilded canopy, rising almost to the arched roof. Round the walls were small chapels, dedicated to different saints. A priest, in white robes, with scarlet vestment, and crosses worked in different colours upon it, was at the altar, reading from a book, his back to the people. Presently, he moved to the middle of the altar, and touched with his forehead a red velvet cushion which lay there. Then he turned round, clasped his hands, muttered something, and away back to his book again. He repeated this once or twice, then shut his book, took it under his arm, put on a great rough hairy black hat, and walked off, accompanied by a tall lank figure, all enveloped in a long black cloak, who had been kneeling all the while on the altar-steps. The priest's movements were very quick, and not the least reverential. A number of people were in the church, apparently saying their own prayers, quite independently. There were huge dirty-

looking bowls of water at the door, into which the faithful made a pretence of dipping their fingers, and then crossing themselves on forehead and breast. Some looked serious—most not so. The whole was meretricious and puerile; and yet that lifeless form holds four-fifths of Lower Canada in its toils. There were pictures, only one of which—a Christ on the cross, said to be by Raphael—attracted my attention.

Immediately adjoining the cathedral is the Jesuit seminary. We followed some boys, in uniform, who were going thither. They were dressed in blue frock-coats, with silver cord on the edges and seams, and wore sashes and caps trimmed with silver cord. The buildings of the seminary occupy three sides of a square, one of which is the chapel. The boys were just going to prayers, and we stood in the lobby, and looked on. The chapel is a large plain room, about one-third of it being railed off. The altar is at the upper end, and on each side of it, within the railing, knelt, in rows of three, a number of young men, in white gowns. They remained perfectly motionless all the while that we looked on. Outside the rail were one or two loose forms, and near the door one or two women were kneeling. A couple of boys entered first, crossed themselves with holy water, and went forward and kneeled on the floor. Then one of them got up, and pulled one end of a form towards him, to make his kneeling more easy; the other one did the same with the other end, so they made themselves pretty comfortable. Other boys came rushing in, crossing themselves, and proceeding to kneel, till the space outside the rails was full. A door opened near the altar, and in walked a priest, in white, with the scarlet thing and crosses on it, and a great black hat on his head.



Two boys in the uniform of the school accompanied him, holding his robes. They came in front of the altar, and kneeled. Then the boys retired two steps, and remained kneeling, while the priest went up to the altar and placed his missal on a reading-stand on one corner, and a small scarlet cushion on the centre. I could not see what he did with his hat, which he took off. He then proceeded to read, and turned round afterwards to bless his hearers. In doing so, I suppose, he saw there were intruders, for he presently called one of the little boys to him, who went and said something to one of the others at the side, who were dressed in white; and he first went and shut the vestry-door, then came to that where we were standing, said something in a low tone of voice, which we could not make out, and gently closed the door in our faces; and so we saw no more. As we turned away, however, we heard a burst of music. There was not the slightest appearance of reverence on the part of any of those who were engaging in these services. The chapel was excessively dirty, and the whole of the buildings of the seminary looked very dilapidated. Close by is the bishop's palace, a large house, like a great barn; and behind it, the seminary gardens. They are large, but not well kept. They reach to the battlements, and overlook the river.

As we walked up to the hotel for breakfast, at eight, we got into conversation with a policeman, a Scot. He says they have riots sometimes. That a great many bad fellows come to Quebec. Still there are only thirty-six policemen in the place.

About half-past eight we set out for Montmorency. We had a capital pair of small Canadian horses, and a dried-up dark little French Canadian to drive,—

a first-rate fellow he turned out. We twined and twisted through a series of narrow and steep streets, and at last issued through a gate into the suburb of St Roque. Passing through this, we crossed the St Charles river by a long wooden bridge. The river itself is small, but the tide rises here seven feet, making a broad estuary. From this to Montmorency, seven miles, is an almost continuous village. Where it clusters more than usual, round one of their large picturesque churches, it is called Beaufort. The houses are neat and clean, painted white, and placed all at an angle to the road. They have each of them gardens, which are well kept, and in most cases women were working in them as we passed. We saw almost no men. The little children seemed to take pleasure in making salaams to us, and shewed great delight when we acknowledged their graceful salute. The dress of the women is very neat—a short black frock, white bodice, and broad-brimmed straw-hat.

When we came near the falls, a little dumb girl joined us, and ran beside the carriage. Several boys also were going to offer their services as guides, but they all gave way to the little girl. We left the horses at a hostelry about half a mile from the river, and walked the rest. The Montmorency is a small stream, rushing through a rocky gorge ; and just as it reaches the St Lawrence, it falls over a perpendicular rock, two hundred and fifty feet high. It is altogether the most extraordinary fall we have seen. Above and below where it falls into the St Lawrence, the banks of that river are high, but gently sloping. Here, however, a huge pit has been scooped out, the sides of which all round are nearly perpendicular, and where the water falls they are quite vertical.

The rocks are of slate, the strata nearly vertical, and lying parallel to the St Lawrence. Their upturned edges form a perfect floor across below the falls, and make very precipitous banks on both sides.

Our guide led us first to a point above the falls. The level of the top of the falls is far below that of the general country. So we descended a good many steps ere we issued on a small ledge of rock just overhanging the cascade, and looked sheer down on the water in its leap of two hundred and fifty feet. The rain had increased the water considerably, so that the effect was finer than usual. Exactly over the fall, a suspension-bridge is in course of erection. Down below, on the Quebec side, is a large saw-mill, driven by a stream taken from above the fall. It is carried along the face of the cliff for a considerable way, then through a field at an angled slope, where it runs with great force, and at last it goes straight down the cliff in a perfect torrent of foam. It is worth seeing. We saw it on our way down to the water-side. It drives two mills, containing fourteen circular, and one hundred and ten common saws. We passed this establishment to reach the foot of the falls, and here, partly covered with the sawdust washed up on it by the stream, was a mass of ice, unmelted as yet from winter.

The scene at the foot of the fall is very fine. It is an oblong recess, open in part towards the St Lawrence, the sides being nearly vertical: those next Quebec covered with shrubs, while, on the opposite one, the edges of the slate-rock stick up sharp and bare. Into this cavity the water falls in an unbroken sheet. Just below, a ridge of rock crosses nearly the whole way, with one narrow and deep channel for the water. Beyond this it spreads out broad and shallow, so as to

be passable. We pulled off shoes and socks, and forded, not without difficulty. For the most part, the ridges of slate-rock afforded a sort of causeway, six or eight inches under water ; but ever and anon we came to channels which took us far above the knees, and in these the current was very strong. I was carried nearly off my feet once by stepping on a slippery stone in one of these streams, and so losing my balance. By dint of two or three flounders, and wetting my arms up to the elbows, I regained my equilibrium. One of us was not so fortunate, for he soused in more than once. It was ludicrous to see him pouring the water out of his boots. At last he put his boots on, and then he had the advantage of us on the sharp stones. We all arrived safely, though with, in my case, at least, bleeding feet.

We climbed up the steep bank of the St Lawrence, and at this point, where it forms an angle with the recess of the fall, the top is as sharp as a wedge. The moment we raised our heads above the line, we looked sheer down to the water below, taking in the whole fall. At this place not a tree or shrub intercepts the view. The edge is sharp, as the last rains left it. Further on, where an inner recess is cut into the bank, the sides are now clothed with trees, and the peeps of the fall through them are very pretty.

A few hundred yards above the falls is a bridge. "*Payez ici !*" exclaimed a pretty young Canadienne, from a cottage-door ; and she seemed furthermore not a little amused at our bedraggled appearance.

About three miles from the falls, on the way back, we turned northwards to take the road to Lorette. Our friend, who had suffered most in crossing, left us at this point, to walk back to Quebec, for the purpose

of drying his clothes. One of the best views of Quebec is obtained from the Montmorency road. The slope from the St Charles river to the summit is gentle, and is covered with the universal tin-roofed houses. Beyond these are seen the woods towards St Louis and St Foy, the St Lawrence washing the south side of the city.

About nine miles through a constant succession of villages, the chief of which is Charlesbourg, brought us to Lorette. All the way are crosses set up by the way-side, with a little rail round them. Some are plain, others have little images or pictures of the Virgin, in glazed boxes, stuck on them. There were no signs of their being much frequented.

Lorette is a village chiefly of half-caste Indians. The St Charles river flows over a steep rocky slope, in a narrow and very picturesque ravine, very unique and pretty. Such are the falls of Lorette. All those falls which we have seen differ from each other, so as to defy comparison, and each is complete and perfect in its own way.

The chief of the Indians is named Paul. He was not at home, but we saw his mother, a fine old woman with gray hair, and dressed from head to foot in the favourite blue cloth, leggins, and mocassins. She spoke Canadian-French, but no English. The Indian work we got from her was quite distinct from that which we got at Niagara.

We returned to Quebec by a different route, through a very beautiful country, entering by the suburb La Valliere. Without going into the town, we turned up the river through the suburb of St John, and got into the St Lewis road. From Mount Pleasant, a height just outside the wall, the view extends over the

plains for fifteen miles to the mountains of Bonhomme and Ticonderoga.

Following this road for a little way, we came to the Heights of Abraham. The *crucifix* rises between St. Charles and the St. Lawrence, and a large, well-narrow plain atop. Wolfe made his attack from the St. Lawrence side, landing at a point of view on the river a little above Quebec, and *winning* these heights—a most difficult thing. As he *reached* the summit, he was wounded. They carried him *down* to a little hollow, and there he died. On the spot is a simple column, with helmet and sword on top. On one side is the inscription: "Here died—Wolfe—September 13, 1759," and on the other is a mention that this monument was erected while Sir Benjamin D'Urban was governor, to replace one formerly there, but now broken, and whose remains are deposited underneath.

What strange and unlooked-for things come to pass! Often in reading of that attack which gave us Canada, I wondered if ever I should see Quebec, and if I have stood by the spot where Wolfe fell! How *different* it is now! There is a race course and cricket-ground on the plains of Abraham.

We returned to the hotel, picked up our friend, *drove* now, and off, without waiting, to the citadel. The approach is by a winding road, covered and commanded at every angle by cannon. It is an immensely strong place. Early within the walls, there is little to see. It is a large open space, with barracks and storehouses round it. The chief thing is the view from the Flag tower, which is very fine. The citadel mounts about two hundred guns—24's, 32's, and 68's, and 28 and 32 inch mortars.

We had a sharp drive to catch the boat at five, made worse by the streets being opened in many places to lay pipes. We gave our obliging and amusing driver a gold-piece to himself, at which he was greatly astonished. He looked at it, then at us, and then shewed it to everybody. "*Voyez ici.*" I wonder if he is the richer now. At all events, we parted mutually pleased.

The run up in the steamer was very pleasant, especially as the sun was going down, while the sky was yet yellow, and orange, and bronze, and the banks dark as night, and the water shining with the reflection of all.

## CHAPTER L.

### MONTREAL—ALBANY—NEW YORK.

WEDNESDAY, *July 4.*—We visited the French church, or Roman Catholic cathedral, to-day. It is very imposing outside, but within it is very paltry. It is bare and dirty. The roof is painted to represent groined arches; and the whole is very disgusting. The Exchange, which we also visited, is a very commodious and neat building. In the afternoon, I went out with my friend from London, Mr Gillespie, to see the commencement of the Grand Trunk Railway Company's bridge. It will be nearly three miles long when finished, and the tubes will be two miles long. As yet only one pier is built, and the work goes on very slowly.

There is a good deal of manufacturing concentrating now at Montreal. We saw nail-works, foundries, flour-mills, a sugar refinery, &c. These are mostly situated at the upper end of the town. The wharfage on the canal and harbour is very fine.

In the evening, I met at dinner at Mr Moffat's several of the leading men of Montreal, and enjoyed their conversation very much. Three of those present, including our host himself, formed part of the escort that conveyed General Scott from La Chine to Montreal, when he was brought there as a prisoner after the battle of Queens-town, in 1812. This is the famous General Scott of the Mexican war.



*Thursday, July 5.*—Had to start at half-past four to take the train for Albany. I was suffering so much from the effects of the saline water, that I began to doubt whether I could go to-day. However, I made the attempt. My cousin came to see us off, and we bade him good-bye on board the *Iron Duke*, the steamer which carries passengers across for the railway. We were landed at the point to which the great bridge is to cross, and there we got on the Atlantic and St Lawrence railway for Rousse's Point, forty-four miles. The country through which we pass is level, and apparently productive, but I was too ill to observe it much.

Wishing to see the scenery on lake Champlain, we had selected the steamer-route; and we got to the upper end of the lake about eight. Instead of getting better, I got worse, and the beauties of lake Champlain were invisible to me. I only saw the shores of the south end of the lake as we landed. They are close together—abrupt, high, and wooded. The scenery all the way, I am told, is very beautiful.

Whitehall is a station on the lake. From this the Whitehall and Saratoga railway carries us on, with the Albany junction-railway, to Albany. We passed Saratoga springs, but did not stop. The country around them is very fine. We had many glimpses of the beautiful Hudson river; and we crossed the Mohawk at its junction with the Hudson, just below where it makes a little fall, called Cahoose.

First we reach Troy,—a large and prettily-situated town on the opposite bank of the Hudson, and, a little after, about eight at night, we reach Albany.

The town lies on a slope rising from the river. State Street, the principal thoroughfare, runs up this slope, a steep street. At the top, and looking down it,

is the State-house, embosomed among trees. Round the park in which it stands are several fine buildings. Congress-hall, the hotel where we staid, is at one corner of this park.

*Friday, July 6.*—We had a quiet turn round one or two of the streets, and are much pleased with the aspect of the city. It seems to be a quiet, respectable, well-to-do-looking place. It is the capital of New York State. We went into the State-house, a plain building, and saw both chambers,—plain, but comfortable and useful rooms, with portraits of Washington behind the speaker's chair in each.

I left at five, by the Hudson river railway, for New York. There is a ferry across the Hudson to the train; and as we were crossing, there came on one of those sudden and violent thunder-storms we have been getting so much accustomed to of late. The line of the railway is mostly alongside, and sometimes in the river, on the east side. The scenery is very fine. We catch a glimpse of the outline of the Catskill-mountains as we pass,—to-night cloud-capt. The finest scenery is as we reach the highlands, a little below Poughkeepsic. But the Hudson is too well known to need description.

*Sabbath, July 8.*—*Elm-rock, West Chester.*—This is Mr Walker's beautiful country-house, twelve miles out on the Harlem railway. Yesterday forenoon was full of business, and in the afternoon we came out here. It rained yesterday, but to-day is choice weather. Round the house is a perfect grove of cherry-trees, on which I have been feeding luxuriously all day. We heard two excellent sermons at the Episcopal church

of West Farms. The clergyman, Mr Rodman, is an ardent admirer of Dr Hamilton. He has a copy of the *North British Review*, containing the article, "Doddridge and his Times," almost read to tatters; for he says, if he meets with any one of congenial ardour, he is "apt to read a piece of this to him." We had some interesting and refreshing conversation about the Church's home-mission in the West, and other cognate matters.

*Tuesday, July 10.—Stamford, Connecticut.*—All yesterday and this forenoon immersed in business. I came out this afternoon with my namesake, who has a fine house here. It is thirty-six miles from New York, on the Newhaven railway. We came through a beautiful country; and this village of Stamford is in a lovely situation. It is a real village,—long, rambling streets, winding among rocks, and hills, and woods. Almost every house stands separate, embosomed among trees. A little river runs through the village; and not far off is the Sound, and Long-island beyond. The evening was most delightfully spent driving with my excellent friend all about his beautiful abiding-place.

*Friday, July 13.—The Cottage, Fairfield, Connecticut.*—The two last days, nothing but business, and hot New York. This morning we escaped from it, and came out here, fifty-three miles, by the Newhaven railway. It is a lovely place, the country retreat and pastoral home of our esteemed friends with whom we travelled so much in Illinois. We arrived about ten, and after resting a while, a long-covered waggon was brought to the gate, and the whole household and

ourselves, a merry party of nine, went forth for a drive.

The vicinity of Fairfield is hilly, and covered with fine woods and farms. Our kind friends carried us to a place called "The Samp Mortar." After driving for two or three miles through fields and lanes, and by the side of a gurgling brook, we got down at the entrance of a wood, and leaving the road, soon entered a deep, dark, rocky glen. Our path lay by the foot of rocks—

"Confusedly hurl'd,  
Seem'd fragments of a former world."

Tall graceful trees rose up beside them. Further down, a mountain-stream rushed and brattled in its rugged bed. Gradually the path ascended, till it terminated on the summit of the cliff, whence, although it is wooded all over, we gain beautiful peeps from among the trees out to Long-island Sound.

The name given to the spot is traditional. There is near the edge of the cliff, where it goes down direct for many a foot, a deep, roundish, but irregular cavity in the rock, nigh a foot broad, and as deep, in which it is said the Indians were wont to pound their maize. The bruised corn is called "samp." There are two other indentations in the stone, the one providing a seat, the other a foot-rest, for the Indian women while thus engaged. Tradition further sayeth, that if the papooses got troublesome (it could only be by squalling, for the little brats are strapped to boards, and can't move an inch), while their mothers were busy pounding the samp, they sometimes got rolled over to stop their bother. Very effectual the cure must have been, too, for the precipice is perpendicular, and a dizzy height. It is sometimes called Owen's-rock, from the

circumstance that a man of that name once fell over it in the dark, and was killed.

The rocks are split up, and shoved over each other in wondrous fashion, forming caves, but none of any extent. It was a delightful ramble. The heat was tempered by a cool breeze from the Sound, and beneath the trees we picked up some pretty wild-flowers.

Driving, in the afternoon, towards Bridgeport, we passed the fantastic house built by Mr Barnum, of Tom Thumb and, latterly, Jenny Lind notoriety. It bears the equally fantastic name of Iranistan. It was a square frame-house at first, but he has transformed it into a sort of mimic Moorish palace, with domes, minarets, arches, &c. As we returned, there was a thunder-shower, but it only freshened the air delightfully, and we enjoyed all the more an evening saunter in the cottage grounds. They comprise a hill, with much (*in parvo*) broken, rocky, firry, cedary bits, very fine to loiter among.

*Saturday, July 14.*—A cheerful breakfast, all too short, at seven o'clock, a hurried good-bye, we jump into the carriage, are transferred to the railway car, and so bid adieu to the pretty New England village of Fairfield.

The ride into town this morning was a very pleasant one. The varied nature of the surface—alternate cultivated fields, and wild wooded rocks; the glimpses of the Sound, with the dim hazy shore of Long-island opposite; the frequent little creeks and inlets, or bays, which run up inland, and are crossed by the railway on long wooden bridges; the frequent, most picturesque, and pretty villages, and still more frequent country-houses, with their surrounding gardens, all go to make

up a series of pictures which, with unending variety, follow each other all the way into town. But I have omitted to note the white sails of the gracefully built and rigged boats which stud the Sound. This morning, numbers of these were sailing steadily up, their white sails shining in the morning sun.

Into town at half-past ten, hurry down to business, up again, pack, lunch, off in the huge stage to catch the boat for Amboy, starting from the Battery at two. Over the beautiful bay, under a shining sun, and for two hours we are sailing in a narrow strait between Staten-island and the Mainland. Beautiful houses, beautiful country, on the island side, the sea-breeze and the warm sun, made the sail a pleasant one. But here we are at Amboy, and we step from the steamer to the cars. The road is rough and jolty, and excessively dusty, but we roll through some beautiful fields of Indian corn in flower, and see a good deal of wheat cut and "stooked." We have crossed the State of New Jersey, and are once more on the banks of the Delaware: and hence the route is the same as that traversed in the beginning of March. We reach the brotherly city about half-past six, to be recognised and welcomed by our old friends of the Girard. We had many other friends to see, and so the evening passed quickly enough. Then there were letters to write, and now it is nearly one. These mosquitoes! They stung us quietly and respectably at the cottage last night, but here they come buzzing about with their peculiar song, which is a most exasperating one.

## CHAPTER LI.

### BALTIMORE AND THE ALLEGHANIES AGAIN.

BALTIMORE, *Monday, July 16.*—Leaving Philadelphia at eight in the morning, we got here about one in the day. The same route we travelled in March, but looking very different now from what it did then. Still it is comparatively but a poor country through which the railway passes, when contrasted with other portions of the States. Wheat harvest is nearly over, most of the fields having stooks in them, and much of the grain being housed. Some fields of oats we saw are fast yellowing. All the grain looks light, and the Indian corn is thin. The last is a beautiful crop to look at in the field. The stalks are tall, graceful, and of a rich green, and the sight of fields of these waving in the wind is very fine. I have seen it in flower, but not in ear. It is a monoecious plant, the anther-bearing flowers rising in a graceful group on the top of the stalk, and the ear-heads nestling among the leaves below.

For some distance the railway skirts the Delaware. To-day the water was smooth as glass ; ships, with all sails set, scarcely crept along. They lay,

“ Like painted ships,  
Upon a painted ocean.”

We renewed with pleasure our acquaintance with the lovely scene at the ferry over the Susquehanna, only

now there was the superadded feature of foliage. The river runs up a broad inlet, till apparently closed in by the converging hills.

As we were leaving Magnolia station, after we had got fairly started, the train was observed suddenly to slow again. The engineer had noticed an infant, three or four years old, sleeping on the track. He saw he could not quite stop the train in time to save the child, so he jumped from the engine, and rushed forward, just so as to catch the little one, and throw it off the track. Indeed it was said the fender did graze either it or him. It was a noble act, and saved the unconscious thing, which, though rudely awakened, seemed not to have received any injury.

The whole of the afternoon was given to business, which was much facilitated by a kind friend driving us from place to place in his carriage. But for this we could not have accomplished half we did, it was so hot ; and it was needful to do all to-day, for to-morrow we start to go over the mountains.

*Oaklands, Md., Tuesday, July 17.*—Up at six, and, as usual, were hurried to the station fully half an hour before there was the least necessity for being there. I missed observing the Carrollton viaduct over Gwynn's Falls, as we left the city ; but one cannot fail to mark and wonder at the deep gullies which corrugate the sides of the heavy excavations which are entered immediately. The banks are of a clay of various colours, which washes easily, and we are presented with a series of miniature mountains and gorges, illustrative, perhaps, of similar effects, the occurrence of which, on a large scale, is so puzzling to the geologist sometimes.

Nine miles from Baltimore, the branch to Washington



leaves the main line which crosses the mountains to the Ohio river. At this point, the Patapsco river issues through a narrow gorge of the mountains, which end here abruptly with almost vertical sides. The Washington branch crosses this gorge by a bridge some seven hundred feet long and sixty-six feet high, and then follows the base of the hills in a southerly direction. The main line enters the gorge of the Patapsco by a vertical cut in the solid rock, — a meet approach to the rugged scenery which predominates along the route.

The ravine of the Patapsco is the site of a good many cotton factories, and these give it an air of bustle and business ; but for this it were a singularly wild and romantic glen, for it is narrow and peculiarly rugged. The rocks (granite), resting upon up-turned slate, project in the cuttings of the railway.

All the way up, sometimes on one side of the stream, sometimes on the other, the railway occupies a ledge cut in the side of the cliff. Immediately beyond Ellicot's mills, we pass between an insulated rock, known as the Tarpeian, and the mountain. The natural pass has been widened on the hill-side for the railway. The sketch is picturesque. About forty-two miles from Baltimore, we reach a summit which divides the waters of the Patapsco from those of the Monocacy, which fall into the Potomac. Somewhat beyond this, we enter upon an open agricultural country, growing corn, wheat, oats, &c. The substratum is limestone, and it is in this elevated fertile plain that Carrollton manor lies. It is, indeed, a very rich country of fine rolling plains, interspersed with natural woods, and bounded by fine swelling hills. There is a ridge of red and white breccia here, from which the columns in the Senate



Chamber, and House of Representatives, at Washington, were taken.

Point-of-Rocks, sixty-nine miles out, is an interesting place. In a narrow gorge, between the Catoctin mountain on the Maryland side, and the Blue ridge in Virginia, the Potomac river, the Ohio and Chesapeake canal, and the Baltimore and Ohio railway, are all grouped together. "The railroad turns the promontory by an abrupt curve, and is partly cut out of the rocky precipice on the Maryland side, and partly supported on the inner side of the canal by a stone wall."

Harper's-ferry is still more interesting. We approach it through a lofty pass, by the side of Elk mountain. The Shenandoah and Potomac rivers unite here, coming from two valleys separated by a high and rugged ridge. The united stream runs swiftly on, wildly beautiful. The Potomac comes from the north, and is crossed by a bridge about nine hundred feet long, which bifurcates at its western end—the one pole carrying the Winchester railway towards the Shenandoah, and the other the Baltimore and Ohio railway up the bank of the Potomac. "The precipitous mountain, which rises from the water's edge, leaves little level ground on the river's margin, and all of that is occupied by the United States' armoury. The railway has been obliged to build itself a road in the river bed for upwards of half a mile, along the outer boundary of the Government works." A little beyond is a tunnel, eighty feet long, through a spur of the hill; and then the country gradually opens out into fine rolling table-land, with good farms.

From Martinsburg, one hundred miles out, to Cumberland, is seventy-eight miles, through magnificent scenery, up ravines, through tunnels, along viaducts.

Cumberland is prettily situated, and is a great centre of coal trade. Most of the coal comes from the hills to the north, but a good deal is mined along the line of the railway, which runs hence south-west. It crosses and re-crosses the Potomac several times, through a most picturesque country. Several groups of mountains are on either hand; and the railway skirts, now the base of one, now that of another, with fine oat and corn bottoms in the valleys.

But the finest scenery of all we have seen to-day, is ascending from Piedmont, two hundred and six miles along the Savage river and Crabtree-creek. The ascent extends seventeen miles, eleven of which rise one hundred and sixteen feet to the mile. The road winds up the mountain side till it attains an elevation of two hundred feet above the water in the creek, and we look down on the tops of the tall trees growing in the ravine below. We stood on the platform of the last car coming up, and gazed in silence at the vast panorama of wooded mountain and ravine spread out beneath. The road is literally "hung upon the rugged and uncultivated mountain-side," and in some places the descent is sheer for many feet. The more gentle slopes of the hills on the opposite side are cultivated. It looked strange to see fields of grain perched up on such dizzy heights. These settlements are said to be remarkably salubrious, although subject to frosts in August.

Altamont, two hundred and twenty-three miles, is the highest point, and is 2626 feet above tide-water at Baltimore. This is the water shed by the Potomac to the Atlantic, and by the Youghiogeny and Ohio to the Mississippi and Gulf of Mexico.

Oaklands, where we remain to-night, is on "The Glades," beautiful natural meadows lying along the



upper waters of the Youghiogheny, twenty-five hundred feet above tide-level. It is a new village, and has a fair hotel. We got here about half-past seven, and enjoyed a delightful wander in the woods. The air was balmy, and, at this elevation, comparatively cool after the heat of the day. The thermometer stood at 102° in the shade in Cumberland, at two o'clock.

No description can give any idea of the scenes of beauty passed through; still they do not come up to the sublime, as the wild bare hills of Scotland do. Wood, wood everywhere. How can hills be grand when they are frizzled over everywhere with bushes?

*Cleveland, Thursday, July 19.*—Here I am a second time, after a month and a half's interval. Yesterday morning we were up about six, expecting to go on with a train due at half-past eight. It was, however, more than an hour late, owing to all the trains being put out of time by a landslip in the Kingwood-tunnel. When it did come up, it waited nearly an hour more at Oaklands, as the conductor said he knew we would have to wait somewhere till the train from Wheeling came up to the further side of the obstructed tunnel, and this was the pleasantest place to wait at.

We moved off at last about eleven, through a very pretty gorge, wooded with the hemlock pine, and having a dense under-brush of laurel and rhododendrons, some of which still lingered in flower. The dashing little stream of Snowy-creek flows through this gorge. We then came to a place called Cranberry-swamp Summit, some 2550 feet above the sea, and yet a wide swampy flat. For twelve miles more we descend, passing embankments and tunnels, to reach the valley of Cheat river, a stream of considerable size. Its

waters are of a dark amber colour, said to be owing to its rising among forests of hemlock and laurel, whose roots tinge the water. It flows in a gorge between the two loftiest ranges of mountains I have seen in America. The railway crosses the river in the hollow, and ascends the west side of the ravine, rising as the river falls in its flow northwards to join the Youghiogheny. Here is decidedly the most imposing section of the whole line—the difficulties encountered in the four miles west of the river being quite appalling. The road, winding up the slope of Laurel-hill and its spurs, with the river on the right hand, first crosses the ravine of Kyers-run, seventy-six feet deep, by a solid embankment; then, after bold cutting along a steep rocky hill-side, it reaches Buckeye-hollow, the depth of which is one hundred and eight feet below the road-level, and its breadth four hundred feet at the level. Some more side-cutting in the rocks ensues, and we pass two or three curves in the hill-side, when we come to Trays-run, and cross it one hundred and fifty feet above its original bed, by a line of trestling six hundred feet long. Both these deep chasms have solid walls of masonry built across them, the foundations of which are on the solid rock, one hundred and twenty feet and one hundred and eighty feet respectively below the road height. These walls are built up at Buckeye-hollow to within forty-six feet, and at Trays-run to within fifty-eight feet, of the railway level; and they are surmounted by light iron viaducts, of very beautiful structure, to carry the road across. Several more fillings and cuttings occur, till, at a height of five hundred feet above the river, the road turns westward through a gap, and gets on the table-land; and near this, the western coal-field, eighty miles from Cumberland, commences.

Descending, we reach, at 260 miles from Baltimore, Kingwood-tunnel, 4100 feet long, through compact slate rock, overlaid in part by a good limestone roof. There are two long cuts at each end. It was worked from the ends, and three shafts, and took two years and eight months to finish. The summit above the tunnel is three hundred and twenty feet above the line of rails ; and while the tunnel was constructing, traffic was carried over the ridge by a locomotive on a track, the gradients of which were five hundred feet to the mile.

We should have gone over (as we arranged) the whole line by daylight, and got to Wheeling about half-past four, in time to see that important place. Recent rains, however, had done some damage to the railway, which partly detained us. In the tunnel, at which we have now arrived, a very serious slip took place. The roof was supported by wooden frame-work, preparatory to its being arched. The side-walls of a portion are built ; and to enable them to put in iron arches, the wood-work had been cut away. Before the archway was finished, the rains set in, and a large portion of the roof fell in. The tunnel descends westward. Water accumulated against the *debris*, thus obstructing it ; and up to the time of our arrival, the clearing away had not been finished for the passage of trains.

We left the cars at the east end of the tunnel, and got into waggons, and so were carried up the steep zig-zag road which leads over the summit. It looked incredible that a locomotive should ever have traversed this road, yet this is the place where the temporary track passed.

I sat on a trunk in one of the waggons. The trunk had big brass-headed nails in it. The road was rough ;

the waggon jolted. This for a mile and a half! In a hollow of the summit we found a little hamlet, with some miserable little clearings round—a wretched place, the remains of a colony which had squatted here when the tunnel was making. The descent on the west side is still steeper than the ascent on the east; and there are no houses at the railway except a gas-house, to supply gas to light the tunnel, and one or two rude shanties.

We got to this place about half-past twelve. The train from the west, which was to carry us back, was not due till past one, and could not be less than an hour late, owing to the derangement of the trains which it had to stop to pass. So we made an expedition up into the tunnel, where the air was peculiarly moist and cool, withal that it had a very sweet taste. Outside, the sun was intensely hot. At this end, the tunnel is pierced in shale or clay-slate. It is very high—I believe unintentionally so—owing to the slate falling from time to time. Above the slate is a bed of sandstone; above that, coal. In a little ledge of the stone, high up, was a nest, and the parent-bird was busy feeding its young ones. The approach to the tunnel was through deep mud.

Two o'clock came, and we began to wonder what had become of the train. Then three, and four, and five, and no appearance of it. It was a curious scene. The still mountains were all round us. The sun, intensely hot, poured its rays right down into the hollow: the people sat about pretty much as they could for shelter. Some lay in the covered waggons—some were in the gas-house. Others crouched behind a log, or a broken bank, anywhere out of the sun. We did everything we could think of to while away the time, and

screen ourselves from the sun. Now we went up to the brushwood, among the pine stems; but it was very scanty, and there was little shade there. Now we squeezed ourselves into the gasometer shed, and sat on the rail of a ladder—an upturned brick—anything. There was a spring, iron and sulphur, close by—very pleasant to the taste—and of that we drank copiously. But as to eating—we had breakfasted at seven; it was now nigh six, and we had fasted. The train might come at any moment, and therefore we dared not venture far to forage. We tried all the places round, in vain. As one man said, “It was a *hard* place to get anything to eat.” At last, we determined to risk it; and first of all, taking the conductor bound to give us as long a line as he could, if the train did come up, we started for the little hamlet we had seen on the summit. It was a hot pull up that steep hill, withal we had ever and anon to stop and listen, lest a whistle from the engine should recall us suddenly. We reached a miserable hotel (!), a house of boards, kept by “F. Buxton,” where we got some viands, so wretched that it was hard to say which was better—to have them, or want them. However, necessity has no law, and we ate, though sparingly. Back again. No word of the train yet. It was not, however, nearly so irksome waiting now. The sun was going down, and the air was getting cool, not to say cold. We lay about on prostrate logs, and read an American edition of “Pickwick,” very trying to the eyes. So two hours more rolled on. It is eight. We are up in the woods. We perceive a commotion down at the line. We get excited, and rush down to see what it is. It is the train at last. “What kept you?” “Only engine number 296 went off the track, and the road was blocked.” It is rather



uncomfortable to have to wait eight hours in uncertainty as to how you are to get on, especially when it approaches nightfall, and you are away in a wild country like the tops of the Alleghanies, and not a house you could hope to find shelter in near. Equally gratifying is it to find suddenly that you can get away. So it was with us yesterday. We soon forgot the trial of waiting, when we found ourselves bowling along to our destination. We lost, however, the opportunity of seeing some fine parts of the road, and it was a wearisome ride. Tired and sleepy, the cars afforded little rest, as we had neither plaids nor coats to make pillows of. It was therefore with no little satisfaction that we tumbled into bed this morning at three, at the Sprigg-house, Wheeling.

Only to tumble out again at six, and that in so great a heat, that my clothes were wet almost before they were well on. Wheeling looks a bustling place, with apparently a good deal of business going on. There is a lofty suspension-bridge across the Ohio, opposite the town.

Soon after half-past seven, we sailed in the *Diurnal* steamer for Wellsville, fifty miles up the river, passing on the way several villages and towns, chief of which is Steubenville. The scenery is very pretty. The banks of the Ohio, at this part of its course, are lofty, steep, rugged, and various; and the sail up the river, as far as a sail can be, is pleasant. It was intensely close and hot, but became somewhat cooler after a heavy thunder-shower. Dinner on board, at twelve, was not much superior to yesterday's.

We reached Wellsville, the terminus of the Cleveland and Pittsburg railroad, about half-past two, and found we had two hours to wait for a train. We

climbed a little way up the bluff at the back of the village, and had a good view of the settlement and the river. It is chiefly built on a ridge between the river and some low ground behind, which I suppose was formerly a bed of the stream. We did not go far, as it threatened rain, but awaited "car-time" in the hall of the Missouri-house. At last, the cars came out. There was no station-house. Our baggage had been lying all this time exposed by the side of the rails. The baggage-master was *in* the car, and he would not come down to ticket it, or touch it. "They had no porter there," was his cool remark ; so we had to lift it into the car ourselves. Presently the cars became filled with a horribly stinking set of people. We attempted to pass into the second, or ladies' car (a thing we were usually allowed to do elsewhere), but were forcibly repulsed by the rudest brakesman I have yet met. We appealed to the conductor, but in vain. There was smoking in the car, too ; but that I complained of, and it was stopped—but the personal smell—faugh ! I set the door open, but even this the rude brakesman would not permit, and forcibly shut it against all my remonstrances ; so we had to submit, and travel the hundred miles to Cleveland as resignedly as we could. It was the worst day's travelling we had had.

We got here about nine, and as we walked up the street to the Anjier-house, my companion remarked, and I coincided with him, "That it was pleasant to be again within the precincts of civilisation, for we had been all day among little better than savages."

It was delicious, as we came up from the train, to hear the cool rush of lake Erie, beating up among the trestles on which the station is built.

*Elmira, N. Y., Saturday Morning, July 21.*—We arrived here last night, at eleven o'clock, from Cleveland.

It was a pleasant contrast, after the recent heat, to look out this morning from the head of the steps which lead from the heights down to the station at Cleveland, over the blue waters of lake Erie, which were rippling up upon the shore. The sky was cloudy, and there was a freshness in the breeze such as we had not felt for a long time. It made us quite joyous. This weather continued all day, getting in the afternoon to be not only cool but cold, but it made the whole day's travel very pleasant.

The first ninety-five miles to Erie is by the Cleveland, Painesville, and Ashtabula railroad. The country is very level all the way, except that there are several deep ravines, the beds of rivers, to cross. Painesville is a small town; Ashtabula seems one of greater size. The country is mostly covered with forest, with numerous clearings all along, and the land seems capable of good cultivation. An immense traffic passes along this railway.

We saw little of Erie from the station, but after we had passed through it, and looked back, we got a glimpse of its extent down towards the lake. It is rather an important place, being at the mouth of the Beaver and Erie canal, a branch of the Pennsylvania and Erie. Forty-seven miles further brings us to Dunkirk, which we reached at half-past two; and having an hour to spare, we occupied it in making a rush down to the lake. The harbour seems small; it is said to be capable of great improvement. The shores of the lake are low, with a sandy beach. We amused ourselves playing at "ducks and drakes" for a few

minutes, before returning to the station. The population of Dunkirk is about 3000. It does not look a very bustling place : it is, however, on the increase, and being the shipping port on the lake for the Erie railroad, it has no doubt some business in that way, though most likely the main portion of the traffic goes on by railway.

Dunkirk is 469 miles from New York. We left at half-past three, and reached Elmira, 186 miles, about eleven P.M. At first, the road led out through an uninteresting, hilly, craggy sort of country ; but just before reaching Catteraugus, we entered the most magnificent valley we have seen. We both agreed it was finer than that of the Cheat river, which we traversed on Wednesday. We entered it at the base from the west, and gradually ascended on the south ridge of hills, till, from the ledge of road cut out of the side of the mountain, we looked down into the glen below, on the tops of the tall pines, and over them to the opposite mountain, rising still higher than where we were, and clothed to its summit with a luxurious forest of hemlock. Down the valley, the view extended for four or five miles—the same lofty but sloping hills, the same unbroken forest—till closing in, in the distance, the interlacing ridges intercepted the further view. Ever and anon, from among the tree-tops, rose clouds of white vapour, spreading slowly, and melting into thin air. It was a scene of wild beauty ; still, even here, I miss the grand. No cliffs, only slopes one could climb anywhere ; and all softened with the garment of foliage. Very beautiful, but not to me half so spirit-stirring as the rugged and grand rocks, bare and storm-blasted, of our northern and western shores in the “land of the mountain and flood.”

Up here, some fifty miles from Dunkirk, we strike the head waters of the Alleghany river, in close proximity to those of the Canisteo—the former flowing to the Gulf of Mexico, and the latter by the Susquehanna to the Atlantic.

The country is all wild and rugged, not much good agricultural land, although here and there are some fine farms. The picturesque prevails over the practical. There are several flourishing villages scattered along the line, their chief trade seeming to be lumber, afforded in perfection by the forests around.

Long ere we reached Elmira, it was dark; so we had to come on without the chance of seeing anything of the country. Ere light had gone altogether, we enjoyed the beautiful sight of the mist closing in all round, rolling up the valleys, and creeping down the hill-sides, till it shut us quite in, and thickened into rain. We had three or four hours of slumbering in the cars, which, though broad-guage, and more roomy than usual, are nevertheless very comfortless to snooze in! Moreover, the road was rough; and more than once was I awakened rather summarily by my head getting banged violently against some sharp corner.

Before we went to sleep in this confused sort of way, we were much amused by the remarks of a fellow-traveller. He had come down from Niagara Falls, and he began by saying, "Business was very slack at the falls. The International and Cataract houses were quite deserted. They can hold a thousand people, and now you can scarcely scare up half a hundred. It was so slow, he could not stay there. It was all along of the Maine law. Could not get anything but a glass of cold water. Proprietors were not drawing the interest of their money. People went all to the Bridge, and up to

the Clifton on the other side. It was full. No Maine law there. And this was a free country! Yet people had to go to the other side, under a monarchical government, to get liberty to have something to drink. Fine story, as if people come to the years of discretion could not be left to judge for themselves what they should drink and what they should not!" And so on he monologued, very indignantly, for a good while. Much truth, thought I, in some of your positions, my friend. I believe in my heart, from what I have seen since I came to America, that ours is a freer country than this. It is so *de facto*. Whether it arises from the abuses of republicanism, or the errors of its principle, is another question. But if we are to judge a tree by its fruits, then long may it be before Britain follows the example of her restless sons. America and Britain seem to me to occupy the position of a lad of nineteen with his father of forty. The youth, of course, thinks his father an old foggy, and that *he* knows better. But when he gets to thirty, he is glad to receive with deference his father's counsel, and learn from paternal experience. The danger is, that in the meantime he learns bitterly and dearly from his own, gathered in a course of wayward and self-reliant rashness.

It has rained all this morning, so we have been prevented from going out to see the beauties of Elmira. From the windows we can see that it is a pretty place, surrounded with gently-sloping, wooded, and cultivated hills. It is a town of some size, situated on the Chemung river, which, a little below, flows into the Susquehanna. I can see foundries, and works of various kinds, about the town, with, as usual, a good supply of large hotels, in one of which, "The Brainerd-house," this has been written. The town used to be

called Con-e-wa-wah. It had about eight thousand people in 1850.

*New York, Evening.*—It rained till we left Elmira, at one o'clock. First down the valley of the Susquehanna, and then through that of the Delaware, now in New York State, now in Pennsylvania, this portion of the Erie railroad is a continuous succession of the finest mountain scenery. It has been formed regardless of expense, and it passes through a country which can afford a comparatively small local traffic. For the tourist, its claims are of a high order. Its characteristics for many a mile are—hill slopes, steep and wooded, windings of the river, hills closing in all around; so that you do not see many hundred yards before you, and wonder how you are to get out, though, when you do come up to the point, you find a sharp turn and another valley, numberless picturesque valleys running into the main one, and prettily-situated mountain villages. These, all scattered and repeated, and interchanged in endless variety, make up the scenery for one hundred and eighty miles.

So, late at night, we reach New York once more.

*P.S.*—Monday and Tuesday, nothing but business and hospitality. Wednesday, the 25th, we embarked on board the *Pacific*, amid a host of friends who came down to say "Farewell!" and in little less than eleven days after, landed once more in Liverpool.

THE END.







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